



A RIDE IN MOROCCO

AND OTHER SKETCHES

BY

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A RIDE IN MOROCCO.

I.

THERE is an old story, told in some tale, of an English housewife who was forever preaching from the text "Early to bed and early to rise." Unlike most of the unpleasant people who preach, this good woman lived up to her principles. She was in the habit of getting up so early in the morning that by ten o'clock the household duties were done, and she was at her wits' end to know what to do with herself the rest of the day. The Spaniard is not exactly like the woman in the tale; he spends the time between sunrise and sunset doing nothing by preference. But, in order that the day may be thus profitably employed, he does what little is done in Spain for the preservation and regulation of human life at an unreasonably early hour.

Accordingly, the dirty Spanish steamer *Mogador*, which conveyed me from Cadiz in Spain to Tangier in Morocco, was advertised to sail an hour before sunrise in order that we might be in Africa before noonday. I was awakened at half-past four, and, after dressing and hurriedly despatching some rolls and coffee, driven through the dark streets to the

water, where I descended a rickety ladder to a dirty tender. The tender was already overcrowded. There was more stuff, more baggage, more people on it than there was room for, everything thrown together in a heap. Forward I observed a number of grimy men slouching around the engine, smoking, the man in charge being apparently asleep, his head resting on the coal bin. Aft there was a heap of bundles and women, presumably the passengers. The man who received me at the foot of the ladder pointed aft; but it was impossible to tell in the darkness which was bundle and which was woman, and I was afraid of sitting down on the wrong thing. So I stood still where I landed, and placing my coat on the gunwale, seated myself on it and lit a pipe.

On the wharf stood a number of men in black cloaks with cigarettes in their mouths, and an old hag in a ragged shawl, who had her head tied up in a colored handkerchief. The men walked up and down languidly, hugging their cloaks and speaking occasionally in whispers; but the voice of the withered old woman echoed through the night. For fully an hour she harangued the heap of bundles and women below her on the tender at the top of her voice, stopping only for a moment at intervals to wipe her mouth with her hand. The women, like the men on the wharf, were smoking, and seemed to pay little attention to the advice tendered them. Finally the old woman struck a light and proceeded to take a whiff herself; and we all settled down to a quiet smoke.

Nobody in Spain ever hurries—no wonder they distrust the American nation—even if a woman picks up a pin she does it in the Spanish manner; that is to say, she lets it lie. After sitting there for about an hour, thinking of the warm bed I had left behind me and the rolls and coffee that had remained unconsumed, I began to consider the advisability of going on shore again and getting some more breakfast. Happily it was not cold, though a little chilly, being the middle of January. *When* we started and *why* I never knew; I must have been asleep. Probably the man at the engine woke up by accident, and decided to run us over and be done with it before taking another nap.

The sun was rising when the *Mogador* steamed out of the harbor of Cadiz, and the long line of white houses on the Pasco de las Delicias behind the ramparts lighted up with the first beams. Then we rounded Fort Catalina, and had a fine view of that part of the city next to the sea. At the top of the precipitous white cliff runs a wall, and behind the wall rise tiers of dazzling white houses, the new cathedral, a pretentious structure of white marble, overtopping the picturesque old buildings around. The city presents a superb appearance from the water, rising with its white cliffs, white houses and white walls, high against the blue sky; the long sandy plain forming the isthmus which connects it with the mainland, increasing by contrast the majestic effect of city and fortresses set on a high hill.

The coast of Andalusia is beautiful and picturesque

—mountains all along the shore, their sides covered with the olive, whose foliage glistened a silver grey in the sunlight. In the little bays and in the vallies between the hills nestled villages and towns, their white houses gleaming like pearls in the sun. I was the only first-class passenger, and had the deck to myself. The pile of bundles and women lay below me amidships, a pitiful spectacle; for all the women became seasick at the start, and lay, each on one of the bundles head downwards, bundle and woman altering their position with every lunge of the steamer. At first they wept and lamented, one calling to another; then, the pitching and rolling becoming more violent, they fell to praying, each on her own account. But this stage, too, had its limit; before we were half an hour out, their voices had become hushed, an occasional moan alone giving evidence that life was not quite extinct. It was a melancholy sight; there were five bundles, and on each lay a woman with a face as white as a sheet; they lay with the head hanging over the end of the bundle and the hands grasping it at the side. As the steamer rolled to one side the bundles and their burdens would roll likewise, while a chorus of groans with an occasional shriek filled one with pity for the unfortunate creatures. Then, the *Mogador* rolling to the other side, the white faces and despairing eyes would involuntarily turn the other way. On one occasion, having struck a particularly rough sea, bundles and women rolled over altogether and got mixed up in so terrible a fashion that another passenger and myself felt

impelled to fly to the rescue, and succeeded with some difficulty in getting the several women extricated and placed each on her own bundle again.

I did not like this other passenger. He was a short, thick-set man with a florid face—a Portuguese. Of Portuguese I did not know a single word; of English he knew two—*Good-day*. Nevertheless, he succeeded in impressing me with the idea that he had a secret to tell me, the knowledge of which would be of great value; but, as we could not make each other out, the thing became monotonous. At length, by walking away from him whenever he approached me, I managed to convey the impression that I felt we were uncongenial.

Much more to my taste were the “Spanish sailors with bearded lips,” who were typical specimens of that lazy, good-looking and most polite of races. One of them took me under his special care. I knew only a few words of Spanish, and he could speak no other tongue; but I make it a rule always to speak the language of the country I happen to be in, whether I know it or not; and it was surprising how well we got along. We discussed the war in Cuba; and, when he found that all my sympathies were with the Mother-land and that I prayed night and day for the success of the Spanish arms, he almost embraced me. We were standing talking, looking into each other’s eyes like two mesmerists, each giving his whole mind to it in the effort to understand the other, when all at once happening to glance for a moment over the sea, he seized my arm, and pointing away to the south-east, said, “Capo Trafalgar!”

Capo Trafalgar! The war in Cuba was forgotten, and we went back in memory to a more momentous struggle and a more eventful age. The cape juts out sharply into the ocean, a mass of wild black cliffs rising precipitously from the sea, the waves dashing and lashing themselves at its foot, rising in clouds of white spray. It is wild, grand, picturesque, almost awful. Far away on either side one could see the green olive-crowned hills sleeping peacefully in the sunlight; and in the midst, standing out near to hand, rose these sharp iron-grey rocks with the ocean dashing against them in impotent rage—fit picture to associate with the remembrance of the day of battle. The Spaniard watched me narrowly, as if he expected me to make some demonstration; which expectations were doomed to disappointment. Then, breaking forth into gesticulation and narration, he told me the story of the fight, which I was able to understand without effort, being already familiar with the same.

The wind was high and there was a rough sea on, but not a cloud in the sky. The air was delightful. I felt devoutly thankful for the fine weather, for a visit to the cabin in search of food was sufficient to convince me that, in the event of foul weather, the trip would have been miserable enough. It was stuffy and dirty as might have been expected; and the moment I put my nose inside the door, the whole world seemed to become garlic. I drew back at first; the smell of garlic is familiar enough if you have been in Spain; but in this cabin it was concentrated and intensified. However the sea-breezes had sharpened

my appetite, and I was determined to have some more rolls and coffee; so I persevered and made a second attempt which was more successful. The coffee was excellent, and so were the rolls; while I was waiting for them I inspected the staterooms, so that when they came I was able to step back into the air of the saloon, and found it a pleasing change. Those staterooms—the pen of a Zola alone could do justice to them and the varieties of life that they contained.

At last the coast of Spain was left behind; and the shores of Africa, with the Atlas mountains piled up in masses against the sky, came into view. It was rough enough crossing the entrance to the strait of Gibraltar, and the women on the bundles thought their hour had come; however about mid-day we anchored off Tangier. As we had to wait some time for boats to come to fetch us ashore, I had leisure to look around. The first view of Tangier, seen from the sea, is enchanting. The white houses, all distinctly Eastern in style, rise tier above tier from the water's edge to the citadel which crowns the summit of a high hill. The citadel is dilapidated, like everything else in Morocco, including the people; seen from afar, its crumbling walls with their little square windows half broken away and the suggestion of old-time battles in its battered towers, it is romantically beautiful. Some of the houses and hotels are built on cliffs overlooking the sea, and portions of the city lose themselves in little vallies and ravines behind. The sounds and smells of the narrow streets were indistinguishable; and I sat

contentedly on deck, looking over the blue water and enjoying the view. Behind the city and far away as eye could see on either side, rose the mountains, a blaze of wonderful colors. At the base they were green—a vivid green that would have put Erin herself to shame; then, farther up a greyish-green mingled with a greyish-purple tint, which was lost in turn in a dark sombre purple-brown around which the last remnants of the white clouds were slowly dissolving in the hot rays of the sun. At their feet rolled the blue water with its wave-crests of white spray glittering in the sunlight; above them smiled the bluest of blue skies.

We had to wait some time to be conveyed ashore; but when once the boats put off to fetch us, it was apparent that we would all be taken and none left behind; for there were more boats than there were passengers. Each boat was propelled by two swarthy Moors with red fezes on their heads; and long before they reached the *Mogador* they were seen to be engaged in a violent altercation. When they were at last alongside, I began to be doubtful whether, after all, any of us would land. They pushed and shoved one another about, fell upon one another, knocked each other out of the way, and splashed water about to such an extent that soon not a dry spot was left in any boat to sit upon—supposing that, by happy accident, we should succeed in getting into one. The torrent of Arabic, the yells, the screaming, the gesticulations and contortions of the boatmen were indescribable.

I stood ready to be transferred at an auspicious moment, my gladstone in one hand and my coat in the other, enjoying the fun. There were five boats, all manned by Moors. In one of them, however, I discerned a man who was not a Moor, a solemn-looking individual clad in a long coat of sober grey with a cap on his head, evidently a Spaniard. He had large Spanish eyes, a long moustache and an expression of intense gravity. He looked neither at the *Mogador* nor at the boatmen, but sat gazing placidly at whatever came into view as his boat was whirled around. His expression was that of an Adventist waiting for the millennium—calm expectancy, combined with a total absence of hurried preparation. I immediately made up my mind to get into his boat.

It was no easy task, and the people on board cautioned me in Spanish against being premature. The Portuguese gentleman was particularly officious, and I told him in good honest English to mind his own business. He understood the remark if he was not capable of translating it word for word. As for the women, when the steamer stopped they had all come back to life again, and while we were waiting sat on their bundles, combing their hair. At the sight of the boats and the boatmen, however, they turned pale again. It looked indeed as if it would be "out of the frying-pan into the fire."

Whether the others landed or not I do not know. The *Mogador* sailed for Malaga the next day; and possibly some of the passengers never left her. I know I was the first to venture. "I am not a

Spaniard," I said; "and therefore, having *come* to Morocco, I am determined to *be* in Morocco." Luggage in hand I descended a step or two; and then, being hastened in my descent by one of the Moors catching hold of my leg and pulling it, went the rest of the way headfirst—not, indeed, into the arms of the man who had so kindly assisted me down—his boat was pushed out of the way as I tumbled over; I fell in a heap into another.

It was rather watery, but I had no time to sit still and think about it. I looked hurriedly around, saw the melancholy Spaniard near me, and threw him my hat and stick. He caught them and made a dash for me; and I went over again headforemost into his boat. A yell arose from the two boats which I had made use of in passing, and I received a splash of water in the face. But I was safe with the Spaniard, who said in French—"Wait!"

So I sat down beside him and waited. I found he was a courier, and, after a few words of conversation, thinking I might as well engage him as any other, told him I should be glad of his services. In Morocco one cannot get along without a guide, and the offer he made was reasonable. We came to an understanding and I felt that I had him. Not at all—*he had me*.

This man was Moreno. He was of Spanish blood, born in Morocco, and frequently acted as guide he told me when British officers came over from Gibraltar to ride through the country. His English, what there was of it, was excellent. When at a loss for an English word he used a French one. But his know-

ledge of both languages was limited, and he was frequently obliged to resort to Spanish. In Arabic he was eloquent and long-winded—sometimes, I fear, profane; but the Arabic was reserved for mules and Moors.

I am at a loss to describe the relation in which he stood to me. He certainly acted the part of courier and servan', bargaining and buying for me as well as looking after my mule and escorting me from place to place—and he was an excellent guide. But I could not call him a servant: his was the tone of command, the decisive voice, the dignity of ownership. I followed and obeyed. He stood in the place of a father, treating me as if I were a very small child whose whims and notions were of no account, and who required constant care. If I resisted, I was reasoned with gently and told a story—how some other foolish person had wished to do as I wished, and what awful consequences had resulted. I submitted for it was of no use to argue; when he said it was bedtime I went to bed, and when he came in in the morning and said "Get up," I rose. When the mule was brought I got upon its back and there I had to stay until bidden to dismount. He regulated the time for meals and provided the food. From the time that I got into the boat beside him until I left Morocco, I was no more responsible for what was done than if I had been a baby in arms. But he was honest and clean, respectful and attentive, though very firm. One element of a perfect character he lacked; of what Carlyle calls "the saving grace of a sense of humor" Moreno had

not an atom. To him a spade was a spade, a mule a mule ; never once in the many ridiculous situations in which we found ourselves during the next few days did the gravity of his countenance relax.

We landed, going up something that in Morocco serves as a substitute for a ladder, and found ourselves on a crazy pier. Here we were surrounded. A crowd of Moors, some in fez some in turban, some overdressed and others scarcely decently clad, but all dirty and all clamorous, closed in around us and laid hold of me by the arm or leg as it pleased them best. All wanted money, or to perform some service for which payment could be demanded. Moreno, taking my baggage, beat his way through the screaming mob, answering invective with invective. I followed close behind, shaking off my tormentors as one does the flies on a hot summer's day, when for one brushed off on one side a dozen settle on the other. We advanced, however, by degrees, and soon reached solid ground.

Tangier has been in possession of England, Spain and Portugal ; each nation in turn gave it gladly away to another with whom she was on bad terms and to whom she wished to do a friendly ill. But no traces of European civilization are visible in the streets or in the habits of the people. There is still a European population of over four hundred souls ; but the effects of Eastern despotism are apparent in every nook and cranny. We passed through narrow streets, so narrow that all sunlight was excluded, so ill-paved that it was dangerous to walk without taking care at every step

and difficult to walk at all, through a motley crowd of men, women and children, many of whom clung to one as one passed, and dodging mules and donkeys at every corner. The streets were as filthy as one could wish, the din indescribable; but the novelty of the scene more than atoned for the shock to nose and ear. Such color, such types of men, such aspects of Eastern life, were worth coming far to see.

At last we reached a hotel. Entering it from the street was like passing from one civilization into another; for the hotels of Tangier, in the midst of the squalor and wretchedness of a degraded and degenerate Mohammedan population, are European in their commodiousness and comfort, and in their luxury almost Parisian. I was among the first to visit Morocco after the quarantine had been removed, and consequently found myself the only guest in a large and well-furnished hotel. My heart sank, not from fear of cholera microbes, but lest, having the whole house to myself, I might be expected to pay for the use of it. The proprietor spoke English almost as well as his native Spanish; but as he would bargain only with Moreno for me as if I were a piece of baggage, a three-cornered battle took place. I named my terms and eventually they were agreed to; though I found, several days later, that we had come to an agreement without a *consensus ad idem* on one important point—I having stipulated to pay mine host so many Spanish *pesetas*, and he having bargained for as many English shillings; which, as money goes in Morocco, meant a difference of seven

shillings in the pound. However I had a bit of paper written by Moreno, with the sum entered thereon in *pesetas*, so I carried the day. I am bound to say that I paid no more than my due for the excellent food and kind treatment I received. When the bargaining was over Moreno left me to enjoy my luncheon, warning me not to go out until he came back.

At luncheon I expected to be alone; but when I sat down I found myself one of two, the other guest being the captain of a French merchant-ship. He had either been drawing his pay or there had been some other cause for celebration, for he had celebrated to the utmost, and was as drunk as a lord. Like the Moslems around us and in defiance of French taste, he wore his hat at dinner. This compliance with the customs of the country, however, appeared to extend no further than the one particular act; abstinence from strong drink, a precept strictly observed by the devout Mohammedan, was no part of his creed. Though luncheon was not yet served, he sat with bottle and glass before him, enjoying himself greatly. As each bumper was swallowed he would give his hat a tilt back, until at last it rested on his coat-collar behind, falling to the floor at the next glass. The waiter, a supple young Moor in fez with a bare leg, kindly picked it up and returned it to its owner, who placed it back on his head drawn well down over the eyes.

The captain glared angrily at the Moor, and asked when dinner would be ready. The Moor, spreading

his hands out like a fan, answered in English, "At once." "Speak a civilized language and not Arabic," said the angry captain in French; whereupon the Moor, who knew a little English and a little French, replied in the latter language. "Do you speak English?" I inquired of the captain. The captain did not, but expressed his pleasure at finding me to be of that nationality. He congratulated me on not being a German or a Spaniard. Then we had a long conversation, in which the map of Europe was rearranged according to the captain's idea of what it should be; and many troublesome questions over which the Powers are fighting to this day, were solved in a few minutes. Had his advice been taken and a war of extermination carried on against all Turks, Arabs, Moors and Egyptians, there would have been no Armenian massacres, no more trouble with Abdul Hamid, and no Cretan embroglio. He had just glutted himself with the life-blood of the last adherent of Islam when luncheon was served.

A noisy meal it was, and we both enjoyed it. The captain drank to my good health and to the overthrow of Islam, many times. I thought the food excellent, but he found it otherwise, declared that the *fricassée* was made of mouse-tails, and sent his soup-plate flying across the table as if it had been a curling stone. It was caught falling off the other side of the table by the supple Moor, whose patience and endurance seemed inexhaustible. The wine was of the best—delicious red Spanish wine—and no one could have found fault with it; but the jolly captain

declared that what it possessed in quality it lacked in quantity, and ordered a fresh supply.

Whether he finished it when it came I do not know; when I left him he was doing his best. Taking my pipe, I went out and sat on the steps at the side of the street—if a narrow, ill-paved lane with a high white wall on either side pierced by an occasional latticed window, may be so called. Dirty men in dirty clothing, some wearing the fez and others the white turban, crouched in the mud, sleeping, smoking or quarrelling. Dirty women, with their heads concealed in a white burnoose showing only one eye, glided back and forth noiselessly. Dirty children played around in the doorways and the gutters; and at intervals a succession of yells heralded the approach of dirty donkeys laden with hampers coming as hard as blows could drive them, each driven by a bare-legged man with a big stick, who screamed at the top of his voice as he approached. Whenever one appeared there was a great hustling and scampering and much complaint. Here and there a ray of vivid sunshine fell across the street, throwing the rest into a deeper shadow and adding a glorious color to the whole scene.

Only one person took any notice of me, and that was a bright-looking boy who stood opposite, leaning against the wall. He wore a red fez, a dirty white bed-gown and yellow slippers. This individual smiled on me graciously for some time, and then, getting an answering smile, said:

“Good morning, sir; the English are nice people.”

His English was excellent and I laughed, whereupon he repeated the remark. I was about to go over to continue the conversation, when some one took hold of the white garment and flourished a stick. Boy, stick and assailant disappeared around the corner.

I thought of following, but the appearance of Moreno on the scene prevented me. He was mounted on a mule and leading another by the bridle. They drew up at the foot of the steps, all three looking very solemn, and I went down to meet them. At the same moment all the street gathered around us and began to clamor. Half a dozen men and boys fought for the privilege of holding my mule, a beast whom it required some skill to move, but who would stand still forever of his own accord. Moreno kept beating them off while I mounted, and then we turned up the street, brandishing sticks. We had them after us as thick as mosquitos, but got clear of them eventually without paying anything.

We passed up the crooked street, and rode in and out through others of the same character. Now that I was mounted, it was delightful; no more need to pick one's steps, uneven paving-stones and gutters running zig-zag from side to side forming no obstacle. I beat my way among the women and the donkeys, and flourished my stick at the beggars with a feeling of security. A strange city Tangier. Here I saw a notice in French, announcing that within must be posted letters for Europe; here one in English,

offering tobacco for sale; and then others in Spanish, informing you that you could buy a hat inside and get your hair cut for so much. The Spanish were the most numerous; but all looked odd and out of place amid the turbans, the squalor and the beggars. Strangest of all are the hotels for tourists which have a thoroughly European aspect, and look as if they had been caught up in France or England by a whirlwind and dropped by accident where they stood.

We went up hills and down hills, the mules picking their steps carefully over the jagged stones that lie in heaps everywhere. "No one walks in Morocco," said Moreno; and it was unnecessary to ask why—no one could. We met mules and donkeys, and a few horses and camels. The horses are small and graceful creatures with short necks like the beautiful horses of Andalusia; but they are not as valuable as the mules which are large and strong, as well as more sure-footed. The animal you meet oftenest, however, is the donkey; and the poor donkey, half-starved, ill-treated and dirty, seems more in keeping with the place and people than the high-bred Arab. The crowds of people whom we encountered everywhere seemed to be doing nothing in particular. They slept or smoked, or sat quietly on the ground waiting for something to turn up. We were always something; when we approached they begged. Married men wear a white turban, bachelors a fez; so it is unnecessary to ask a chance acquaintance whether he is married or single; if he wore the turban one might

ask "How many?" only the question would be thought improper. Children were everywhere, the dirtiest, raggedest one ever saw. And the smells!—but they pass description.

"Where are we going, Moreno?" I inquired, as we turned from one narrow lane into another, always, it seemed to me, getting into a dirtier place than ever.

"Where are you taking me?"

"To prison," was the answer.

"Good heavens!" I said, "what have I done?"

Moreno looked at me doubtfully, as much as to say, "Is he really as stupid as that?" and I put on a very serious expression, and asked "How long shall I be obliged to stay there?"

"One half hour—as you please."

"Shall I be handcuffed?"

Moreno sighed, and then said, "It is a visit; it is not a prisoner." He had no conception of a joke, then or ever. We rode on in silence.

Now it so happened that I had been reading a book of travels in which the writer described his visit to this place; and the difficulty of getting there had been, according to his account, very great. He had begun by calling on the American consul, and the consul had accompanied him to the palace. There an audience was obtained of the Cadi, to whom he intimated his desire. The answer had been a shake of the head and the pronunciation in Arabic of the word "impossible." Then had followed a long palaver and some shaking of the Stars and Stripes in the Cadi's face. Finally, as a mark of especial favor,

the traveller, escorted by a retinue of servants and officials, had gone to visit the dungeon.

I saw nothing of cadis or palaces, officials or consuls around, only beggars and dirt. We stopped once at an entrance gate; but the only person of importance we found on guard was an old man who sat in the mud, leaning against the wall, humming. He had long skinny brown legs, and enough muslin on his head to have made a pair of bloomers, which would have been an improvement. The old man held out a hand, but did not stop humming. Moreno said he was "holy," though to an unprejudiced eye he seemed imbecile. Him we "tipped" as we rode through.

Inside was a courtyard so disreputable that I was obliged to hold my nose as we entered. All the noises that distract the ear and odors that distress the nose seemed to be distilled and presented together. It was veritably a slum, a most unclean spot. The pavement was so bad that the mules were obliged to pick their steps inch by inch. The dirt that covered it was indescribable, and the human creatures who gathered around us, shouting and bickering, seemed to have been made out of it. There were many of them, and all were clamorous; the maimed, the halt and the blind, all crying together for backsheesh. Not one of them seemed to be whole; some had lost an eye, others a leg. If anybody had both eyes and both legs left, the eyes were in a shocking state of disease or the legs useless. All, without exception, looked to be villains of the deepest dye.

Our saddles, bridles and legs were laid hold of, and

a great cry for backsheesh went up to heaven. But a warning voice came from Moreno, "You will pay no money to these people," and I clung to my beast and resisted. Moreno dismounted. His mule was seized, but he beat off his assailants and came to me. Then I dismounted, Moreno keeping off the natives with a stick.

We left the mules, merely tying them together, and entered a narrow covered passage, Moreno leading, I following behind. The crowd hung on to me, crying for backsheesh in a manner to which I had become accustomed, though I had been in Morocco but a few hours. It was a very narrow passage, scarcely four feet wide, and the dirty pavement as elsewhere was very uneven.

We had not gone far when a formidable obstacle to further progress presented itself. Seated on a stone square across the passage was the figure of a gigantic Moor, black as a Nubian and armed to the teeth with a long Moorish gun and daggers. He was fast asleep, but the noise we made coming in was enough to wake the dead. Pulling himself together with a start, his weapons clashing as he moved, he thrust a magnificent arm across the passage-way to bar our entrance, and in a voice of thunder ordered us back.

I stood still; the aspect of affairs was not very reassuring. "A nice place this, Moreno," I said; "that big fellow with his knives, in front of us, and a pack of unclean maniacs hooting behind!"

But Moreno preserved a business-like composure. "This is the place for the money to go," he whispered;

and, pulling a handful of copper coins out of his pocket, he counted them leisurely and emptied them into the sentinel's lap. The effect was magical and instantaneous. The brawny arm relaxed, dropping as if paralyzed; the colossal head sunk weakly on the mighty breast; the clangor of weapons ceased. In less time than it takes to write the sentence this Boanerges was again in a state of somnolence. We went in.

After so much trouble in getting there, it would have required a great deal to satisfy one's expectations. The interior of the prison, however, was somewhat disappointing. The crowd inside resembled very much the crowd outside; their faces were not a whit more villanous, nor was their condition more disreputable. Movement was, indeed, more difficult, for each of the prisoners had iron rings on his ankles, the rings being connected by means of a chain. They walked about, however, with considerable agility, considering the impediment, and gathered together, clamoring for backsheesh, just as the free citizens had done outside. It was a little better than outside, for inside you have them only in front of you. An opening in the wall about four feet high and oval in shape is the medium of communication with the outer world. It is raised about two feet from the floor, and I asked for no permission to step over; the ground on the other side was like that of a pig-sty.

A ragged individual who carried a gun stood guard over the wretched creatures, ready to prevent

disturbances; and he did the honors. Moreno held an animated conversation with him; and different criminals were brought up for my inspection. All crimes were represented; I made acquaintance with robbers, cut-throats, murderers and other choice specimens of the genus villain. They excited no loathing; rather it seemed to me hard that they should be confined thus, and so many of their fellows running loose a few yards away. They were all occupied; for, as no food is allowed them by the Government, they must do something for a living or starve to death. Everybody had something to sell, and if I did not wish to buy I was invited to bestow charity. I made a small purchase of a murderer to encourage him; he manufactured saddle-bags and was a benevolent-looking young man—besides which I wanted a saddle-bag.

Moreno gave the guard a few copper coins, but I had nothing to bestow on the prisoners except advice; and even that they did not get, for the disobliging courier refused to translate. It was kindly meant, for it referred to the cleaning up of their quarters; and, if followed, would have greatly improved their health and comfort. Then, having met the most distinguished of the lot, we took our leave, passing out beside the still slumbering sentry. On getting back into the open air we found ourselves surrounded by the same crowd of disreputables who had impeded our progress on entering. Half a dozen of them were holding my mule, a beast that was willing to stand still till Doomsday of its own accord. The demand for backsheesh was renewed with redoubled vigor,

and Moreno drove away the mob while I mounted. Then I looked around, selected the most villainous-looking of the lot, and bestowed on him a small copper coin of the value of about a farthing. What impression it made and what thanks I got I do not know; flourishing our sticks we made our way out of the courtyard; and then, urging the mules to a trot, we left the voice of their supplication farther and farther behind until it died away in the distance.

"Well, Moreno," I said, drawing rein at the summit of a steep hill, "I have been in prison, now I should like to go to the palace. Can I see the Cadi?"

Moreno did not know. "You may see him, sir, you may not see him. If he rest himself, you see him; if he do not rest himself, you do not see him. We will go."

So we went to see if he was resting himself. The approach to the palace was scarcely more imposing than the approach to the prison had been. We rode through narrow streets, full of noisy people, to reach it. When we reached it, we entered a large courtyard surrounded with white stone buildings. The hot sun of Africa streamed down on the white pavement, and was reflected in dazzling rays from the white walls. On the farther side, some twenty or thirty ragged men, each with a gun in his lap, sat cross-legged in a row, resting in the black shadow of the wall behind them. At one end of the court was a covered arcade, to which a flight of many steps led up. Under one of the arches sat, all alone in solitary state, a fat figure robed in blue and yellow with a

white turban on his head. "That," said Moreno, pointing to the fat figure, "is the Cadi of Tangier—he rest himself."

We advanced over the white stones of the courtyard as far as Moreno thought it prudent to venture, then drew up and gazed at His Excellency—the four of us, Moreno and I and the two mules—regarding him with becoming reverence. He sat as motionless as a statue, a bundle of blue and yellow drapery, a white turban, two fat brown cheeks and a round nose comfortably set on the bundle and half hidden by the white folds of the turban.

"He rest himself, the Cadi—it is the time of day," said Moreno.

"He does not see us," I complained, feeling that all the interest was on one side.

"He does not see a Christian," was the reply. "If you come from government, he must see; if you do not, he cannot see an infidel. He say we are dogs—no more."

"Dog of a Christian"—even so. The Cadi, though he saw, yet, as a true believer, could not notice. The admiring gaze of a child of the west was to that fat figure of no more account than the stare of the mule upon which he rode. Not so much; for the mule, if it had a religion, was a Mussulman, having the expression of those who believe in fate and not in reasoning.

"And those men over there in the shadow," I said to Moreno, pointing to the ragged men with guns who sat cross-legged with their backs against the wall, "who are they?"

"Those men—they are his soldiers—they are to guard him." His body-guard—hence the guns.

"Well why don't they run up to us and ask for money as everybody else does in Tangier?"

"When the Cadi is here they cannot see a Christian," said Moreno gravely. "If the Cadi go they come for money; if the Cadi here, they do not see."

"Are they paid well?" I asked, looking at their rags.

"They are not paid, these men. Sometimes he pay them—not often. They beg—they work. The Sultan has no money, except to get wives; they are four hundred."

I looked compassionately at the body-guard, who were, one and all, unconscious of our existence, like their master; and then back again at the Cadi. The sun was hot, and the white walls dazzling; I put up my hand to shade my eyes. All was so very still; had they been so many statues, they could not have been more oblivious of our existence. In this little scene one could see the pride, self-sufficiency and vain-glory of the eastern world as in a nutshell. It was very striking. I half wished the Cadi would go in, to watch the soldiers spring to their feet and importune us; but His Excellency probably considered it *infra dig* to move in the presence of such as we; he sat on without winking an eye. In a few minutes more Moreno placed his hand on my arm, and whispered that we must not stay too long; so I took a last look at them, and then, turning round, struck the mule on the flank to spur him on, and we rode out again.

Moreno drew up before an open door, behind which a flight of stone stairs led up to the floor above. From upstairs proceeded a chorus of yells of a different nature to those to which I had become accustomed. I noticed the difference, and suggested that we go in and investigate. "I take you in," said Moreno; "this is school."

We left our mules and climbed up the stone stairway. At the top was an open door. We sat down on the floor at the threshold and looked through.

It was a small place, not more than fifteen feet square. But little room was needed. An elderly gentleman with an impressive turban and white beard, sat on the floor with his back to the wall. Around him, sitting with their backs to him, squatted a number of little yellow boys, reciting the Koran. They were packed together as close as it was possible to pack them; each wore a fez, and their tiny shoes were lying all together in a corner. The children looked prematurely old, their faces were so serious and so yellow. They lose the look in after life, for their faces turn brown; the Moors are a handsome race. Of course they took no notice of us, we were unbelievers; and they had learnt their first lesson in life, that an unbeliever is a dog and need not be noticed unless you can get money out of him. Not two feet from me sat a very small child, whose face was as yellow as a buttercup. His little toes were peeping out from under his clothes, and I would have muck liked to tickle him; for, though we sat so near, he was utterly unconscious of our presence. While

I was looking at him and wondering what would happen if I tickled those toes, his face puckered up and he began to recite.

These children go to school to learn the Koran ; and when they have learnt enough of it off by heart their education is finished. Moreno pointed out the old man who taught, and explained the process of teaching. The old gentleman was quite patriarchal ; but I decided that, even in one's school-days, it was better to have been born in the wild West. It was a very melancholy type of school.

The child recited with great vehemence ; and I felt that if I had to listen to his piping voice much longer I would be obliged to turn the school for a moment into a similitude of one in the West, and spank him. The scorn of the true believer, expressed by so very young a boy in so marked a manner, was too irritating to be borne with patience. Lest this should happen I rose and we descended the stairs.

Then we rode through the market-place. A number of camels and donkeys stood together in groups in the middle of the square, leisurely eating their hay. Around them, in a circle, sat their owners, men and women from the country, all sitting on the ground with their produce displayed on mats in front of them. There were heaps of golden oranges and mandarins, all kinds of fruit and vegetables, grain and poultry. Gathered about each was a throng of buyers, bargaining with much argument and gesticulation in true Eastern style. Passing through the market, we rode on into the country.

The streets of Tangier are so bad as to be dangerous, but the roads outside the city are, if possible, worse. On each side of the road is a wall protecting the gardens and vineyards; and half of the wall is usually standing and the other half scattered over the highway in the shape of heaps of stones. A ditch, sometimes a deep one, runs zig-zag along the road, keeping as near the middle as possible; and often, on account of the holes and the stones, one comes to a standstill and is obliged to jump the ditch to the other side, only to return again to escape a new obstacle. We rode along, sometimes on one side of the ditch and sometimes on the other; and not infrequently the ditch divided into two, forming a little island, on which we stood deciding which way to jump.

But if the roads were bad, I was more than repaid for the trouble of riding over them. We ascended a long hill, and the view from the top was superb. On one side rose the city, looking like spotless marble in the glorious sunlight, its white houses with their flat roofs rising tier above tier, catching a faint yellowish tinge from the mellowing rays of the setting sun; while the crumbling citadel and the many towers cast mysterious black shadows here and there, enhancing the beauty of the scene. Between us and the city were patches of vivid green fields and gardens, glistening like jewels; even the road, seen winding in and out down in the valley, looked alluring. The rains were but just over. They commence toward the end of October and continue for about nine weeks; consequently the season of

verdure was at its height. The rain had just fallen, the greenness was universal, the hot sun had as yet wrought no blight on the vegetation.

But the view of the city was eclipsed by that on the farther side. Away to the east and west and south rose the mountains, piled up in purple masses against a sky lovely as that of Naples, their soft purplish color blending in the shadowy parts into a deep purple blue, sometimes streaked with grey or lightened with floods of golden sunlight. Isolated dwellings stood out here and there, on hillside or in valley, like tiny cornelians set in amethyst and emerald; and down in the valley to the southward I saw a long line of camels and horses, Arabs mounted and on foot, with white turbans and flowing cloaks, slowly making their way toward the mountains. It was enchanting.

"Moreno, this is a fine country for the painter. They are gloriously beautiful, those mountains!"

Moreno looked around with a dull and unsympathetic eye. "You can go in three days, and no more," said he. "I am the man who will take you."

I had told him I wished to cross the mountains; and he had assured me that he was not only a good guide, but the only reliable one in the country. There had been no tourists in Morocco for many months on account of the cholera; but two men had arrived this very day in Tangier—Englishmen from the garrison at Gibraltar—and Moreno was full of concern lest they should come to grief, having engaged a soldier and a guide in whom he had no confidence.

"I should like to go to Fez," I said, "but it will cost too much; you and your soldier and the mules, among you, would break me."

"Mahomet is a good soldier and I am a good man," said Moreno; "you are safe. We do not break a man in Morocco, only the Rifs. *Vous comprenez ?*"

He frequently ended a sentence in this way, adding "*vous comprenez*," as if French had been my mother-tongue and we were speaking English for practice. When he swore, he swore in Spanish or Arabic—Spanish if he swore at me, Arabic if at the mules. I felt flattered at the distinction. The Rif country is in a state of chronic rebellion against the Sultan. If you travel in Morocco, you must have a soldier with you; his presence ensures your safety. In the Rif country, however, they kill you, soldier and all.

"I am not afraid of the Rifs," I said boldly, not having any intention of making a detour into that part of the Moorish dominions where those amiable people abound. "With you and Mahomet, I should think one would be safe anywhere."

"A man who goes into the Rif country is cut with a knife," said Moreno; "I do not go."

"Perhaps I shall go alone."

Moreno swore—in Spanish. "Two men go to-morrow to Tetuan, the first since the cholera," he said, referring again to the Englishmen, as foreigners always do, thinking that because one of your nationality is doing a thing you must wish to do it also—"and they have no guide, only Gilali who is a fool and knows nothing. They come from Gibraltar, these men."

"Well it will be best for me to go to Tetuan, too. Are you sure there are no Rifs?"

"You ride with me and Mahomet," replied Moreno gravely. "Robbers?—one, two or three, they are nothing. After night you are not out—you will go to Tetuan?"

"Nous verrons. Vous comprenez?"

Much more was said. I endeavor to transcribe Moreno's remarks correctly; but it is impossible to give them exactly as they were uttered. He spoke English in the fashion of a child who recites by rote, and French and Spanish words frequently got in by mistake, of which he was quite unconscious. He waxed eloquent, dilating on the beauties of the country to be traversed, the comforts of travelling in Morocco on mule-back, the incompetency of all guides (except Moreno) and the inexpensive nature of the trip. I put off coming to terms until the evening, telling him I had decided not to decide. "But all the same, I must cross those glorious mountains!" I said, turning again, and looking at the panorama which lay spread out before me to the westward.

"No, those are the wrong mountains," said Moreno gravely. "It is eight days to go by that way. Tetuan is over those mountains," pointing eastward with a fat finger; "it is one, two, three days and no more."

Moreno's literalness was painful. I resolved not to indulge in any more raptures while he was listening. His next suggestion was that I should go back to the hotel for dinner; and accordingly we started.

When we got back into the city we came to a level plain fairly well paved, and started our mules to a gallop. I had been so hot that my hat had become heavy, and I was wearing it on the back of my head. Turning the corner the wind took it. I never had so much trouble getting a hat. To begin with Moreno was angry, and swore as he went to fetch it. Then he had to fight with the whole street for the possession of it. I rode around laughing, as he beat one dirty Moor after another for the pains they took to get it back to me without the intermediary of a courier. But Moreno was obdurate and dealt blow after blow with his stick, until at last it was dropped at his feet and he was able to bring it to me.

"I am very sorry, Moreno," I said, "but you did look so funny beating those beggars."

"In Morocco we do not laugh at that," said Moreno.

"I will never laugh again, Moreno."

"In Morocco we keep our hat on our head," he said roughly, and kindly put mine on for me, jamming it down tight over my eyes. We rode on, the street following, clamoring for money because they had picked up my hat.

At dinner I had the charming company of the French captain again; but he was reduced to a state of semi-stupefaction, and contented himself with one bottle of wine. His hat was drawn down close over his eyes, and his voice was heard only in feeble mutterings. After dinner I sauntered to the door, and lighting a pipe, sat down to watch the street life. To my great amusement my young friend, the boy

who held such a favorable opinion of the English, still stood opposite, and when he caught my eye, saluted me with the same words, "Good morning, sir," very distinctly pronounced.

"Good *evening*, boy," I answered, nodding; "you must make a distinction between morning and evening. What do you think of the English now?"

"The English are nice people," said the boy.

"So they are, boy; and perhaps as grasping as the Moors, only we don't show it in the same way."

There was a short silence, and then the boy said, "You are going to Tetuan, sir?"

News evidently travels fast in Morocco, notwithstanding the absence of railways and telegraph wires. Heavens, suppose they were preparing for me in Tetuan already! Instinctively I clutched my purse. The boy seemed to divine my thoughts, for he wagged his head and said solemnly, "Don't pay more than three pesetas apiece for your mules."

The sum was what Moreno had suggested, so I decided to let that item stand and fight others. While I was thinking about it I felt a hand touch me; the boy was at my side, his palm extended. He held it right under my nose. I looked at him inquiringly, and he said, "The English are nice people—coffee."

I took out a coin submissively and placed it in the open palm. There were a few words, "Good morning, sir, the English are nice people," and then a pair of heels were visible, disappearing up the street. I saw him no more until I returned from Tetuan.

When Moreno arrived he took me out with him to a place which could only be described as a *café chantant*—without the woman in white satin gown and paste diamonds who usually figures on the stage in such places. It was a long, low room, divided half way across by a row of wooden pillars. The entrance door was in one corner. At one end of the room there was a divan on which we sat down, Moreno and I; everyone else, performers and *habitués*, sat on the floor, cross-legged. The musicians, five in number, sat in a circle. What their instruments were, what sort of music it was, I cannot say. To the western ear it was one long, loud succession of frightful discords. They sang to the music, and the singing was in keeping with the accompaniment. Moreno interpreted some verses for me, and the subjects were the same as those to which we are accustomed in the western world—Beauty's eyes and the stars of Heaven inspiring the sentiment. It seemed to me that the melodies of Paolo Tosti were more in accordance with the feelings they are intended to express than those of the Arabian song-writers. Perhaps, as the eyes of the African beauty are invariably half hidden by an unsightly burnoose, the African composer deems it consistent to veil his finer feelings in a discordant jingle.

Other guests came and went, men and boys. Turbans and fez were, of course, never doffed, but the shoes were left at the door. In compliment to the nation I kept my hat on my head; but forbore going so far as to slip off my riding boots. As soon as we

were seated a man shuffled up to Moreno and asked him what we would take. Moreno wanted coffee and I tea, at which Moreno shook his head. "If it doesn't agree with me I shall know better the next time," said I with some inward misgivings, as I ordered the tea to be brought. Moreno was my guardian, and I obeyed him in all matters of importance; but I thought it hard not to be allowed a cup of tea, and was determined to have my own way.

The drinks were brought. Moreno's coffee looked very good; it was strong and black with a delicious aroma. The tea—well, in Morocco they make it weak, and fill the glass (it is drunk in glasses) with green mint, full up to the top; it is sweetened overmuch with brown sugar besides. A more disgusting mess cannot be imagined.

Moreno sipped his coffee. I put my glass to my lips and sniffed. I detest the odor of mint. I have never tasted Moorish tea; but that once I smelt it. The smell made me quite ill. I put it down on my knee and looked at it pensively. Meanwhile the aroma of Moreno's coffee was tantalizing.

"You do not like it?" said Moreno in the tone of "I told you so."

"I don't know," I answered vaguely. And then, turning to him, I said in a friendly way, "Moreno, will you swop drinks?"

"Swop' drinks," said Moreno, "what are they?"

"Do *you* like tea?"

"I can drink it," said Moreno with dignity; "you can not. I will change."

We "swopped." He drank the tea and I the 'coffee with the feelings of a child who has found "papa knows best." Then we paid for our entertainment and went out.

When we returned to the hotel Moreno and I sat down to calculate the cost of an excursion into the mountains. To travel in Morocco one must have a permit from the Cadi of Tangier. You are also required to be accompanied by a soldier; if you go without and are robbed or murdered you can make no complaint; it is your own fault. Moreno undertook to get a permit that night; and as for soldiers, there was Mahomet, than whom a more trustworthy person was not to be found in Morocco or out of it. The name was suggestive, and I agreed to Mahomet. Then I was bidden to go to bed, as we must be up at half-past five and away. I remonstrated to no effect; we must start early in order to be in Tetuan before the gates closed. To pass the night outside of a walled town was dangerous on account of robbers and murderers. I thought of the pleasing people whom I had met in the prison, and agreed to an early start. "But I shall never wake at five," I said.

"You will wake when I come," said Moreno; "and then you will get up. Now you will go to bed."

The door closed behind him, and I laid myself down to rest with a new and rather pleasurable sensation—that of being, for the first time since infancy, no longer responsible for my actions.

II.

THE hotel was built on the top of a cliff which overlooked the sea ; and I was kept awake the greater part of the night by the roaring of the wind and the dashing of waves against the rocks. At last, however, I fell asleep, and was enjoying a sweet morning nap when I became conscious that Moreno, booted and spurred, stood beside me, candle in hand, announcing in a business-like tone of voice that it was five o'clock. Instead of leaping out of bed as he evidently expected, I yawned and said there was time enough, which made him look serious. He said that if we did not start at once we might not reach Tetuan before night-fall, and hinted darkly of robbers and bandits—so I rose. Pointing to some coffee and a half of a loaf of bread which he had brought with him, he went out to see to the packing of our provisions.

I was choking myself with lumps of bread and putting on a necktie at the same time, when he reappeared and announced that the mules were restive—which I can well believe. Nothing on earth can move a mule if you are in a great hurry ; but if you wish to take your time the mule burns to be galloping on. "This tie is so troublesome, Moreno," I said ; "it requires time and patience."

"In Morocco you do not want a tie," said Moreno ; "it is only Moors you see."

"Nevertheless I could not exist without a tie," I explained ; "it is self-respect, I suppose."

Moreno did not understand ; but he helped me on

with the tie, and a terrible mess he made of it. I scalded my throat with hot coffee, he put on my coat for me, and down we went.

It was dark, damp and cool in the alley outside. A young Moor was there with a lantern; and the fitful light filled the quaint little street with weird shadows. Under that archway, behind yonder latticed window, in the shadow of the doorway, one could imagine all kinds of grim and romantic forms. In the dim light I saw three mules, and on one of them sat the picturesque figure of Mahomet. Few people with suggestive names fail to disappoint, when at last you see them for the first time before the name has become individualized for you. Mahomet was one of the few; his name became him. He was a tall and well-built Arab, slender, and graceful in his movements. His features were regular and his smile prepossessing. A faint moustache and the suggestion of a beard gave him a benevolent look; and the face was an index to the mind within. He was well dressed, wearing a great many clothes, Arab-like; a loose white cloak that hung over his shoulders and all around his body, showing here and there under the outer one of dark reddish color which he wore over all. His turban, falling behind over his neck and kept in place by a loose string, was spotlessly white. Crosswise in front of him on the pommel of his saddle lay a long Moorish gun covered with the brass-work in which the nation delights; and a formidable-looking knife hung at his side. Altogether he inspired me with great confidence and respect at the outset; and the feeling deepened

on closer acquaintance. Moreno despised him; but Moreno's opinion did not alter mine, though I was obliged to treat Moreno as if he were infallible.

The mules did not impress me so favorably. To begin with, I was obliged to ride in a Moorish saddle with Moorish stirrups, not having thought of providing myself with a European one. Their saddles are broad, flat and ill-made, badly stuffed, lumpy, and generally greatly the worse for wear. Moors have apparently no bones, muscles or nerves to hurt. The stirrups are square. As mules stumble at times on jagged rocks or in pitfalls, a heavy square stirrup has its advantage; your foot, once in it, stays there. The mule may roll over, stumble, pirouette, or leap the wrong way; you are on his back at the end, even if every bone be dislocated. But the habits of the mule, and a square, flat, ill-stuffed saddle make a journey of the kind somewhat fatiguing. Tourists coming from Gibraltar frequently bring their own saddles and ride horses, which is a more comfortable method of making the excursion into the mountains; although the horse is not so surefooted as the mule on the hills. As for me, I was "doing in Rome as the Romans do," and had to take the consequences. The young Moor held the lantern for us to see to mount, and we got off, Mahomet leading, then I, and last Moreno, the mules, no longer so eager to be going, encouraged by volleys of Arabic in the front and rear.

We picked our way down the steep, narrow street, turning corners, passing under archways and crossing

ditches, getting gradually down the hill, until we struck a street leading to the shore. Unlike the other cities and towns of Morocco, Tangier has neither walls nor gates; you pass gradually out of the city into the country. When we reached the shore, we found ourselves on the outskirts of the town, the houses rising on one side and the bare hills and fields on the other.

The country around is very desolate. There are detached houses here and there, and orange-gardens; but the houses and garden-walls are in a ruinous condition, the roads detestable, and the hills bare. Consequently the country outside the town is rather dreary; though the state of dilapidation into which everything has fallen in Morocco adds a certain weird beauty to the scene. The background of mountains renders every view sublime; but there are few trees and no flowers along the roadside, and the evidences of Asiatic despotism are visible at every step.

We reached the sea, and for some time the road we followed lay along the shore. We rode on the wet sand amid the sea-weed, the waves rolling in at our feet, the breath of the ocean fanning our cheeks and bracing us for the long climb over the mountains. Nothing was ever lovelier than that ride along the beach over the hard sand in the hour before the dawn of day. We were travelling due east; and, though it was not as yet the hour of sunrise, looking out over the Mediterranean, one could see a greyish glimmer on the far horizon. The water was of the deepest, deepest blue, almost black, a silver fringe of foam

showing itself along the curved line of the shore where the waves broke on the sand. The sky overhead was full of deep night, and yet with suggestions of the dawn, paling stars and streaks of purple in the eastward telling the approach of day. Low down in the east it glowed deep purple, like the purple after sunset, against which stood out the picturesque figure of Mahomet, with his long cloak and white turban fluttering in the wind that blew from the sea. To the right rose the mountains, veiled in the white mists of morning, the summits of the hills invisible, but the base showing a dark tint of green almost black, in vivid contrast to the clouds that hung above.

As we rode on and on, the light on the water became more and more distinct, the color in the sky was reflected below, and the dark purple in the east grew ruddier and ruddier, until a golden tinge began to spread itself over the horizon, and the first streaks of sunlight shot upward from the sea.

I could have ridden for hours along that shore, but our route lay elsewhere. Turning sharply to the right, we began to follow a winding path that led up among the wild hills. Then began a climb. Tangier lay behind us; and as we turned and doubled the side of the hill, a glance back showed the city rising terrace above terrace, the white houses gleaming in the first light of the morning.

There are no carriage roads in Morocco, nothing but mule-paths. There are, however, mule-paths and mule-paths. Sometimes you can see a path; and if it is on the level, or a long smooth hillside, you can

indulge in a gallop with impunity, knowing whither you are going. But this is an exception; as a rule you see nothing but boulders in front of you and pit-falls on every side. There is nothing to be done but sit warily and let the mule find his way. During the war with Spain the Spaniards penetrated to Tetuan, and left as a memorial of their conquest a bridge over one of the rivers not far from Tangier. This bridge, or a half of it, still stands, broken off in the middle. The mule picks his way over the broken stones of the fallen half, and then jumps up on the remaining portion, and trots gaily to the river bank. I asked Moreno why the Sultan did not repair this bridge, but was told that "he has no money, only for his wives—in Morocco we do not repair." I noticed with pleasure that there was only the one bridge. Forging a stream has its disadvantages; but it is preferable to crossing a bridge that is broken in two in the middle, with one-half standing and the other lying scattered in heaps of stones.

Mahomet in his dark reddish-brown cloak led the way, looking, save for the long Moorish gun, like a veritable picture of Ishmael. He went along at a jog-trot, Arab-fashion, mule and man moving together and no rise in the saddle. This is all very well for cavalry—a horse and a civilized saddle make a great difference. I tried it in the Moorish saddle—but a short experience was enough. I have never been seasick; but I felt the last stage of seasickness that morning. Death would have been a happy relief.

The Englishmen we saw ahead of us, two gentlemen with guide and soldier, riding on the mule-path half a mile beyond, around the mountain. I was pleased to think they were going my way, for the people whom we met were all Berbers and Arabs, riding on camels or mules; and the thought of seeing an English face and hearing the English tongue at the end of the journey was cheering. I whipped up my mule, and we began the ascent.

It was fatiguing work, though the novelty more than atoned for the fatigue. All day long it was nothing but one mountain after another, with short stretches of valley in between, vallies green as emerald, covered with long, rank grass. There were no trees; but low palmettos grew everywhere, and some strange African plants of which I did not know the name. Moreno never knew it either, except in Arabic. In the vallies we could trot, which varied the slow monotony of going stone over stone, up and down; but the vallies were usually narrow, and the trot short. A stream was always forded and then the mules would begin their slow ascent, climbing up on a huge boulder, looking about, and then plunging down in a hurry, just where one least expected them to go. "Do not tie up your mule," Moreno would call out to me; "he is not a horse. Untie him and he will find himself."

This meant "give him a loose rein and he will find his way"; at first I did not understand it, and he was obliged to show me what he meant. I had lost all sense of personal responsibility for my actions, as

far as Moreno was concerned; and now it appeared that I was to be governed by the mule.

I dislike riding a beast without knowing its name; "Moreno, what do you call the mule?"

"Je ne comprends pas."

"What is his name?"

"He has no name—he is a mule."

So I named him after a dear friend left behind in Canada, whom the animal's characteristics brought into pathetic remembrance; he answered to the name in more ways than one.

Progress, even with the mules untied and finding themselves, was slow, the path was so steep, a path for the most part over the rocks. Often I could not tell which was path and which was not, the mule and I usually differing on the subject. Four times my stirrup broke; and each time Moreno tied it up with a bit of string, saying it would never break again. At last I got exasperated, and changed mules with Moreno. His saddle, however, was much worn and lumpy; he had given me the best; I was glad to get back to my own beast. "The man who owns the mule wants money," said Moreno.

"He ought to be ashamed of himself."

"He is not. He does not care. It is all one—he wants money, that man; he does not care."

"He wants a good thrashing," I said with some indignation; "if I had him here he would get it."

"No," said Moreno gravely, shaking his head, "he is a big man; you are not."

"I would do something with him, if I had him," I

said savagely; and, brandishing my stick in the air, I castigated the imaginary mule-owner with great severity. Even that was better than nothing.

The sun shone bright, now up above the mountains; and no words can describe the beauty of the green vallies, fading and merged in a lighter tint farther up, which in its turn gave place to the rich purplish brown of the rocky heights above. The deep blues, almost indigo, the rich purple and the golden brown of those mountain peaks were wonderful. And they were wild, wild and rugged, no clustering foliage, no trees to relieve the sides of the hills; yet such glorious masses of rich color I never saw elsewhere. And the people were as wild as the country—great dark, rough-looking men, with strong limbs and morose expression, all dressed in loose garments of the same color, a dirty yellowish white. The Moorish villages, mostly perched high up on the hills, are simply collections of huts, built of stones and mud and thatched with straw. Only in the neighborhood of cities does one see the white stone house, set in an orange garden and surrounded with a high white wall, so common in pictures of the land.

We were not allowed to dismount, that is I was not; Mahomet did, several times, to say his prayers. It did not cause any delay, for he was not one of those who expect to be heard for their much speaking; a leap from the saddle, a spreading of his shoulder-cloth on the ground, and a moment's kneeling with his face turned toward Mecca, was enough. He would be up again in the saddle, lei-

surely riding on as before, in less time than one could conceive. When travelling, the devout Mussulman need say no more than his creed, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is His prophet," which is done in a moment. The grace with which Mahomet got up and down, and the look of devotion in his eyes as he knelt for an instant to pray, were really incomparable. I noticed that he never prayed when I stopped to talk to Moreno, or when the stirrup broke; he smoked hasheesh in a short yellow pipe, with a bowl the size of one's little finger, regarding the mountains with a dreamy, contemplative air. Hasheesh is intoxicating, and, if you smoke enough, stupefying. As they are forbidden wine by the Koran, the Moors use it as a stimulant. Mahomet must have been an old toper, for he smoked much, and it seemed to have no effect on him.

Let no one suppose that this was a quiet journey; never, for one moment, did we hold our peace. It was all Arabic, spoken to the mules in a high key; and, though ignorant of its meaning, I caught the words parrot-like, and the hills echoed with a perpetual trio. Trio, do I say? Rather a chorus, like that of demons; for we kept meeting people all the way—men on camels, men on asses, men on mules. As soon as anyone saw us coming, he would scream out to urge on his beast and warn us to make room. Mahomet and Moreno invariably disputed the right of way, and kept shouting to them and beating their mules and donkeys back; and a volley of Arabic would be shot from both sides, leading to the con-

clusion that a bloody conflict was impending. Once I remonstrated; but the fire in Moreno's eye was more alarming than the hostility of the Moors, so I changed my mind, and did as the others did. Whenever I saw a donkey coming, I leaned over and struck it with my stick. I dislike cruelty to animals; but if every man you meet curses you and strikes your mule, what can you do but curse him and strike back? Once we met a party of over twenty; the majority rode mules and donkeys, but there were two horsemen. Among the crowd were two Spaniards, a man and a woman. The latter wore a white veil, and looked as if she was tired enough of the company she was obliged to keep. A crowd of dirty Moors, yelling and screaming, surrounded her, forming her escort. She and the Spanish gentleman who rode with her were the only ones of the party who did not order us to stand aside and make way. As we passed through this horde, my mule was belabored on both sides at once; and I was unable to return the compliment in full, though I struck out and hit whatever came within reach.

The women were uncommonly quiet when we met them, sitting mutely on their donkeys or at the side of the road. All the talking was done by the men, which seemed unnatural. They all wore the yellowish white burnoose, showing only one eye; and never lifted up their voices, whatever the cause for complaint. But they were real women. While the men invariably passed me without condescending to look at me, contented to curse with averted eyes and to

strike my poor mule, I found that the one visible eye of the woman always met mine. One delicious spectacle presented itself; a huge Moor, very fat and very yellow, came along riding a mule, his four wives on donkeys following in a line. The Moor looked neither to the right nor to the left, passing the "dog of a Christian" in quiet scorn. But the women—the wives—as they approached, turned, each of them, her one visible orb full upon me with true feminine curiosity; and I gravely saluted each in turn. What, O what, was there hidden behind those yellow veils? And was one old and ugly, and another young and fair, and another—but, alas! I shall never know. What a land!

It was half an hour past midday, and we had been climbing up and climbing down for several hours in the scorching sun, when we came in sight of the great caravansarai on the top of the mountains. It looked like a fortress; a high stone wall about a hundred feet in length and breadth with one door in the middle of one side, is what it appears from without. It is built of the roughest masonry, and must be centuries old—delightful to the student of Ruskin and mediæval art, for no modern restorer has ever laid sacrilegious hand thereon, or taken up a subscription for repairs. There it stands, there it has stood, there it will stand; centuries come, centuries go, it changeth not, save for the occasional falling of another stone, which, like the tree in the hymn, "as it falls, so it must lie." Some stones had fallen on the ground under the arched entrance, and looked as if they had lain there for a century;

no one, I suppose, had ever thought of taking them away. I felt tempted to do it myself; but I was stiff, and, besides, the act in Moorish eyes would have seemed an evidence of unsound mind.

The inside is like the outside—unrestored throughout. A rough arcade runs around the inner side of the wall; and under the arches is shelter for man and beast. The court in the middle is covered with loose stones, left there when it was built. When it rains, they lie there among the mud; when it is fine, the dust blows on them; half an hour's labor would cart them all outside, and make a level courtyard. In one corner the caretaker lives, along with a few ragged, unkempt individuals, who carry guns and are supposed to act as protectors from robbers and other ills.

Rude as it was, I rejoiced greatly at the sight of it. Moreno rejoiced also. He felt the heat, I the fatigue of climbing and the discomfort of a Moorish saddle. As for me, I revelled in the hot sunlight, and chaffed him on finding it warm in January. In the summer months the heat on these hills must be intense, to the European almost unbearable; though, for my part, I prefer (in this present world) a land with a warm climate. We left the mules in the court in charge of a Moor, and made our way over to the corner of the caravansarai reserved for human beings. On a wide divan covered with brown matting lay a dissolute-looking young Moor, stupefying himself with the fumes of hasheesh. Some one gave him a shake and a kick, and he disappeared into an inner room, while I took his place.

The Englishmen with their escort we met riding out as we rode in, which I half regretted and half not, being more intent, for the moment, on food and wine than the forming of new acquaintances. The appearance of Moreno, bringing cold chicken, bread and mandarins, with a bottle of wine under his arm, was more refreshing than anything else could possibly have been at that moment; and we fell to, and began to feast.

It was truly delicious, that lunch at the caravan-sarai; and I ate and drank like a half-starved creature, Moreno having proved himself a good caterer. He sat on the divan beside me and shared my meal, Mahomet sitting cross-legged a short distance away. The latter had provided his own refreshment, and it consisted of half a loaf of hard brown bread, which he munched in dignified silence. I desired to share my better provision with him; and, though at first refusing utterly in Scriptural fashion, he ended by taking something of everything—except the wine, which being a devout Mussulman, he refused to touch. This commandment they seem to keep. A member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union coming over-worked and disheartened to Morocco, might, as long as she remained among the natives, enjoy complete repose. Should the call to arise and be doing suddenly come to her, she need only attach herself to the first European she meets; for in this cholera-ridden country no one ever ventures far without a goodly supply of wine.

After we had finished our food, the Moors brought

us coffee, which they made in the inner room over a fire of charcoal. Moreno and I both appreciated it. Mahomet preferred tea—or hot mint and sugar—and, having lighted his hasheesh pipe again, presented it to me with some ceremony, as is the custom of the country when you desire to pay a compliment.

I bowed gravely in acknowledgment. Hasheesh, or Indian hemp, is not to be indulged in with impunity by the novice; a pipe or two produce intoxication; one or two more stupefaction. However, I took the pipe and had a few whiffs, Moreno warning me not to smoke much of it, and returned it with several bows. I found my own pipe and tobacco preferable.

"In half an hour we start to go," said Moreno solemnly, not looking, however, as if he were in a hurry to move. I remonstrated on the short time allowed for a rest, and was again threatened with bandits. A party of English, men and women, had, he said, made the journey in three days, having tents and an escort of soldiers. If I had wished to go slowly, I could have done it of course—for a consideration. Speaking of money suggested the land of freedom. "Do American women ever come this way?" I asked. "Have you ever acted as courier to any?"

The effect of this question was painful to see. Moreno's happy expression vanished, he assumed a tragic air, and said, "Once—but do not ask me!"

"But why can you not tell me? You acted as courier to some ladies—"

"Once—it was a bad time—do not ask me."

Nevertheless I persisted in knowing. "It can do you no harm to tell me now, Moreno; it is all over."

"Two American women come—come to Morocco—come to Tangier; and they say they ride to Tetuan."

"Well, go on, Moreno; don't be ill."

"They dress in silk—*silk*—to come to Morocco; silk—dresses of silk—it is true." Moreno's face was a study.

"Very unwise. And they rode to Tetuan?"

"They dress—it is for the theatre—to ride to Tetuan; it is true."

"Did they get there?"

"No! They say donkeys, I say mules; they say donkeys, I say horses; they say donkeys, I say anything not donkeys; they say donkeys. We ride donkeys."

All his charges had evidently not been as obedient as I.

"And then, Moreno, having got their own way about the donkeys, what happened?"

"My God! In the mountains came a storm, came a wind, came a rain—rain, wind—rain, wind—rain, wind. Donkeys fall all the time; dresses wet all the time; women cry all the time." And then followed an outburst in sonorous Spanish, in which the unfortunate women were consigned to a land many times hotter than Morocco, and to the care of guardians compared to whom the savage bandits of the mountains were lambs.

"What on earth did you do, Moreno?"

Moreno lifted his hand and raised his eyes with the air of a tragedian. "God Himself, in heaven, know what I do that day—I do not!"

Mahomet, having smoked several pipes of hasheesh, rose and went to fetch the mules. I would willingly have rested for several hours on the divan, and slept and dreamed away the hot afternoon; but such a blissful experience was not to be mine. Instead there was the Moorish saddle and the rocky hills; and prudence dictated an early start. We paid the keeper of the caravansarai for our coffee, distributed a few coppers among the ragged individuals who hung around, and took our leave.

The sun was now very hot, and beat down fiercely on us as we descended the hillside. The first two hours' riding after you leave the caravansarai, is by far the worst part of the journey; it is all climbing up and going down steep hills over the rocks. The only alleviation is a delightful view of the city of Tetuan, lying in a green valley, far below in the distance. It is fifteen miles away, or "four hours," as they say in Morocco, counting distances by the time it takes to traverse them, having no measurements by the mile. The two cities, Tangier and Tetuan, are forty-five miles apart, a good day's journey when you take into account the country to be crossed. To be done comfortably, one should take two days to it. But there in the valley, far away, lay Tetuan, a long white streak, looking like a string of pearls and opals lying on emerald velvet; a background of soft purple mountain towering above it, blending with the blue of the sky. There it lay, the full gleam of the sunlight upon it; for we were travelling due east, and the sun was now behind us.

As we descended we lost it, and two weary hours passed before we saw it again; and then it began to appear as we went up and down, again and again, seeming always to be as far away as ever. It seemed a long afternoon; but gradually one felt the sun was getting lower and lower, and hot upon one's back. The shadows of the mountains grew longer and longer; blue shadows crept over the green vallies around us, and the purple hill-tops lighted up before us, and shone like purple-gold. And we kept slowly on our way, step after step, Mahomet's white turban and flowing cloak disappearing down the hillside in front of me, and Moreno swearing in Arabic to urge on the mules behind—a solemn procession.

The road improves as you approach Tetuan, and the last hour and a half is by far the best part of the journey. The path leads through a long valley, which presently becomes a gorge, the purple mountains rising almost perpendicularly a little distance away. The sun shone brightly through the gorge, the entrance being full west; but in a short time we emerged upon a plain, a large valley completely shut in by the high mountains; and, turning to the right, found ourselves in the shadow of the hills. Here we started the mules into a gallop, and went briskly along in the shade for about two miles, until we came to a river. The river was forded, and then we found ourselves in the sunlight again, with a hill in front of us to be climbed. But it was the last hill, and we took it leisurely.

When we at last got down into the green valley again, Moreno informed me that there were no more

mountains to pass over. We could not see Tetuan, but he assured me that we were getting there in good time, before the gates closed. So we rode on in peace, in the shadow of the mountains, the hilltops all aglow with the glory of the sunset.

Moreno fell quiet at the end, and even left off talking to his mule. In perfect silence we rode, now at a walking pace, now at a trot, through this wild valley, with the glow of evening around and above, and an even stillness in the earth and sky. And, though it seemed that we would never do it, yet in the end the last hill was rounded, the last brook forded; and we began to ascend the slow-rising plain, with the white walls of the city gleaming golden in the rays of the setting sun before us.

Here it became noisy again, for we mingled with a stream of people who were returning from the country for the night, some driving their flocks and herds before them. Flocks of black goats, sheep with the shepherd going before them, donkeys toiling under heavy loads, women carrying baskets, men on foot, men on mules, a motley crowd—we all mingled together, picking our way over the worst of roads, jumping ditches, and stopping occasionally at the boundaries of vineyards to decide which was the pathway and which the wall.

Tetuan is a walled town, lying in a green valley, forty-five miles east of Tangier. Mountains, destitute of vegetation, rise more or less precipitously, a few miles away, on every side. The white walls are picturesque, old and ruinous, weather-stained and crum-

bling; here and there are the dilapidated remains of towers, and here and there a gate, which is closed at sunset. Seen in the golden glow cast by the setting sun, this dilapidated old wall with its crumbling towers and its old-time gateway with the black shadows under the arch, looked like the picture of another age. It all had a dead-and-gone look, as if it were but the ghost of the city one saw; and one seemed to smell the grave. Yet it was full enough of life, and noisy enough within and without—the strange fantastic life of the East unveiled in all its novelty and charm. One can image, not describe, the scene—camels, mules, donkeys, flocks of sheep and goats, crowds of men and women, all hurrying along together, jostling, crying, swearing, struggling along pell-mell up the stony path, close to the crumbling walls, under the archway, through the gate; while the setting sun threw a halo of glory around every nook and cranny, and made the dirty yellow burnoose, the tawny cloak of the Arab, the red fez and the white turban, gleam brightly with gorgeous color as the mob struggled along.

We went in with them, and passed out of the sunset into a narrow street, whence all sunshine, except when the sun was directly overhead, was excluded. Inside, the city was all animation. The hour for closing the gates was drawing near, the day's work was done, a motley crowd filled the narrow streets, and we were surrounded on all sides. As we turned to the right and took the street leading to the "Christians' quarter," where there was an inn, a crowd of young men

and boys gathered around us, beating the mules, asking for money, and urging us on, with shouts and laughter, over the uneven pavement.

The *fonda*, or inn, to which we made our way, was kept by Spaniards; and here let me say that, whatever be the discomforts of travel in Morocco, a clean bed and a good dinner are obtainable in Tetuan. The inn was a good one. It was a quaint, square building, several stories high, with three small rooms on each flat; and from a distance looked like a tower.

I was tired enough to drop with fatigue, but decided to dine first. Messrs. X. and Y., the two Englishmen who had ridden on ahead of us, had dinner with me; and so good was the dinner and so excellent the wine, that we forgot we were fagged out, and sat up till midnight, talking about Morocco and comparing our experiences on the mountains.

III.

MORENO was always waking and calling me early; he did not exactly suggest the "May Queen," being very prosaic; but his habits recalled the first line of that poem to one's mind. I was aroused from a sweet sleep to find him, dressed for riding, standing by my bedside. His expression suggested that of a mourner at a funeral come to find another mourner, and fearful lest the burying take place without him.

"You will be up at once?" he enquired, anxiously.

"No, I think not—in fact, I think I shall stay in bed."

"Sir!" in an accent of dismay.

"Is it a fine day, Moreno?"

"It is a fine day. You will get up?"

"Not I; I am going to stay in bed awhile. Seven o'clock? I mean to stay here until ten."

When we had retired to bed we had all registered a solemn vow that we would have our own way for once, and remain in bed till we chose to rise. I could hear Gilali, the other courier, trying to arouse Messrs. X. and Y., as I lay there. Whatever weakness they might show, I was determined I would keep to my purpose.

For a few minutes Moreno was unable to speak; then he stammered out a few sentences.

"There is Tetuan—you will see Tetuan? There are gardens—orange gardens; you will see orange gardens? It will take all day; in five hours with the mules"—

"Ah, those poor mules! they must be so tired. Let them have a rest, Moreno."

The disgust in Moreno's face at the idea of giving the mules a rest was worthy of a picture. His jaw fell; he looked at me again, and said doubtfully, "Are you well?"

"I never felt better," I said cheerily, which was true; I never did. "But I don't know how I should feel if I went riding; I might be stiff. We say in English, 'Let well alone.'"

Moreno did not understand. He stood a minute or two looking at me, and then began to tell me a story; as a fond parent will sometimes tell a troublesome

child how differently a neighbor's little boy behaved under similar circumstances. "There was a man," said he, "and he was an English man—and his name was Mr. F.—and he came to Morocco, and he said he would ride to Tetuan; and he did ride. And when he came to Tetuan he could not lift himself on the mule, because he was a—sick?—no, not sick—he was a"—

I suggested, "A delicate man."

"He was a delicate man; and he came to Tetuan, and he could not move himself on his legs"—

"He was stiff from riding; so am I."

"And Mahomet took the legs of him, and I took the arms of him, and we took him up the stairs and we put him in this bed."

"If I had only known, I should have saved myself three flights of rather steep stairs," I said, interrupting.

"And we put him in this bed, and he was a delicate man"—he raised his whip—"in the morning—HE—got up!"

I threw my head back and laughed. "I am delicate, too, Moreno. I shall get up, too—in time. Not now—not to see paradise, much less dirty Tetuan. Let me alone. Come back at ten. And let those poor mules rest and eat barley; it will be a day for them to look back upon all their lives."

So Moreno, finding it hopeless to think of infusing some of his own spirit into me, was forced to go away and mourn alone. He first brought me some coffee, remarking that the delicate Mr. F. had got out of bed

to take his. But I ignored the precedent. Then I was left in peace.

At ten o'clock I went out with him to see Tetuan. We first wended our way to the market-place, through a number of ill-smelling streets. Moreno often assured me that the inside of a Moorish house is clean; it ought to be, for everything in the shape of dirt and refuse is flung out of it into the street. So bad is the pavement and so numerous the heaps of garbage, that one is obliged to walk as if tipsy—on both sides of the street at once.

The market place, a great square, was a busy sight, full of country people who had come to sell, and towns-people who had come to buy. To buy anything, even an orange, requires much bargaining; needless to say, there was a great clatter of tongues. The donkeys, who had brought the produce of the farms in on their backs, stood in groups, looking sleepy and contented in the bright sunshine, occasionally chewing a wisp of straw or nibbling at each other's necks. Around on the four sides of the square rose glittering white walls, dazzling in the sunlight as only a whitewashed wall can be; and, looking beyond, one could see the minarets of the mosques standing out against the blue sky.

The scene suggested Naples. Everyone was begging, and chattering without a pause for breath; while, at the same time, no one seemed capable of any other exertion. The vendors of fruit sat on the ground in groups, with heaps of splendid oranges and mandarins spread on mats before them, patches of golden

yellow glittering here and there in the sun. Those who sold fruit and vegetables were mostly women, and they sat on the ground, cross-legged like the men, the unsightly burnoose hiding all the head but one eye. But though preserving the strictest decorum in this respect, according to eastern ideas, it may be remarked that in the land of the Infidel some of them would have been considered scarcely decently clad.

We walked about followed by children who asked for money, and urged by the market-women to buy as we passed. A sharp eye and a brown hand would emerge from what appeared to be a bundle of unbleached cotton; and, while the eye held us, the hand would deftly finger the heap of oranges in front, turning them over to show off their glorious color and size, a voice from an unseen mouth speaking volubly in an unknown tongue.

As I stood at the upper end of the square, I suddenly became aware that I was the centre of an interesting crowd. An old Arab Shereef or descendant of the Prophet, who was followed by a number of little boys and beggars, had approached me, and was going round and round me in a circle, intoning a sort of chant. He was a very old man, with a beard like cotton wool. His head was surmounted by something that looked like a flower-basket turned upside down and embroidered with sentences in green. The remainder of his costume consisted simply of a dirty white bedgown and slippers. In one hand he held a large basket, not unlike the one that adorned his head; and, as he went round and round intoning, he kept

swinging the basket backward and forward in my face. "Who on earth is he?" I called out to Moreno, who stood apart.

"That old man is holy," said Moreno.

The old wretch smiled on me, and waved the basket with more muscle. He kept on turning, moving round me in a circle; and I began to turn also, so as to keep facing him. This caused much merriment among the crowd; and a number of small boys began to circle outside the old prophet, so that we formed a sort of "circus with double rings."

"What does he want, Moreno?"

"He want money, that old man," said Moreno.

I might have guessed as much. I gave him a few coppers, for I was getting dizzy, turning round this way. The money had its usual effect. These Moors and Arabs are not like organ-grinders who play on a little longer to show their gratitude; the moment your money is in their hands you become but a "dog of a Christian," and as the dirt under their feet. The old swindler turned his back on me and went his way. Moreno and I wended our way to the bazaar.

There are many. Members of the same craft dwell in the same street. We went first to see the shoemakers. A shoe-shop in Tetuan is a small square room, with a divan running round two sides. One side is open to the street; and on the fourth are arranged shelves, whereon are displayed the shoes ready for sale. The shoemaker sits cross-legged on the divan, cutting, polishing and sewing; a solemn-looking individual he is. And they all look the same.

Carlyle, in his fruitless search for the ideal workman in this age of quackery and sham, would have found him in Morocco. For the shoemaker does his work in a manner that would have charmed the Sage of Chelsea, sewing away as if all the world was a pair of shoes, and he had the making thereof.

From the shoemakers we went to the Jews, for it was only a step to the Jewish quarter. I did not remain long among the sons of Abraham; neither their appearance nor their dwellings invited a close acquaintance. Ragged as the poorer Moors are, one felt in the Jewish quarter that there are infinite degrees of raggedness. The same may be said of dirt. I can only hope that the inside of the Jews' houses was cleaner than the outside. Compared with the Jewish quarter, the rest of the city was clean. It is a melancholy fact, however, that in Morocco neither Jew, Christian nor Moslem seems to have any leaning toward that virtue which is next to godliness.

One of the most interesting sights in Tetuan is the street of the gun shops. These little shops are all in a row; all are very small, and the tools used therein are of the most primitive kind. But there were the gunsmiths hammering, sawing, chopping, polishing, twisting, in little holes with a floor of clay, a bench for furniture, and a fire, a knife and a hammer for machinery.

It was most interesting; and we stood in different doorways watching the workers inside. In one place we saw a man with a hatchet cutting pieces of walnut, until they took the shape of a stock for a gun.

These, when cut into shape, were held in the smoke of the fire until they were blackened with it; then they were hastily oiled and stood up against the wall to dry. In another shop a man was polishing a barrel, and it looked to be a very poor barrel indeed; in fact I had my suspicions, when I examined it, that it had served as a piece of gas-pipe in its better days. A few steps farther, and I saw a gun being put together. They are very clumsy weapons as far as use is concerned; but it must be confessed that they are extremely ornamental, for the Moorish gun is very long and is covered with brass-work. When a Moor carries one, and has one or two knives besides in their glittering brass sheaths, he is quite a formidable looking person, reminding you of Byron's Tales, dear old Monte Cristo, and such things.

We saw the prison and the palace, but not the Cadi, for which I was extremely sorry. I heard about him, however; he had bought his way to power, just as our rulers do in the West, paying the Sultan to put him in instead of the sovereign people. It seems to me the Moorish way is the better, as far as the politicians themselves are concerned; you certainly know where you are. The Cadi in power had his predecessor in prison, carefully guarded, and with iron rings on his ankles. With us the predecessor is leading the Opposition in Parliament, making mischief every moment. In Morocco, if you are in, you are in; if you are out, you are out. I was very curious to see the late Cadi, but it was impossible, Moreno said; the man in possession kept

him closely guarded. They told me he was quite contented with his lot, grateful to be allowed to exist at all, submissive to destiny. I could not see him, but was obliged to be content with a view of his dungeon from the outside—a massive stone building whose grim walls we passed on our way to the chief glory of Tetuan—the great mosque.

They won't let you go into the latter. A plank is placed across the entrance, over which may step neither dog nor Christian. As a matter of fact, the whole place is visible from the outside, so it matters little whether you go in or not. Wide horse-shoe arches form the entrance; and by standing with my feet against the plank and my body bent forward, I could survey the whole of the interior at my leisure. It was a big, oblong court, covered at the top, and with an arcade running around every side. The arches of the arcade were the usual horse-shoe arch, and all covered with arabesque mosaic in white and blue. I saw no other color. The floor was paved with white marble, and in the middle was a slab of marble a foot in height, with a slight hollow in it. From the ceiling, within about ten feet of the pavement, hung at least fifty ostrich eggs, of a pale opaque white or bluish color. It was a beautiful interior in its way, but cold and bare. After the palaces one sees in the south of Spain, those of Morocco look poor indeed. I was told that at Fez there are to be seen courts and galleries in the palace of the Sultan in which the beauty and design of the ornamentation are scarcely inferior to that of the Alhambra itself.

Whether it be so or no, I cannot say ; a British consul told me, and the consul had been told so by a Spaniard who was a plumber, and who had been hired by the Sultan to do some plumbing in the royal residence. How a Sultan of Morocco, with the power of life and death in his hands, came to allow a plumber to escape with his head on his shoulders the consul could not say.

Moreno suggested at last—I thought he never would—that we should go home ; so we returned to the inn. When I reached the *fonda* I was greeted by X. and Y., who congratulated me on having gone into the town to spend the day, instead of to visit the orange gardens outside the gates. They had gone to the latter. I asked about the orange gardens, but X. and Y. remembered nothing about them ; they could recall only stones, ditches and mud ; and declared that a visit to the gardens was but the last straw in the way of breaking one's back and dislocating one's joints. I went out and told Moreno. Moreno's face lighted up almost into the semblance of a smile, and he gave vent to a loud "Ha, ha !" With a guide like Gilali and a soldier like Ibrahim, what else was to be expected ? Let *me* ride out with him and Mahomet, and he would show me a paradise—the mules were all ready and were eating their heads off. But to his entreaties I turned a deaf ear, and went back to my friends.

X. was a handsome bachelor, Y. a married man ; and one of the advantages of matrimony, omitted by St. Paul and not enumerated in the Book of Common

Prayer, became apparent : Mrs. Y., not knowing what sort of fare would be provided for her husband, had given him a package, which, when opened, was found to contain some Ceylon tea. We ordered hot water, and soon had a delicious brew. There was no milk to be got ; but they brought us some strips of bread toasted and some stiff jelly made from oranges, which formed a most palatable accompaniment to the tea.

Having discovered that there was a British Consul at Tetuan, X. and Y. had resolved to go out and look for him ; and when we had finished our tea, they set forth. As they proposed bringing him back to have dinner with us, I did not go with them ; but, instead, ascended to the house-top to get a good view of the city, and pry, as far as possible, into the affairs of the neighbors.

As I have before mentioned, the *fonda* was built in the shape of a tower. My room was on the third flat ; and, after ascending another flight of stone stairs, I found myself on the house-top, around which ran a low wall. The view of the city was a splendid one. I could look down into several of the narrow filthy streets, and watch the people and the donkeys scrambling together in the dirt beneath. The minarets of different mosques rose here and there, and very white and clean they looked, standing out against the sky. The sun was descending, and the great mountain which rises west of Tetuan concealed it from view, throwing a deep blue shadow over the open land and the greater part of the city ; while the green valley and the hills rising to the eastward shone brightly in the sunlight.

I had also the satisfaction of looking down into our neighbor's garden. Seen from the street, one could just perceive a touch of green above a high white wall; looking down from above, one saw the touch of green to be the top of a large orange-tree, fairly bending under the burden of fruit it bore—large yellow oranges, the whole tree a blaze of color with them. The oranges of Morocco are, I think, the most delicious in the world; and I am sure these were the finest oranges in Morocco.

But I should not have cared to stand under that tree, or, indeed, anywhere near it. The garden was simply a pool of filth, mud and water that looked to be knee-deep. There was a fig-tree in one corner and a vine grew against the wall; but there was no sign of verdure nor even a path to be seen—nothing but the ground of a pig-sty. It was far, indeed, from fulfilling one's idea of "living under your own vine and fig-tree"—even with the oranges thrown in. The place looked desolate. A ragged man, sitting on a stone in the gateway, was the only visible occupant; and he sat as still as a statue, with a vacant look in his eyes. Mine host of the *fonda*, who had come up after me to point out different "objects of interest," suggested that he was waiting to say his prayers. I suppose it had never entered into his head that it would be nice to clean up the garden.

I stood watching the shadows creep over the vallies, and the people coming in from the country for the night, until a noise below announced the return of X. and Y. They had found the consul, and brought him

back with them. After a little while dinner was served, and we sat down at the table, a party of four.

The consul was a most interesting person. He was a man of considerable parts, and possessed the gift of tongues in a high degree. Eight years' residence in Morocco had made him familiar with all the manners and customs of the people; and we learned more about the country from him in a few hours than we could have learnt in a month from guides and books. How that man did talk! It was eight months since he had seen an English face and heard his mother-tongue—but he made up for lost time that night! I felt rather pleased that I had known so little of the people before coming among them, for the tales he told us were blood-curdling. One felt like the man above whose head hung the scimitar suspended by a hair.

After dinner, the consul suggested that we should all go home with him to spend a quiet evening; and I went below to tell Moreno that I was going out without him. Moreno thought I was running a great risk, going about the city with no better guide than Gilali. I remarked that, besides Gilali, we were four Englishmen, and had Moors with lanterns to light us on our way. He allowed me to go, but waived all responsibility for the consequences.

Two Moors with lanterns went in front, and we came behind with Gilali, X. and Y.'s courier. The streets at night are dark and dismal, and a lantern is indispensable. The consul lived in one of these dark

lanes, but not in the Christians' quarter, to which he told us he had refused to move. The Christians, a few Spanish of the lowest class, live in a very undesirable locality; and the consul preferred to dwell apart from them. Every week or so, he said, he received a message from the Cadi, requesting him to go to his own place; but hitherto he had resisted all efforts to dislodge him, professing, like Abdul-Hamid of Turkey, a keen wish to satisfy all demands—and holding on.

An iron gate was unlocked by a servant within, and we entered a small triangular court, off which the rooms of the house opened. He led us into the chief of these, a long, low room, the furniture of which would have driven a European woman of fashion wild with envy. During his eight years' residence in Morocco he had collected an immense number of curios, and the place was crammed with them, stuffs such as one cannot buy elsewhere, pottery, and all manner of odds and ends. We spent some time in examining these, and the interest was increased by the curious tales attaching to many. When we finished our examination of the furniture, we stretched ourselves on a comfortable divan, and our host brought out a jar of whisky and some tobacco, bidding us make ourselves at home—which it need hardly be said we did.

The best tobacco can be secured in Tangier, brought thither from England. As for the whisky, we needed it to buoy our spirits up, for our entertainer proceeded to tell us stories of the country. He had told

us some at dinner; but, with true art, had reserved the best for the hours of evening. I shall never forget those stories. They are not to be told here, nor would it be possible to give all the gruesome details which heightened the effect. Every vice under the sun must flourish in Morocco in its most aggravated form, and every villainy which it entereth into the heart of man to devise must lend a dramatic interest to the dullest of Moorish lives. No one tale, taken alone, would convey an idea of the scope and ingenuity of a Moor who wishes to break a commandment. And his manner of telling was most impressive; he used few words and indulged in no superlatives, recounting what he had himself seen, as if he had been in the witness-box. We listened, sipping whisky at intervals, reflecting that we were in Tetuan, and could not, by any conceivable effort, get out of the country within forty-eight hours.

The evening passed rapidly, and we were loath to leave. But we were all tired; so we roused the Moors who were sitting in the court jabbering, and proceeded to say good-bye. The lanterns were lighted, we all made our way out, and the consul himself locked the heavy iron gate after us. We were sorry to part from him, for he was a fine fellow. His life, spent in that wretched corner of the world, would if written, read like a tale of the Dark Ages.

Again we sallied forth into the dark streets, picking our way over the uneven pavement and round the puddles with the help of the lanterns in front. After winding in and out through a labyrinth of

lanes, our guides came to a stand-still at a spot where three streets met. Around on every side were high, crumbling walls without a window to be seen, dark archways indicating the entrance to a house or lane as it might be. The Moors with the lanterns had a long story to tell Gilali, and kept pointing this way and that, the flickering light, as the lanterns were swung around, forming weird shadows, now on this side, now on that. The three were talking hurriedly in low tones, and gesticulating; all were enjoying it hugely, for Moors love a sensational story. Gilali understood no English, but spoke a little Spanish. X. was the only one of the three of us who could understand him; and he, after some coaxing, learned the reason of the stoppage. A dark and bloody deed—robbery and murder—had been done a few nights previously in this lonely spot. Gilali gave very few particulars; but the gestures of the Moors were sufficiently suggestive.

Glancing around, I thought I saw somebody crouching in the darkness under one of the archways. We went toward the spot, and a flash from the lantern revealed the dead body—not of a man but of a donkey. The poor beast had evidently dragged itself up to the wall and leaned against it for support, when death had come to end its life of toil and tribulation. Despite the associations of the spot selected, it had not been a violent death. To judge from its expression, indeed, it looked as if the animal had died of grief.

We hurried away from this uncanny spot, feeling

as if we were to figure in one of the consul's future tales. Our footfalls echoed on the stones as if they had been the sound of robbers in pursuit; assassins lay concealed in every shadow; every puddle was a pool of blood. As a matter of fact, the streets were almost deserted. Now and then we saw a form crouching under an archway, or a solitary figure disappearing round a corner; but these people were silent, and might have been ghosts. We seemed to be the only living beings in the city. Not a light was to be seen, save the fitful glare of our lanterns lighting the path ahead; not a sound but our own footfalls broke the stillness. At last, after a good deal of turning in and out, we arrived safe at the *fonda*. Moreno was sitting up for me, and was, I think, a little disappointed at seeing me return without a wound. However he sent me to bed without a scolding; and we all went to sleep to dream of battle and murder and sudden death.

IV.

MORNING, however, dispels all fears: and a lovelier morning than that which broke the following day never dawned. It is needless to say that Moreno was the first to taste of its delights, and that he rose with intent that I should share them with him. Early, early, while the purple mountains were lighting up with the first tints of misty sunshine, we were in the saddle and away.

We all rode out together, Gilali and Moreno,

Ibrahim and Mahomet ahead, I following with X. and Y. But while X., Y. and myself rode side by side, enjoying each other's conversation, discussing the incidents of the previous evening and drinking in the fresh air of the mountains with thankful souls, the same happy state of things did not exist among our servants. Moreno and Gilali had a deadly feud, and Mahomet and Ibrahim regarded each other with feelings of the bitterest disdain. It was pointed out to me by Moreno, and I had noticed it before myself, that Ibrahim carried no gun. So poorly are the Sultan's soldiers paid that they are frequently obliged to beg for food, or have recourse to other trade than that of soldiering; and it often happens that, no other remedy being available, they are compelled to pawn their weapons to obtain the means of subsistence. Ibrahim's gun was in pawn; and he was trusting to the munificence of Messrs. X. and Y. to get it out again.

Fineness of feeling is apparently not one of the Arab characteristics; for Mahomet rode side by side with Ibrahim, taunting him the while. Violent altercations in dignified Arabic disturbed the serenity of the morning; and we rode on, Moreno and Gilali quarrelling behind, and Mahomet jeering and mocking in front. Mahomet, I was pleased to observe, presented much the better figure of the two, with his long gun and good clothes; Ibrahim was ragged. These soldiers go with one to protect one from Rifs, the tribe of brigands who are one of the curses of Morocco; but it looked as if all the fighting we were

to have would be among ourselves. Finally I thought it wise to put an end to the dispute, and we separated, X. and Y. going on ahead with their escort, and I following in the old way, Mahomet before me and Moreno behind. Thenceforward all went smoothly, the disputants reserving their curses for the poor mules.

I had been too tired at the end of the journey thither to fully appreciate the country around Tetuan. We were riding through a wide valley which ended in a gorge between the mountains; and the path ran, twisting and turning, among the greenest of low-growing palmettos. Such green, then to be seen at its best after the winter rains, was wonderful; so deep, so rich, so full, glowing in the sunlight. All around us were mountains rising precipitously into the blue heavens, tinted with green and greenish-grey, and blue-brown and richest purple, lighted with the sun of Africa. There is little sign of vegetation on these hills, they are arid; to the agriculturist, such as he is, they are waste land; to the man of commerce they are an obstacle great beyond measure. But to the traveller who looks for richness of color and picturesque form, they are sublime. The path ran along on the level for two or three miles; and the mules went along at a gallop, making good time. Indeed Moreno said that if he had known we were to ride so fast he would not have been up so early—though that I cannot believe. I said as much. In answer I was told that I might take my own time at the caravansarai, and rest two hours if I pleased; and

I mentally decided to do so, though I was sorry afterwards, as will appear.

At last we reached the mountains, and the wearisome climb up and down began. It seemed to me sometimes that we were going at the rate of a mile an hour. But the mules were the sole judges of the pace; and they go through life on the copy-book principle of "slow and sure." Climb after climb, descent after descent, the same stones carefully arranged across the path, the same giddy turns, the same jumps, the same streams to be forded. Whenever there are two paths, the mule chooses the one the rider would avoid; whenever there is a choice between walking near the mountain-side and walking on the brink of a precipice, the mule chooses the precipice—acting from a desire, doubtless, not uncommon in human-kind, of showing that he *can* do it if he likes—"and always untie him and he will find himself" shouted Moreno at a bad place; so that we invariably went along the brink wherever there was a brink to keep clear of.

It was a delightful ride, however; and we kept meeting the same curious and interesting types of native—Arabs and Moors, or Berbers, as they are often called in books; and stately camels, and camels that had had their day and were no longer stately; and donkeys in whose expression whole generations of resignation seemed concentrated; and mules—but all mules look alike—and occasionally a horseman, haughty Arab with magnificent eyes and flowing turban, who would ride up, meeting us with a grave

salute, which no Moor ever condescended to do. It was delightful. And in due time we arrived at the old caravansarai, and found X. and Y. already lunching on the greensward outside. Moreno wished to go inside and recline on the divan; but I refused. So two Moors brought out some matting, which they spread on the grass against the wall; and I sat down beside my friends to eat my mid-day meal in the sunshine.

After half an hour or so, the other party set out; but I, mindful of Moreno's promise, decided to rest long. Moreno sat beside me, his back against the wall; and Mahomet, disdaining support, spread a mat at my feet and sat cross-legged thereon, smoking hasheesh and sipping mint tea between whiffs of the pipe. Moreno drank copiously of the wine, of which we had a plentiful supply: and seemed, for once, inclined "to rest and be glad of the gods." The truth of the old saying, "*In vino veritas*," was again exemplified; for, under the influence of wine, Moreno became as stolid-looking as a statue of the young Buddha. I ate one delicious orange after another, Moreno preferring some Moorish fruit, which I tasted, but found unpalatable. As to its taste, go into a turnip-field, pull up a tough swede and eat it raw, a little of the earth with it to give it a bitterish and acrid taste, and you will enjoy Moreno's favorite fruit, which, I think, will never become popular out of Morocco.

After finishing the oranges, I leaned back against the wall to enjoy a smoke, and lapsed into a sort of

dream, in which Mahomet's flowing turban and pipe of hasheesh mingled with visions of distant lands. Moreno lit a cigarette ; and we were all three dreaming lazily, the smoke going up in little thin wreaths, when an old man of the mountain, a shrunken creature of hideous aspect, came hobbling up to us. When he reached us he squatted on the ground at our feet, and, with threatening gestures, assailed us violently.

He was the most withered specimen of humanity I ever saw, even in that withered land—so lean, so skinny and so brown—looking as if his flesh and blood had been extracted by an embalmer and the skin and bones steeped in tobacco-juice. His clothing consisted of a yellow shirt, leggings and turban ; and their condition suggested the dirty man in *Punch*, who writes, "Thirty years ago I used Pear's soap, since which time I have used no other." Seating himself in front of us, his whole frame convulsed with passion, he began to curse at the top of his voice, rocking himself backward and forward the while. There were periods of spasmodic convulsion and then intervals of comparative calm, tempered with muttering and gurgling ; then, all of a sudden, both arms would rise convulsively and his body would sway again. Every few moments, when the screams subsided, he would hold out a withered hand and shake it at me. The fingers were like those of a skeleton.

What it was all about I had not the slightest idea. Mahomet preserved his imperturbable serenity of countenance ; and Moreno, looking at the old maniac out of his matter-of-fact eyes, contented himself with shaking

his head solemnly from time to time. The old wretch made a most picturesque study, seated there with the blazing African sun beating on his yellow clothes and withered brown skin; and he was not in the least alarming, for he had no weapon, not even a tooth. ‘

“What is it all about, Moreno?” I whispered, full of curiosity to know what we had done.

Moreno spoke; but it was in Arabic, and in answer to the old man. What he said was not well received. Fire shot from the eyes of the old Moslem, and, throwing up both arms, he blazed out anew. Then Moreno answered again at greater length; and the old man, though hardly condescending to listen, was evidently at a loss to meet the argument. He beat his breast, swaying his body to and fro; and then, suddenly clawing the air, gave vent to a succession of yells, wagging his head the while and showing his toothless gums.

“He is a fool, this old man,” said Moreno.

“That is a self-evident fact,” I remarked. “What I should like to know is, what form his monomania takes.”

Moreno did not understand me. He was talking to the old man again in Arabic; in fact they were both talking together—one might say screaming at each other. Mahomet sat placidly, taking whiff after whiff of hasheesh, showing his teeth, set in a smile, in between times. Evidently he enjoyed the argument; but wisely forbore to take a side.

“He is a fool, this old man,” said Moreno again in English, both parties having paused for want of

breath. "He is a fool, this old man; he trust too much in God."

A peculiar form of monomania, to say the least. I showed some surprise. "He trusts too much in God? How?"

"He is a fool, this old man. They trust too much in God these people."

There was another, but shorter, outbreak on both sides; and then the why and the wherefore of all the trouble was explained to me. The French, during the cholera epidemic, had sent doctors over in the interests of science, who had attended the Europeans in Tangier with much success. In the eyes of the Moors, medicinal treatment is regarded as a personal insult to the Deity, and all doctors are supposed to be acting in concert with the devil to oppose the Divine will. The old man of the mountain had heard of this infamous attempt on the part of the Infidel to interfere with the decrees of Providence; and I was the first unbeliever who had crossed his path since the epidemic. He had been apprised of my coming, and was come out to curse me in the name of God and the Prophet.

"I tell him among us sixteen die, among him three thousand in Tangier and three thousand in Tetuan; because doctors say, 'Boil drink-water and live clean'—and we do and they do not," said Moreno.

"And what did he say to that?"

"He is a fool, this old man; he trust too much in God," repeated Moreno, grimly. "He say, 'If God will a man die, he die; if God will a man live, he

live ; doctors and drink-water are nothing but devil.' They trust too much in God, these people."

The old man now, it appeared, was asking for a drink. I handed him my glass. It had contained wine ; and when the old fanatic smelt it, he rinsed it several times before he put it to his lips. After drinking some water he began again in the same strain.

"It is no use to talk to him," said Moreno, solemnly. "They are all the same, these people ; they trust to God for everything, and to themselves for nothing—they are Moors."

The old man of the mountain had thus the last word. When he found that Moreno disdained further argument, he rose and held out to me a bony hand.

"Wants money," said Moreno.

I refused to give him anything at first ; but Moreno insisted, remarking that it was the wiser course always to propitiate them—at least he used a Spanish word which I took to mean "propitiate." So I placed a few coppers in the withered hand, feeling that it was hard lines to be obliged to pay for one's own cursing. Taking the money, the old wretch spat on the ground and turned away, giving expression to a pious wish that the epidemic might claim at least one more victim. Then he hobbled off ; and was soon lost to sight among the rocks.

Having got rid of him, we bethought ourselves of continuing the journey, and Moreno went for the mules. Refreshed with food and wine, we rode off again, but made slow progress, the path now lying

among the rocks, and the way leading up the high mountain. When we were about at the summit, a threatening cloud appeared in the sky; and in an incredibly short time the storm burst. It seemed to gather all at once; and before we knew it was coming it was on us. The rain fell in torrents, coming down like a thunder shower, and so thick as to almost hide us one from the other. Moreno wrapped a coat around my shoulders, which was a protection as far as it went; but my legs was exposed to it, and in a few minutes I was wet through from the hips downward. Down it came, a perfect deluge, blinding one; and it was very dismal there on those wild mountains, going along at a snail's pace, knowing that it was impossible to hurry a single step. I began asking myself, as all travellers do at odd times, "Why does anyone ever want to travel?"

But these rains do not last long. After a little it slackened somewhat; and when it was beginning to subside into a drizzle, an incident occurred. Moreno, who was riding behind me, but who kept a sharp look-out in spite of the rain, was heard to say in solemn tones, "Here they come." At the same moment Mahomet said something in Arabic, and Moreno answered, adding in English, "Walk him steady, walk him steady, walk your mule and do not mind; here they come."

"Who are coming?" I had a vague idea that figures were approaching; but could make out nothing in particular calculated to alarm.

"One, two, three, four," said Moreno solemnly; "here they come; one, two, three, four."

"I see them; who are they?"

"Robbers," said Moreno grimly.

"Oh, real brigands?"

"Do not mind," said Moreno. "Walk your mule, and do not look at them."

"It has been my dream from a child to meet brigands," I said; "but I am too wet to enjoy it." Indeed the rain had washed all feeling out of me. Go on mule-back in a Moorish saddle through a mountain storm, and you become insensible to hope or fear.

Had they meant to attack us, they would have lain in wait for us, and not come out to meet us in the open. There was no cause for alarm. One, two, three, four, they came in single file up the hill-side; and savage-looking brutes they were. After taking a look at them, I decided that Moreno was right, and it would be a mistake to travel in Morocco after dark. As they approached, Mahomet turned toward the leader with a grim smile, showing his teeth; and, as they passed, turned round and covered them. They had no intention of molesting us, it was quite evident; but Moreno said, "Walk him steady, and do not look at them."

Curiosity, however, conquered my fear of disobeying Moreno; and the leader and I exchanged smiles. He was a wicked-looking brute, and I felt no desire to come to a closer acquaintance. They were all bare-headed, and wore coarse cloaks of the roughest sack-ing. Each carried a clumsy gun. As they passed, Mahomet stood guard, looking quite formidable; but

they walked steadily on round the brow of the hill ; and soon we saw them no more.

"Do they rob many people?" I enquired, now that we were free of them.

"They do," said Moreno solemnly; "a village burnt, it is two days to-day, and a man killed. It was these men we have met—I do not know, it might be."

"And I suppose there are many gangs of them, just such as these?"

"It is the same anywhere in Morocco," said Moreno—"robbers. One house burnt one night, another house burnt another night—and they kill people."

"Is it not safe, then, to ride alone?"

"I have ride alone," said Moreno; "not often. I ride fast, and no stop between Tangier and Tetuan; but it is better not."

"You are a brave man, Moreno," I said, smiling; he was behind me and could not see the smile.

"I am a coward," said Moreno grimly; "I have a wife and I have two children."

"That is not evidence of cowardice," I answered gravely. "I think it is a brave thing to have a wife and two children."

The story, however, was only just beginning; that was but the prelude. "I am a coward," he said; "and I have a wife, and she is not a coward. The cholera come to Tangier, and my wife say, 'Moreno, you are a coward, you will go to the mountain; I am not a coward, I will live in Tangier.' So she live in Tangier and the two children—and I go to the mountain, because I am a coward."

"Did she take it?"

"She did not take it—untie your mule."

"I keep him untied; but what can one do in such a place as this?"

"This is a bad place," said Moreno.

It was. It would have been hard to find a worse. The rain was now holding up; and, after descending the hill, we found ourselves for a while on a level plain. Our condition, however, was worse than ever, and I found myself regretting the rocks. Though the rain had ceased, it had wet everything thoroughly; and we were riding over clayey ground, full of pitfalls. At every third step the mules stumbled.

Nothing could be more exasperating. I was wet through and getting numb, in addition to which the perpetual stumbling of the mules seemed to dislocate every bone. When you ride with Moorish stirrups there is no danger of ever falling off; but the torture of the thing is aggravating. Whenever one of the beasts stumbled, Moreno gave vent to a loud "Ha, ha," as if it were the first time on record that such an accident had happened. This irritated me; and so whenever my mule took three steps in succession without a stumble, I took to crying "Ha, ha," which, Moreno said, confused the poor beast. Finally I became exasperated; and once when we were down, I quickly slipped my feet out of the stirrups, and announced that I was going to walk a bit for a change.

"You can not do that," said Moreno.

"Why? My legs are cold and wet, and I am going to warm them."

He dismounted and came up to me. "You will not walk," he said.

"But why not? It will only be for a few minutes, and we could not go more slowly than we are going now."

Moreno's countenance was troubled. He saw signs of rebellion. Then a happy thought struck him, and he reverted to the old parental method of argument. He told me a story.

"There was a man," said he, "and he was a German; and he came to Morocco, and he said he would walk—and he did walk."

"Exactly; and so shall I."

"He said he would walk, and he did walk. And in the end they saw him, and he sat on the hill; and there was one Moor on one side of him and another Moor on another side of him; and one Moor on one side of him gave him an orange, and another Moor on another side of him gave him a piece of bread."

"Very kind of them. What next?"

"There was no more of him. It was three days after that day, and they found him; and there was nothing of him but himself."

"You mean to say he was naked—and alive?"

"He was naked—and he was not alive. There were twenty places in him—and they were cut with a knife."

I mounted.

I had heard this story the evening before; it was one of the many told by the consul. This German, a merchant, had been foolish enough to walk up the

mountain without guide or soldier. He had been seen, as Moreno said, sitting on the hillside in company with two Moors, sharing their evening meal. After that he disappeared; and in three days his body was found in a secluded spot, stabbed in twenty places. Not a trace of his clothing was to be seen; in other words, "there was nothing of him but himself." I had little fear of coming to an untimely end; but it was better to be influenced by the story. Spaniards never walk, and they cannot conceive of anyone else doing anything so foolish. I should, no doubt, have felt much the better for the tramp, bad as the road was; but it was of no use to argue with Moreno.

Mahomet, who had taken advantage of our stoppage to enjoy the fumes of hasheesh, put his pipe away again, and we went on as before. However disagreeable it might be, it was impossible to move along at any but a snail's pace, for the rain had made the road in some places almost impassable. I now regretted having spent so long a time at the caravansarai, as Moreno said it would not be possible to reach Tangier before nightfall.

We went on, up and down, sometimes stumbling, sometimes not, but always slowly. Owing to the clayey nature of the ground in the vallies, the path over the mountains was now the most tolerable part of the journey. The chief difficulty was in crossing the brooks at the foot of the hills; the banks were so slippery that the feet of the mules would give way; and more than once I thought that the animal and I were going to roll over together, to land in the stream

below, a confused mass of mule and human flesh. Mahomet had an unpleasant habit of bending his head back until we behind him could see the whites of his eyes, and then emitting a gurgling noise from his throat. Whenever he did this, Moreno would say, "This is a bad place ; you will untie your hands and feet"—which meant in plain English, "Be ready to roll off if the mule slips."

One amusing incident, however, occurred. We came down a hill, at the bottom of which was a river, not very deep, indeed, nor broad, but perhaps a hundred feet from bank to bank. This stream had, of course, to be forded ; and, after some careful working of their feet down the slippery bank, the mules plunged in. To get a mule into a river is one thing ; to get him out again, another. The poor beasts were hot and tired ; and they had been cursed and beaten shamefully for what was, after all, not in the least their fault. They found it cool and refreshing in the river ; and in the river they chose to stay.

A ridiculous sight we must have presented, had there been anyone looking on from the river bank. There we were, the three of us, in the middle of the river, beating, coaxing, scolding the obstinate mules, and unable to make them move forward. Instead they went round and round in a circle, kicking, splashing and capering, indifferent to the blows that were showered in quick succession on their poor backs, or the curses heaped upon their obstinacy, working, now up stream, now down, but never a bit nearer the farther shore. The water came over the

stirrups; but as we were already wet to the skin, that mattered little. Mahomet and Moreno were beside themselves with rage; the air was lurid with oaths and curses in Arabic. Moreno's cheeks puffed out until he looked like an owl, and his eyes gleamed like fire-balls. But the anger of their riders had no effect on the beasts; there we were, turning round like tops, seeing first one side of the river and then the other, and enjoying in turn a view up and down stream. I could not help laughing aloud, it was so absurd; but the laugh jarred on the nerves of Moreno, who said, "In Morocco we do not laugh at a mule."

Needless to say, we eventually got out of the river, or this narrative would never have been written. Mahomet's mule set the example by suddenly making a bolt; and I saw the stately Arab one moment and the heels of his mule in the same place the next; and then saw no more—for my mule was accustomed to follow where Mahomet's led, and tried to get even with it. I had just time to fling myself forward on its neck as it scrambled up the bank, in Biblical phrase "by leaps and bounds." Moreno's ascent was not visible to us who had gone before; but as it is impossible to conceive of Moreno in other than a dignified position, I presume his mule followed with more deliberation.

Night was coming on, the last gleams of sunset were fading on the hills, the sun was sunken below the horizon. The beautiful green tints of the vallies had darkened into black; the stars were beginning to twinkle above. Here and there masses of dark cloud

hung over the mountains, taking wild and weird shapes in the gathering gloom ; but above us the blue sky deepened into the softness of night, clear and serene. Owing to the darkness we were compelled to move along more slowly than ever ; and every few minutes Moreno would call out to me, " Do not tie him, he can see his way," and I would let the mule go his own gait. Then there were complaints—" Sir, you do not keep the path."

" Moreno, the mule is choosing his path, and he refuses to follow Mahomet ;" to which Moreno would reply, " He is a mule."

This sort of thing went on for some time, until my attention was attracted by a horrible noise proceeding from the hill in front of us. We were approaching a village, and could just distinguish the conical houses and the glare of a few fires ahead of us in the dusk. A fearful sound emanated from this settlement that sent a thrill through me. We were entering a gorge between two mountains ; and the village was perched on the hill to the right of the pass. The night was on us ; the hills rose before and behind in black masses that presented a dim, blurred outline against the sky. As we descended the mountain path, we seemed to be passing into a black chasm, the sides of which rose precipitously. On the tops of the precipitous wall flickered the fires ; and forms of men were distinguishable here and there, looking down from above ; while their voices rang out in the dusky twilight in a wild, weird chant. It sounded like a war song, as if intended to terrify any wayfarer who

might be wandering, as we were, over the hills at night-time.

As we approached, the chant seemed to grow wilder and faster; and I could see more plainly the forms of men, dressed in the rough costume of the wild creatures of the mountain, sitting on the brow of the hill and looking down. Mahomet heeded them not; he went on solemnly and majestically as ever, his white turban serving as a guiding star to me in the darkness. "Moreno," I said suddenly, wheeling round, "Moreno, what is all that noise about?"

"It is the Moors—there is a village—these are the hill-men."

"I know that. What are they doing? What does it mean?"

"They sing, these Moors."

A tiresome man Moreno. But to ask question after question and be told what you already know, is one of the inevitables of travel. The only way is to persevere.

"I know they are singing; what is it all about?"

"They sing at night, these Moors," said Moreno.

"Man, don't tell me that—of course they do. Can you sing?"

"Sometime. Now I do not sing."

"No, quite right. What are they singing?"

"It is Arabic."

I kept on. "They are singing in Arabic, Moreno?"

"They are."

"And they are singing a song?"

"They are."

"And there are words to the song?"

"There are; Arabic words."

"And what are the words about?"

"It is a song they sing at night."

"Exactly. They sing about the hills and the sky, and the birds and flowers and sweet breezes, do they?"

"It is not that."

"Oh, they sing about war and blood, cutting people in twenty places with a knife, eh?"

"It is not that."

"Then what is it?"

"It is love," he answered; and he said it with such feeling that all the poetry of passion seemed to be concentrated in the three words.

Love—I stopped again to listen. That fantastic chant, that wild cry, that hideous yell—*love*. It rose on the wind, it filled the valley, it echoed among the mountains, it rang out in the darkness; it might have been the howling of demons. And yet it was "love"—a love-song; a song of love and passion, inspired by those queer objects in burnoose, showing one eye, which, in Morocco, are the substitute for women. There was a fascination about it, now that I knew what it was; and I turned my head and gazed long and earnestly at these strange creatures sitting, just above us, among the rocks, and filling the air with their wild cries. And we went on in solemn procession—Mahomet, myself and Moreno—along the pass, the silence broken only by the sound of the mules' hoofs on the stones, and the echoes that were flying among the hills.

When we had passed away from them and were alone with ourselves again, it became very dismal. I know of nothing more wearying than to be obliged to ride very slowly at night when you are wet, cold and hungry. Every few minutes we came to a "bad place," ditch, stream of water, pile of rocks, or bridge that was broken down, and no longer a bridge but an obstacle. And Moreno would say, "Untie your mule, untie him much, and untie your hands and feet;" which meant, "Be ready for any emergency," though we met with no accident nor misadventure.

I thought we would never reach Tangier; but we did. Moreno saw the lights of the hotels in the city, several miles away, through two mountains that intervened. I had given him no credit for possessing any imagination, but he was evidently gifted with a little. When we actually did arrive, and had climbed up through the town to the hotel, I expected to be like the delicate Mr. F. who "got up," and be carried in. But the sight of a cheerful interior, seen through an open door, had a vivifying effect; and I was the first to dismount, jumping off the mule and scrambling up the steps in a manner quite astonishing to Moreno, who, for some time past, seemed to have decided that I had lost all bodily and mental power.

I found my bedroom just as I had left it, except that the bed was unmade and there was nothing but a mattress visible. An ugly Spanish woman was lighting a candle; and I explained to her by signs, that, being cold and wet, I preferred to have my dinner in bed, and desired that the bed be made

ready at once. She smiled and nodded, as if she thoroughly understood me; and went out, as I fondly thought, to get some sheets and blankets.

Nothing of the kind. She came back bringing a bottle of whisky and some water, things very well in their way, but not what I wanted at the moment. My first wish was to get rid of my wet clothes; and, as I had no others, the only thing to be done was to go to bed. However, I said "Gracios," took some of the whisky and again explained by signs what I wished done. Again she went away.

This time I stood awaiting the sheets and blankets with confidence. In a few minutes she returned, with a dish of fruit, another of cheese, and a plate. I stormed in English; she answered in Spanish; I pointed again to the bed and went through a pantomime which any woman—keen-witted creatures as they are—could understand. She nodded her head and said, "Si, si, señor," several times. Again she departed.

This time I was sure of her; so I took off my boots and coat to be ready as soon as possible. In no long time she came back—with a bottle of wine in one hand and a table-cloth in the other. This was more than flesh and blood could bear. I shut the door and placed myself against it, while she proceeded to lay the table. As she had so far brought only two bottles and two plates, this did not take long. Then she tried to get out. But I stood against the door, scolding. She nodded and smiled in a provoking fashion. I talked; she talked; each of us speaking

his or her native tongue. "Woman," I said in English, "you and I understand one another perfectly well, though we are speaking different languages; I am determined that you shall make up that bed; you are determined that you wont! Don't protest; you know what I mean as well as I do myself; it is nothing but the cursed contrariness of your sex, doing everything but the one thing you are told! But do that you shall!" And, opening the door a crack, I called loudly for Moreno.

The much-enduring Moreno came rushing upstairs, and I explained to him in a few words what I wished done. Moreno repeated my orders in Spanish, and she gave me a look that spoke volumes. Moreno went out for the sheets and blankets, and I stood at the door and held it until he brought them. Then she began to make the bed. When the sheets were spread she made another effort to get out, but I noticed a pillow-case lying on a chair, and pointed to it. She saw herself outwitted, and smiled at me sweetly, taking her defeat with resignation. Then I let her go, and was soon in bed ready for dinner, which the woman was again engaged in bringing in. Sending Moreno out to buy some English tobacco, I sat down on the side of the bed to enjoy my dinner. It was an excellent dinner—soup, fish, chicken, cheese and delicious fruit. with a bottle of red wine to wash it down. After the wetting I had got, I was looking forward to all the ills to which the flesh is heir on the morrow, being, like Mr. F., "a delicate man." The dinner was superb, and I felt doubtful whether I should ever eat another; *dum vivimus vivamus*. If

this was to be the last, I determined to make the most of it. On the morrow the curse of the old man of the mountain might take effect; the night was mine. Moreno arrived with a cigar and some English tobacco. He carried away the dinner—what there was left of it—and insisted upon my taking some more whisky, which he called “English drink.” Then I bade him good-night, saying I was doubtful whether I should ever get up again.

Moreno had no such doubts. “You will get up when I come,” said he; “you do everything that I say, when the time is come.” And with this kind word of encouragement, he went away home to his brave wife and two children.

I thought I was now alone for the night; but a rap at the door, a few minutes after Moreno’s departure, announced the return of the ugly Spanish woman. In her hand she carried a bottle full of hot water.

Coming to the bedside, she made signs that I was to put it to my feet, going through a pantomime which intimated that it would be a preventive of all the ills to which I was looking forward. Taking it from her with many thanks, I did as she directed me; and she went away carrying my blessing with her. The spectres of fever-and-ague, rheumatism, pneumonia and Asiatic cholera, which had been hovering around my head, vanished into thin air under the benign influence of that hot bottle. And for it I was indebted to the despised chambermaid. The incarnation of contrariness was become a ministering angel; or, putting the two characters together, she was but—the usual woman!

A GLIMPSE OF ROME.

I.

"If there be any truth in the orthodox faith of these churches, I am damned past redemption, and, what is worse, damned to all eternity. I am deeply read in Boston's *Fourfold State*, Marshal *On Sanctification*, Guthrie's *Trial of a Saving Interest*, etc.; but there is no balm in Gilead, no physician there—for me; so I shall turn Arminian, and trust to 'sincere, though imperfect, obedience.'"

So speaks Robert Burns, writing on the subject of religion; on which subject I have not a word to say, being neither Roman nor anti-Roman. But one morning the words of the poet came into my head as I stood on the top of St. Peter's dome, and looked down over the Eternal City. On my mind, as possibly on the minds of ninety-nine out of a hundred, Rome left the sense of a lost faith. Everyone goes to worship; many come away sceptics. All the gods are there together, all their symbols and incarnations—ancient mythologies and the successor of St. Peter, Imperial ruins and Tiber embankments, Michael Angelo frescoes and the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, Papal Dominion

and Italian Unity, Bones of the Martyrs and Protestant missions, the First Century and the Nineteenth—whatever be your god, go to Rome.

And whatever be your fad—go to Rome! Thither turns the enthusiastic soul, yearning for the reunion of Christendom; and thither also goeth the agnostic, to witness the crumbling-to-pieces of a worn-out faith. There gather multitudes from every land and of every tongue to receive the blessing of an infallible pontiff; and there the accumulated curses of centuries rain down on priest and papal power. Thither goeth the worshipper of the art of the Renaissance and the triumphs of antiquity, to behold with rapture the *stanze* of Raphael and the Apollo Belvedere; and thitherward also flock the devotees of Modern Progress, to exult in the draining of the Tiber basin and the hideous rows of houses in architecture of the packing-case style that abut the castle of St. Angelo. In Rome, if anywhere, Triumphant Democracy is trumpeting the approach of a newer and brighter day; and yet, surely, on the Capitoline Hill, Carlyle himself might sit down to witness the descent of a “hag-ridden and hell-ridden world” into the nethermost abyss.

At first sight, the city is oppressive to the imagination and disappointing to the eye. After the incomparable beauty of other Italian cities it appears modern and common-place, even vulgar. There is a certain gloomy grandeur that answers to the questions in your soul, “This is Rome”; but you stop over and over again, stunned, and confess to yourself “it is not

the Rome I looked for." I had come, like St. Paul's Athenians, ready to worship all the gods together; it was difficult to know where to begin; so I determined to saunter about for a few days, and see nothing, to wait until I had breathed the breath of the Eternal City and walked its streets before I fell down to worship at the shrine of new or old divinity.

This, in Rome, you cannot do. I remember my first day. I went out intending to see nothing, my guide-book and tiresome travellers with a taste for archæology, carefully left behind. I rambled about awhile, and presently found myself in front of a building which could be no other than the Pantheon.

Of course, I went in; and, on entering, the dullest of mortals could not fail to be impressed. An inscription over the door tells you at the outset that it was built by Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus, so that as you cross the threshold you walk in, in the Augustan age. A great vault, a great dome, no windows light coming from a round opening in the dome above, lighting up a round hall with monuments of marble and gilded inscriptions on the wall; all this is taken in by the eye at the first glance. It had been raining, and the brown marble pavement was wet where the rain had come through; but standing under the opening, I could see the blue sky above. Then I looked round into the shadow at the marble monuments. Where once stood the statues of the gods now stand tombs and altars; you come from the Augustan age through the centuries into the era of papal dominion, and read the inscriptions of the

Popes. A little farther, and you are in the age of the Renaissance, standing by the tomb of the prince of painters; for Raphael rests under the dome of the Pantheon, and, in his memory, there is a statue of the Madonna on the high altar, facing the door.

It is not, however, to worship the divine genius of the greatest of her painters that modern Italy comes to the Pantheon. Next to Raphael's there is another and a statelier tomb, a tomb fairly buried in masses of flowers and wreaths piled up by the hands of hundreds of pilgrims. At the right of the high altar rest the remains of the first king of Italy, the liberator, the *ver galant' uomo*, the incarnation of modern Italian history, Victor Emanuel. And so, having walked across the church, I had walked through nineteen centuries; and two thousand years with all their great names and their changes of civilization, their tale of growth, glory, decadence, destruction and renaissance, came crowding in on my mind with crushing intensity, and seemed to hang over my head, visible to the bodily eye. For one who had come out to see nothing, I felt that I saw much.

I took leave of the Pantheon and sauntered on. In a few minutes more I stood still with admiration before the Fountain of Trevi. Rome is noted for her fountains, the most beautiful in all the world; and the most beautiful of Roman fountains is the Fountain of Trevi. Often described and pictured every day, I shall attempt no description. Neptune reclines there in splendid majesty, with Health and Fertility on

either side of him as they ought to be, and the water pours in magnificent streams here and there, so exquisitely arranged that no arrangement is apparent; one might fancy that the god had stationed himself there, and asked old mother Nature to send the water in whatsoever direction that seemed to her good. Around the fountain stood groups of peasants and beggars, drinking and chattering, or asleep on the stone steps; and visitors were taking a draught of the water or throwing pennies into the basin, in accordance with the old superstition—drink of the Fountain of Trevi and throw a penny into the basin, and good fortune will follow you and you will come back to Rome.

I sauntered on, determined to see no more, threading my way through a number of narrow streets past stately and gloomy palaces, stopping finally in a square, the central part of which was railed off, having been excavated. A number of pillars, all broken off, stood below me, looking miserable and out of time, as if asking mutely why they were there, obliged to stand thus, broken and battered, to witness the busy life of a barbarous age as it throbbed on backward and forward in the narrow streets around. This was the forum of Trajan—all that is left of what was accounted in ancient times one of the wonders of the world. At one end rises Trajan's column. It still stands, looking down on the ruins of what was once his glory, pointed out to millions of earth's pleasure-seekers and hero-worshippers as they come and go. But Trajan stands on the top no more; perhaps as

well, for surely the scene would be too much for even marble to bear. Instead, one of the Popes has put St. Peter there; and the apostle, keys in hand, gives his episcopal benediction to the ruins of that civilization which it was his mission on earth to overthrow.

Some people revel in ruins, nay gloat over them; going about, book in hand, too happy if only they can identify a pillar here, a statue there; even sitting down on them and listening to lectures about them. Others pass them by as tiresome, too ignorant to know what it all means, too careless to ask. With neither class have I any sympathy. These unsightly wrecks of what was once Imperial Rome sadden me beyond measure; nor could I ever, during the many weeks I was in the city, pass the Forum Romanum without a shudder, so complete, so utter, so hopeless, is the desolation of a spot for ages the centre of the world!

I got back to my hotel, having finished the day which was to have been spent in doing nothing; and discovered that, in Rome as elsewhere, from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step. On going down to dinner I found myself placed next to Little Dotty.

Little Dotty was a small person with a round head, almost completely covered with narrow braids of hair. She was an Englishwoman and a widow, but might have been anything of any country as far as her appearance went, or manners; for she was, as people said, "Well, you know, poor little thing, she *means* well; but she's not—not—you know what I mean.

She's not dangerous — O dear no, not a bit—and not quite *off*; but, you know, she isn't"—and she wasn't. She talked unceasingly about nothing, telling you what the state of the weather was in a tone from which one might expect to hear that the dome of St. Peter's had fallen in and the Pope been buried under it.

"Do you know what Mrs. Nincompoop has been doing to-day?" said Little Dotty impressively, laying her hand on my arm. "She's been on the Pincio! And she saw the King of Italy driving along in his carriage with an officer beside him; and he took off his hat and bowed to her—to Mrs. Nincompoop—fancy! And, dear me, such a time as it was! There was such a crowd of people, carriages and horses, as you never saw—people coming, people going, and officers riding by—and the band playing and feathers flying and all!"

Now everybody goes every afternoon to the Pincio; the band plays; people pay and receive visits in their carriages; and the King and Queen drive around, bowing right and left as they pass; and have bowed to everybody, time and again, all through the winter. This adventure of Mrs. Nincompoop's was not as exciting as it might have been.

But we were obliged to listen every evening to these recitals. Mrs. Nincompoop, herself, never spoke. She was a damp-looking woman, who suggested the idea that she had brought some of the fog of old England abroad with her. She had a habit of coming to the table in her bonnet, with the veil half down;

and would sit as meek as Moses while her doings were proclaimed to the multitude. Like Moses, however, she had someone to speak for her; and day by day we learned from Little Dotty what she was doing, thinking and saying. As her expeditions were strictly confined to what an American gentleman called the "guest portion of the city," and as her opinions differed in no wise from those of the guide-books, I cannot say we were greatly the gainers thereby.

I never repeated my experiment of walking about Rome and seeing nothing. On the contrary, for two weeks afterwards, I never went out without an object. With me was a friend whom I shall call Buzz, an excellent man, but with one decided weakness—he had the church mania. There are some three hundred and sixty-five churches in Rome, and Buzz was fired with an enthusiasm to see them all. We did not—for, as he never hurried, it would have taken months—but we did very well. As he did not understand Italian and I did, I was obliged to keep by his side, and act as the medium of communication between him and the monks, sacristans and priests. He would miss nothing—was there a picture or a relic (and what church in Rome is without these attractions?) Buzz must see it. Doors were opened, curtains were lifted for us, and we were taken down into cellars to look at skeletons. I think I can say truthfully that we never escaped a picture or missed a bone.

At St. Peter's, needless to say, we spent many delightful days; but of St. Peter's it were better not

to write; for, having begun, when would one ever end? Indeed, one might almost say the same of all the Basilicas; to do them justice one would need to fill many volumes. St. John Lateran, first in rank of the five patriarchal churches, *omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput*, is perhaps the most interesting, it is so old, and the name is suggestive of so much that is venerable. As you approach it, a glance at the old Lateran palace to which it is attached, takes one back, in imagination, to the Dark Ages; though the building, as it appears at present, dates only from the sixteenth century. On entering, this great church is somewhat disappointing. Looking down the nave it is bare; and the colossal statues of the apostles in front of the pillars have neither grace nor dignity. The vast choir, however, is wonderfully rich in historic treasures, and glitters with polished marble, ancient mosaic, and the gilded tracery of the balconies that overlook it. Then when you have examined the famous canopy over the papal altar, which is said to contain the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul, you feel the impress of the spirit of the place; and the suggestions associated with the name of the old church on the Lateran are individualized for you for evermore. The gorgeous ceiling, glittering with gold and full of saints and angels, the grand and gloomy choir whose walls are one vast treasure-house, and the long, empty nave with its sombre pavement and colorless statues, group themselves together and form one consistent whole. You look up at the Gothic canopy, with its red curtain

behind which are kept the heads of the apostles and under which is a wooden table, said by tradition to have been used as an altar by St. Peter; and then down on the stately bronze figure of Pope Martin V., who kneels facing it in front. Around are the peasant women of Rome, kneeling and telling their beads. You realize that you stand, as it were, in the very heart of the old Latin church; and the centuries are linked together above you in wood and stone, marble and precious mosaic, until you feel yourself drawn back into the twilight of the Dark Ages.

Far different are one's feelings at the Basilica of San Paolo—to give it its full name, *San Paolo fuori le mura*, St Paul's outside the walls. This magnificent church was destroyed by fire in 1823, and has been rebuilt since; it is, therefore, entirely modern. With its splendid pillars of Simplon granite, its costly marbles, its glittering malachite, its altar columns of oriental alabaster and its portrait medallions of all the Popes, it is possibly the most gorgeous church in the world. But it is not beautiful. The glitter is not the glitter of tinsel; all parts of the world have contributed their quota of precious marble, and one Roman lady gave her jewels, in order that her favorite pontiff might have diamond eyes. But it is cold, and appeals neither to the artistic sense nor to the imagination, a gorgeous Roman Basilica of the nineteenth century, a Christian church that has no suggestion of religion—unless it be the worship of wealth and grandeur. The Benedictine monastery, to which it is attached, has been suppressed by the Italian Government like

all institutions of the kind, and is turned into a museum. The monks are gone, and there are no worshippers—only tourists running around with guide-books in their hands, exclaiming aloud at the profusion of precious marbles, and peering through their glasses at the pope with the diamond eyes. You stand at the end of the vast nave, surveying all this empty magnificence, and ask, was it worth the while? In answering the question, one must remember that a church dedicated to St. Paul has stood on this spot ever since the fourth century; and that the two Popes, Gregory XVI. and Pius IX., who were chiefly responsible for the building and decorating of the edifice, never contemplated that a time would come when the order of the Benedictines would be suppressed, and their residence converted to a national museum. It takes a long time to get there, and the site is as uninteresting as a place in the vicinity of the Eternal City can be. No historic associations cluster around any portion of the building. The effect is melancholy—one feels as one might feel upon visiting a superb mansion erected by a departed friend, into which he had not lived to enter and which can find no tenant.

Santa Maria Maggiore, or "Great St. Mary's," is not a favorite church with the tourist; I cannot remember meeting anyone but myself who loved to go there and linger under its stately roof. It is the most conspicuous church in Rome, standing on the summit of the Esquiline, with vast open spaces at the front and back. From whatever side you approach the Esqui-

line, this stately pile looms up before you, serving as a landmark, seated in solemn grandeur on the summit of the hill. It is sombre inside; a grey note seems to pervade, lightened here and there with a gleam of gold or mosaic of many-colored marble. The magnificence of St. Paul's, the suggestiveness of St. John Lateran, the variety of San Lorenzo, are wanting; there are a dozen smaller churches containing greater treasures; yet Santa Maria Maggiore seems to me the best type of the Roman Basilica, it is at once so majestic and imposing, and, at the same time, so pre-eminently suggestive of the purpose for which it was built. Perhaps it was the "dim religious light" that wrought the charm—or, it may be, the little groups of worshippers who were forever coming and going, or the tired old peasants who were wont to sit and nod dreamily under the shadow of the grey pillars—but charm there was; and, of all the great churches in Rome, I visited it oftenest and liked it best.

San Lorenzo fuori le mura, the fifth and last of the five patriarchial churches, is, like San Paolo, some distance from the city. Instead of a monastery there is a cemetery attached to it; and cemeteries are one of the few relics of papal dominion which the Italian Government has not suppressed. The church is very interesting, for it is built in "pieces"; there is a new part, an old part, and a very old part; but all these are one church, though you notice inside, going up and down steps, that it was not planned entire as it now stands. At the back you go down a long flight of steps and find yourself in the chapel wherein lie the remains

of that much fought-over pontiff, Pius IX. He asked for a simple tomb, and the white marble sarcophagus is devoid of ornament. But the Church desires to do all honor to the staunch upholder of her temporal rights; and, accordingly, the chapel which contains his body is to be a marvel for all ages. The whole world is contributing to the decorating thereof, each bishop having a little piece of the wall set apart, to be filled in with costly mosaic and stamped with the arms of his province. The effect is brilliant in the extreme.

It would take some time to barely enumerate the churches we visited; and every church has its history, its relics and its treasures. There was San Carlo and San Lorenzo in the Corso; Santa Maria and Santa Cecilia, in Trastevere; Santa Maria sopra Minerva, celebrated because it is the only Gothic church in Rome, and very peculiar "Gothic" at that; the Santi Apostoli, the Gesu; Santa Maria degli Angeli, at the Baths of Diocletian; the Ara Coeli, with its celebrated image, the *Santissimo Bambino*; San Pietro Montorio, with its marvellous view of Rome; and San Pietro in vincoli. The last contains the celebrated statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo.

Michael Angelo—the mention of his name suggests to anyone who has ever been in Rome, hours of futile argument, passionate invective and furious declamation. Ever since his day artists and sculptors have worshipped him with blind and unlimited devotion. Perhaps, even in his own times, there were people who thought his Moses impossible. Even the wor-

shippers admit that the drapery is so, and that the law-giver, seated as he is, could not get up. A few, also, agree that it is impossible for a man's knees to be bigger than his head. His beard, too, is impossible, and he is represented with horns. Whenever you approach Michael Angelo you are entangled in a web of impossibilities—but with all the artists and sculptors around worshipping criticism is impossible.

To go on to tell of other churches and other impossibilities of Michael Angelo would weary the reader. Every day we seemed to hear of a new church to be visited, and began again.

One day, however, I felt tired of it all, and ran away. I was standing at the door of the hotel, and saw the delightful Mrs. B. hailing a cab. She was alone. I called out to ask her if she was going for a drive; and, if so, begged that I might have the pleasure of going with her.

Mrs. B. got into the carriage, and arranged herself comfortably on the cushions. Then, fixing her bright eyes upon me and smiling sweetly, she said, "Yes, you may come, and I will drive where you like, and as long as you like—but on one condition only. Ask me to go into a church, and I shall go raving mad!"

Needless to say I was at her side in a moment; and, casting a hurried glance up at the window of Buzz's room, called out to the cabby, "*Alla Porta Pia—al piu presto possibile,*" and we were off.

It was quite exciting. She, too, had friends afflicted with the church mania; and we felt as if we might be pursued. The cabby went well; Italians

like to drive at a breakneck pace ; and we flew up the *Via Venti Settembre*, past the Ministry of Finance and the Embassy, through the Porta Pia, as if we were driving for a wager. Only then, when we were outside the city, did we breathe freely. True there are churches outside the walls ; and we passed two, which the cabby, after the manner of Roman cabbies, pointed out. But we screamed so violently at the sight of them that he cracked his whip and increased speed again ; and we were soon fairly on the road to the Campagna.

It was one of the loveliest of spring days, though, in Italy, the remark is inapplicable, for all spring days are the loveliest. We soon left the houses and churches behind us, driving up a gently undulating hill and then down the other side. Here we were really on the Campagna ; stretching away for miles and miles ahead of us, lay the green plains, green with the fresh greenness of the spring ; and the air was laden with the fragrance of innumerable hyacinths. We drove down over a long winding road in the open country, stopping at last at the *Osteria* built beside the mineral springs of the *acqua acetosa*, the efficacy of which waters is held in great esteem by the Romans. The well-house was designed by Bernini, that Bernini whose bad taste did its best to spoil the City of the Pontiffs, and whose over-ornamentation did deface St. Peter's. It has not, however, spoilt the *acqua acetosa*, nor does the well-house detract from the charm of the scene on which it stands. We refused to drink of the water, but our

cabby drank a quart bottle of it, drinking out of the bottle-neck; and then asked for more, graciously explaining to us his state of health, and the beneficent effect which he expected the water to produce. Then we drove on again over the wide Campagna.

After awhile we forsook the road, and drove over the green grass. The white hyacinths grew in thousands everywhere, and we got out of the carriage to walk among them. Mrs. B. and I commenced to pick them; and when the cabby saw us doing it he followed our example; and we soon returned to the carriage with three armfuls. We got tired of stooping at length, and told the cabby to desist picking them also, as we should not know what to do with so many; as it was, the carriage reminded us of carnival time in Nice, when one drives to the *Promenade des Anglais* with a carriage-load of blossoms to participate in the battle of flowers.

Far away on every side stretched the Campagna, though in the distance we could discern the Sabine mountains, with towns and villages dotting their sides, whose white houses were glowing in the bright sunlight. The cabby kindly indicated the direction of Tivoli, which we knew already very well, and afterwards named a few other places, to any one of which he said he would be happy to drive us. But we assured him that although fleeing from our friends, we were not prepared to cut ourselves utterly adrift from them by anything so rash and improper as a flight to the mountains. On the contrary, when we got into the carriage, we ordered him to drive back to

Rome by the Porta del Popolo; and the horses' heads were turned in the direction of the river.

So we drove along the bank of the Tiber, following it in its windings, watching the dirty yellow water flowing between the green banks of grass, and finally crossing it by the *Ponte Molle* of ancient and modern fame. We were now on the road by which formerly the traveller from the north approached the Eternal City, when, as yet, railways were not. To the right rose Monte Mario, with its stately pines and white villa, where I once spent nearly a whole day, lying under the laurels and smelling the yellow mimosa, only to be evicted as a trespasser at the end. On the left we passed the *Villa di Papa Giulio*, when, for the last time, the cabby tried to lure us into sight-seeing, saying to himself mournfully, after each refusal, "Papa Giulio, Papa Giulio"—as if the Pope Julius, who had sat to Raphael for his portrait, had been a personal friend recently deceased. Then the stately Porta del Popolo came into nearer and nearer view, until we drove up to it and passed under into the city.

In the Piazza del Popolo we dismissed the cabby, who no doubt thought it a very tame home-coming, after such an exciting departure; and climbed up the stairs leading to the Pincio. On the Pincio all was animation, as the Roman world goes there, every afternoon the hour before sundown, to take the air. The band of the *Bersaglieri* was playing airs from "*Cavalleria Rusticana*"; people of fashion were driving round and round the triangle, or sitting in their carriages,

paying and receiving visits; and pedestrians were sauntering lazily up and down. The best known of all resorts in Rome is the Pincio, but never an uninteresting sight. If you tire of the people and the music, you can stand by the wall that runs along the precipitous sides of the hill, and look down into the green alleys of the Borghese; or, walking along to the front, you can look over into the Piazza del Popolo, with its stately obelisk in the centre, surrounded by four water-spouting lions. Facing the Porta del Popolo is the entrance to the Corso, with its churches, Santa Maria del Popolo and Santa Maria de' Miracoli, on either side. The carriages are coming and going, in and out of the Corso, in a long black line; and a long half-circle of them extends from the Corso to the inclined plane leading to the Pincio, the beginning of which is just under you and the end beside you at the top. They come and go, and come and go, and frequently all come to a standstill, the crush is so great. Then, each side of the Corso, is another street, beginning beyond the two churches, the Babuino on the left and the Ripetta on the right, main arteries, second only to the Corso, of the old city of the Popes. You watch and watch and watch until you are weary; and then, raising your eyes, you see, far beyond, the mighty dome of St. Peter's standing out against the sunset sky, grim and gigantic, towering aloft, keeping guard over the Eternal City at its feet.

II.

ON the evening of the Annunciation I was in a well-known *café-chantant* in the *Via de' due Macelli*, sipping my coffee, when a young woman of beautiful but artificial complexion, resplendent in white satin and diamonds (?), appeared on the stage and commenced to sing the "*Ave Maria*."

Both words and air were familiar, yet I fancied I must be mistaken, a hymn seemed so out of keeping with the place and the performer. It might, perhaps, be a parody—from the character of the singer, judged by her face, one might have expected anything—but psalm-singing. So I turned to an Italian officer who sat next me, and made enquiries.

"She is singing the '*Ave Maria*,' signore; it is in honor of the day, *l'Annunziata*."

I bowed, and said, "A thousand thanks," as is proper; but if I said little, I thought the more. In no place but in Rome could such a thing happen; but in Rome—well, you may expect anything, and need be surprised at nothing. I went on sipping my coffee, prepared to listen with due reverence; but, to my amazement, the rest of the audience were not of the same mind. She had not gone far before the whole room was in a ferment. A few were crying "*Brava*," but the majority were hissing and hooting; the louder the one cry, the louder the other. In a short time all the occupants of the *café* were engaged either in encouraging her to go on, or insisting that she should stop and sing something else. It was a

perfect uproar. Again in dilemma, I appealed to the gentleman beside me; and again the matter was explained.

The singing of the "*Ave Maria*" was a recognition of the festival; the recognition of a church festival was nothing less than a recognition of the Church; the recognition of the Church was treason to Italy; all loyal Italians were protesting. As for those who cried "*Brava*," and who were quite as eager in their way, they were of the Pope's party, and were seizing on the occasion to "demonstrate." All was clear.

No harm was done. The "*Ave Maria*" was sung, even if no one heard it; the singer retired, hissed and applauded; a clown came out to perform, and everyone cooled down under the influence of his buffoonery; but the incident was a glimpse into the Roman character. The Romans are as fickle as the wind; they shout for united Italy to-day, and may shout for the Pope to-morrow, only to dethrone him and declare for a republic the day after. Without any "inward and spiritual grace," they have faith in the "outward and visible sign;" and, in their advocacy of a policy or doctrine, show neither moderation nor sense of justice.

All Italians, however, are extremists on one side or the other when you mention the Church question. I never mentioned it; but was frequently called upon to listen to fierce invective, delivered quite regardless of what might happen to be my own feelings or prejudices. I was once on board of a small coasting steamer, going through the Tuscan Archipelago, with a captain who spent the best part of two days playing

on the mandolin and preaching a sermon against the papacy.

It was a trip to be remembered. The first day was wild and winterish, the rain was falling in torrents, and the *Tramontana* was blowing a stiff breeze. Besides myself there were two passengers—a girl, who sat in front of the cabin fire combing her hair, and a man, who, fearing that he was going to be ill, leaned on me for support. The latter was the more objectionable, for he had breakfasted on garlic, and clung very close. Everyone knows that sea-sickness is a blessing in disguise, so I prayed old Father Neptune to bless the two of them, and do it as speedily as possible.

The prayer was heard. The girl was the first to feel it. She left one or two tufts of hair hanging straight, and fled, overpowered by a stronger instinct than that of vanity; and while I was rendering thanks for this release, my other fellow-traveller began to find his *caro amico* a broken reed, and, ere long, sought refuge in his berth. I was left alone with the captain, who lay on a sofa singing love-songs to the accompaniment of a mandolin.

He was the most peculiar skipper I ever chanced to meet, though I have met with many kinds. Occasionally one of the officers or men came below and gave him some information as to wind and weather, which he would acknowledge with a curt "*Va bene*"; but the mandolin never left his hand. He sang songs of all countries, having been in all—"Annie Laurie," "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," "Dixie," and airs from "Cav-

alleria Rusticana," following each other, all sung to Italian words and with Italian grace—until, all at once, the mandolin was flung away, and he gave vent to a loud "Thank God!"

A short silence ensued, and then came an outburst of invective. The occasion of the "Thank God" was the passing of the Civil Marriage Bill in Hungary, and the invective was levelled at the Church. It would be impossible to repeat even the mildest phrases which he used; such frenzy and such ferocity could not be expressed on paper. It fairly staggered me; and when I had a chance to get in a word, I said so. "Ha," said he, "you are English—what do you care?" And then followed a long dissertation on the English and their modes of thought, which, though uttered in a tone of reproach, was, from my point of view, a compliment to the nation I represented. The next breathing space he took, I said so.

"What is your religion?" said he, asking the question at rather a late hour, considering what had been said on the subject.

I told him. "And you," I asked in return, "what are you? Nothing, I presume?"

"Nothing?" cried the man, with open eyes; "me—I am a good Catholic."

This assertion I received with a laugh of incredulity; but he was in earnest, he *was* a good Catholic, though, to the northern mind, a man who made his four sons curse the Church every night when they said their prayers, seems an anomalous sort of churchman. Nevertheless he explained his position, and

carried conviction with his words—for Italians are nothing if not plausible. He was a good Christian and a Catholic, but full of passionate hatred toward the Pope and the Church, as enemies of united Italy, the House of Savoy and Garibaldi, the gods of the modern Italian. The argument—for I argued with him all the time—continued during the evening and throughout the next day, broken only by interludes of music, when his feelings found expression in more amiable words, sung to the accompaniment of the mandolin.

He was not a solitary case. On one occasion I went to the railway station in Rome to meet a train due at eleven in the evening. It was two hours behind the time; I had taken a *biglietto d'ingresso* to the platform and felt disinclined to go out again; so I sauntered up and down, turning at last into the baggage-room where I hoped to find a seat.

The baggage-master, a nimble old man with a fiery eye, was the only occupant; and he was leaning over the counter, reading the *Tribuna*. He asked me what I was looking for, and I told him; whereupon he politely handed me a chair.

I sat down. The old man continued his reading, making an occasional remark about the weather and the great number of *forestieri* in Rome; and I answered in monosyllables. Finally, having finished his paper, he asked me how I had spent the day.

As it happened, I had been on the Janiculum, admiring the view of the city and inspecting the statue of Garibaldi. At the mention of the name the old

man's eyes flashed fire, he drew himself back and, with one movement, threw off his coat, which fell to the floor behind. Then, rolling up his shirtsleeve, he thrust his bare arm under my eyes—"Ecco, Signorino!"

There was the scar of a sword-thrust running from the elbow diagonally across, half way to the wrist. As he showed it, his eyes continued to flash and his face glowed with a smile of triumph.

"Una cicatrice?"—a scar.

"A memorial of that great day!" And then followed a perfect torrent of words, as he described the scene. I think even one who knew not a syllable of Italian would have understood him; it was wonderful. I could see Garibaldi in plumed hat, his red cloak flying in the wind, standing on the summit of the hill and pointing to the great city, while his voice rang through the air, thrilling every soul with the magic words, "*Roma o Morte!*"—"Rome or Death!"—the enthusiasm of the revolution, the rush forward, the fire and fury of the conflict, all were there, living, burning again. And then there followed invectives, cursings, and maledictions, showered hot on poor old Pius IX—curses on him living, curses on him dead—they fell like thunderbolts from the thin withered lips, while the lightning flashed in his eye. Him I did not contradict. He was entertaining me; and, in any case, it would have been unkind to interfere with such joy as was born of the memories I had awakened. I let him bless and curse. Garibaldi rose serene to the highest heaven, to be for evermore

the light of the world; while the Pontiff sank, with the unanimous consent of humankind, to the bottom of the bottomless pit—if such a Hibernianism may be allowed. *Viva Vittorio Emmanuele! Viva l'Italia!* but, above all, *Viva Garibaldi!*

The partisans of the Church are just as extreme in their way; but as such of them as I chanced to meet belonged to a different class, the exhibition of feeling on their part was not so violent nor so picturesquely expressed. It may be remarked, however, that some people do not consider it quite decent to mention the name of Garibaldi in good society; and the evening after I met the old man at the railway station, I had the pleasure of spending a few hours with an old lady who held very extreme views. An allusion to the statue on the Janiculum was met by a wave of the hand and the curt remark, “We do not mention such people in this house.”

When Holy Week arrived, we had ample opportunity of seeing such church ceremonial as lingers under the blighting influence of Italian rule. To Buzz I was indebted for much that I would otherwise have missed; for he used to wake me in the morning and bid me arise and come forth, when, left to myself, I should probably have slept.

I think we saw everything and heard everything. Little Dotty, instigated by Mrs. Nincompoop, went about on the Wednesday, warning everybody who had left a picture in a church unvisited, to go and see it immediately, as the pictures would be veiled from Holy Thursday until Easter. Buzz and I left for

church at once; but found out later that, though the pictures were veiled, the sacristan, for a few pence, would roll up the veil and let you have a peep. On that Wednesday, the finest of the services was the singing of the "Miserere" at the Gesu, by the students of the German college. But Holy Thursday was the busiest day of the week. In the morning we saw the oil consecrated, the relics venerated, and also heard high mass, at St. John Lateran; and in the afternoon, we heard the papal choir sing the "Miserere" at St. Peter's, and saw the exhibition of the most precious relics and the washing of the high altar.

It was a curious sight, St. Peter's, that afternoon. A motley crowd, composed of all nations and all sorts and conditions of men and women, thronged the great nave and transepts of the church, all pushing and jostling one another, walking up and down, praying, joking, chattering, criticising, laughing, even flirting. Grave priests were there, come from far-off lands to worship at the tomb of the apostle, frivolous women to see and be seen, pickpockets to ply their trade, the devout to pray, the unbelieving to laugh, the philosopher to moralize; and a few simple souls, among whom I was one, to hear the music.

But no one else seemed to pay any attention to the service; and I soon found that "in Rome you must do as the Romans do," and flutter about. I was introduced to a gentleman from New York; and we walked up and down, discussing an heiress whom we had both met, and her chances. Once I heard an irreverent Roman exclaim, "Hist—there's the angel's

voice, he's beginning a solo," and I rushed toward the choir to hear the Pope's favorite chorister; but the noise around me was too great; and I went back to my new acquaintance, to ask more questions about Miss Millions.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, it was, in its way, a most impressive sight. The vast cathedral seemed vaster than ever, when one saw such a multitude of men and women surging and swaying backward and forward on the marble pavement, so infinitesimally small each one, and covering only the ground like flies; while the massive pillars rose heavenward, and the ceiling loomed dim and distant with its sombre gold, far above, as if it had been built to house a race of giants, and were desecrated by the horde of restless pigmies who were strutting about with such self-importance beneath. In the midst rose the great *Baldacchino*, with its columns of gilded bronze rising ninety feet in the air, overshadowing the high altar under the great dome. In the dim light of the late afternoon there was a mystery, a grandeur, a sublime beauty in the scene. And there was nothing to relieve the duskiness; the ninety-three ever-burning golden lamps, which twinkle like stars before the tomb of St. Peter night and day, were extinguished because of the Passion; only the light that struggled in from the far away windows in the north and south, made the twilight visible, save when an acolyte or chorister went picking his way through the crowd, carrying a flickering taper. Truly a not-to-be-forgotten sight.

And tramp, tramp went the people; and the hum of voices rose and fell continuously in all languages, broken now and again in the distance by outbursts of song from the white-robed choir, who sat far away in the shadow of the papal throne.

At last the "Miserere" came to an end, and there was a rush from all sides toward the high altar. The altar of St. Peter's is washed on Holy Thursday, a ceremony which is said to take place nowhere else. There is not much to see, but everyone, unhappily, wishes to see what there is; and the pushing and squeezing is very great. I found myself wedged in between the crowd and one of the pillars of the *Baldacchino*, an excellent place from which to view the ceremony, and an excellent place to be flattened into the semblance of a pancake. The marble altar was left quite bare, with nothing on it but a number of glasses full of red wine. A procession of cardinals, canons and other dignitaries, went up and solemnly spilled the wine over the stone; then went down and came back again with little bunches of hyssop, with which they washed the wine over every square inch of the surface.

When this was at an end, the crowd broke up to collect again under the gallery of St. Veronica, where the relics are displayed. This ceremony jarred on me much, so irreverent was the crowd, so loud the laughter, so audible the criticisms. For my own part, I have no taste for these things; but the association of ideas lends, or ought to lend, a solemnity to such an exhibition. It was sadly lacking. The Romans,

themselves, are a very irreverent people, and do not behave differently in church from what they do in the theatre or gaming-hall; consequently, foreigners, "doing as the Romans do," in Rome conduct themselves with a flippancy and want of the sense of the fitness of things that jars on a sensitive mind, and takes away from a religious service that elevating influence without which it must degenerate into a melancholy farce.

After this scene, the solemn ceremonies in the Vatican, whither I drove in the early morning of Easter Day to see the Pope celebrate his private mass in the presence of the Embassies, were a pleasing contrast. We arrived at the Bronze Doors about half-past seven o'clock; and, after showing our cards of invitation to the Swiss Guards, were ushered up the Royal staircase to the *Sala Regia*, or Royal Saloon. All the guests were on the point of arriving, to be in place when the Pope should enter, the men in full dress, the women with black lace veils over their heads and dressed in black silk or satin, reminding one of the churches in Southern Spain with their rows of stately Spanish women, each wearing the graceful mantilla, who kneel on the marble floors, and look so beautiful in the sombre light.

The guards at the door of the Sistine Chapel inspected us, and escorted us to our places. I found myself in a good position to see and hear, standing between an American monsignore and a couple of French gentlemen, an old man and his son; who, if one may judge anything from face and form, were of an

ancient and honorable Legitimist family—so exquisite and refined were their features, so polished their manner, so devout their behavior.

To decorate the Sistine Chapel in honor of any event would be sacrilege. A small altar, draped with scarlet, and having a canopy above it of the same color, stood against Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment;" and on it were eight golden candlesticks. This was the only change in the chapel from what one saw every day. A semi-circle of the Guard of Nobles, in their uniform of blue and gold with silver helmets, extended from each corner of the altar to the wall on either side. Down the middle of the chapel, from the altar steps to the door, there was a double row of Swiss Guards in their flaming uniforms of red and yellow, with lofty white plumes on their helmets and antique pikes in hand, keeping the way clear for the Pope's procession. On either side were benches for the guests of the day, foreign ambassadors and their families having front seats. From the ceiling the master-pieces of Michael Angelo looked down; and before the eye, around and above the altar, the figures of the "Last Judgment" stood out with tremendous force—demons, wild and raging, souls falling into the abyss—and far above the golden crucifix that stood in the midst of the golden candlesticks, appeared the vision of the Crucified seated on the clouds, a stern and relentless judge, with arm uplifted pronouncing sentence on the world.

We waited for some time; but at last the papal choir burst into song. At the same moment the

procession appeared at the door, Swiss Guards and Knights of Malta, followed by cardinals and grand dignitaries of the household; and last, borne in the *sedia gestatoria*, a red-and-gold chair, on the shoulders of twelve ecclesiastics in crimson gowns, came the successor of Hildebrand and Gregory the Great.

Unlike many of the men who stamp their impress on the history of their time, Leo XIII. is not disappointing in the bodily presence. I knew him well from his portrait, as everybody else knows him; and he impressed me much more favorably than the pictorial representation. He is very old and very white, with skin as soft as a baby's; but there is a greater fulness in his cheeks than is observable in his photographs; and this softens his smile into one of winning sweetness. However winning the smile may be, no one could suspect it to be the senile smile of an old man in his dotage; for, under his small white brows and above these soft wrinkled cheeks, look out the sharpest of little eyes, full of intellectual vigor that twinkle and sparkle with wonderful keenness, telling the world that the greatest pontiff the Roman Church has had for two centuries, retains, at the age of eighty-six, all his mental force and vivacity.

He advanced slowly, blessing everyone on either side, with a smile sweeter than honey. But the eyes belied the smile. There is no malice in those eyes, only keenness of intellect and capacity for seeing straight and far. As I looked into them, they seemed to be saying, "Ha, ha; I see you, you dear,

devout people, bending with such reverent faces, who talk so much about my troubles and do so little to help me out of them ; and you, you well-bred heretics, with your courtly manners and curious glances, I see you, too ; and I bless you, one and all, with right good will—if there be any benefit in it, heaven knows you need it ! ”

Neither is the resemblance to Voltaire, of which so much has been said, as striking as in the portraits of the Pope. The greater fulness of the cheeks accounts for this, and takes away that sharp cynical look that seems to lurk in the lips, as seen in photographs. This resemblance to Voltaire is said to be a sore point with the pontiff ; but it is hard to say why. The time has surely come when the world may cease to frighten itself with the name of the great Frenchman ; and the venerable successor of Benedict XIV. might look back over the intervening century and say, with a smile, “ Yes, here I am, in face and form an image of yourself, building up where you threw down, governing the Church you thought to destroy, doing good where you did ill,”—for what the great Frenchman did for humanity is now patent to all the world ; and what he did and said, in his biting, witty fashion, against the Church and its rulers, has, even if they remember it with resentment, shown them a wiser and better way to lead mankind than known of in the days of Louis XV.

And so he advanced by degrees to the altar, where he was robed and said mass, giving communion to the embassies. Then a low mass was said by his chaplain,

and from him the pontiff received the communion, sitting in a low chair to the left of the altar. Then, after having retired through a side door into an adjoining room to breakfast, he came out and took his seat on the throne; and the embassies did homage and kissed his foot.

The service was imposing and full of grandeur; yet not even the sublime figures of Michael Angelo, looking down on one from above the altar, awoke that sense of spiritual awe produced on entering the great churches of the north. Neither St. Peter's nor the Sistine Chapel, nor any of the gorgeous churches of Rome, tell of the rise and triumph of the faith. If they speak, it is to suggest the Renaissance; and their glory is the glory of world-wide dominion. But in the north, whether one rests under the golden mosaics of St. Mark, or the vaulted roof of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, or stands, with awestruck soul, on the old red brick pavement of Santa Croce, comes, like a mighty torrent full upon the inner man, the spirit of the ages of faith. Glorious may be the mosaic, matchless the art; yet they speak to one of heaven and not of earth. In the old church of Santa Croce in Florence, with its gaunt grey walls, its red brick floor and its marvellous Giotto's, this feeling is felt to the full. One realizes something of the faith of those who wrought of old, building for the glory of God and in the hope of heaven. As you pace up and down, the bare walls, the massive tombs and the gloomy roof far above, speak of the toil and the conflict, the burning zeal, the martyrdoms, the living faith, of a long-past age.

The light streams in through the many-colored window that fills the space behind the altar, and lightens the grey pillars with a mystic semblance of the halo worn by those who have on earth fought even unto death for the truth. The spot is holy. Whatever be the spirit in which one enters, once there, he is back in the twilight of the Middle Ages, back with the stern spirits of men who found life short and stormy, but with never a doubt as to the right and the wrong. And we stand and gaze wistfully, plunged in thought, wondering at the old times, and yet—

“*Malgré nous vers le ciel il faut lever les yeux.*”

But it is never so in Rome. Papal Rome lives in the present, and not in the past. To others its interest and its glory may arise from its antiquity; for itself, it forgets the past in the present; or writing the words “*Roma semper eadem*” on its banner, finds the present age but a repetition of many that are gone. In their day, Hildebrand, Innocent III. and Paul V. warred with the world and with the spirit of their age, and fought the fight with the weapons of their times; so now Leo XIII. grapples with the nineteenth century, and seeks to overcome the enemy with the weapons it has made for itself. In papal Rome there is the present to be secured, the future to be fought for; the past is gone.

III.

"WHAT attracts you most in Rome?" said a tiresome-looking man in spectacles, who carried a still more tiresome-looking volume under his arm; "what do you consider the chief objects of interest?"

This sort of question is to me most irritating; and, without stopping to think, I answered, hurriedly, "Well there are three Spanish dancers at a *café chantant* just round the corner, who, I think, have pleased me more than anything else in the city. Their grace and beauty are something marvellous; and if you wish to spend a pleasant evening—"

But by this time the man was gone. I did not know his name nor anything about him; and though we met often afterwards in the corridors of the hotel, we never spoke. If I happened to run against him, he would look in my direction; but, where I was, he saw nothing. Answer the questions you are asked, suiting the answer to the questioner, and you will soon make yourself a name. Great reputations are often built up in this way. But a great reputation is a terrible incubus; it is much more easy to travel about without one.

The Spanish dancers, delightful as they were, engrossed far more of my attention than they would have done elsewhere, for Rome is dull of an evening. The theatres are inferior to those of other Italian cities, and the streets at night afford little entertainment. Florence, Naples, Milan, Genoa, Venice—in these lively romantic old towns one can wander around,

night after night, and find the life of the streets more exciting than any comedy; in fact I am not sure that in the case of the majority of cities one can only know them, seeing them by night. But it is not so in Rome; at night the Eternal City sleeps in a double sense. True, one can go out and stand under the walls of some brown old palace and imagine all sorts of things, Bravos rushing along with flashing stilettos, wounded lovers lying in the dark archway, gutters running with blood, beautiful women with veiled faces shrieking at the windows, cowed priests disappearing in the darkness—and so on. But when the imagination begins to flag, and one comes from romance to reality, the passers-by turn out to be very ordinary people, such as you may encounter in any western town; and the woman at the window is probably enjoying her evening smoke and expectorating on the pavement.

Sometimes I spent the evening at home; but that, too, had its drawbacks. One evening I remember. I had my choice of the smoking-room and the corridor. The smoking-room was unbearable, because of the good men. These were four young men from the Far West, who were incarnations of that peculiar virtue which causeth hatred and loathing to arise in the souls of the not-so-good. They neither smoked, drank nor swore; but in spite of their abstinence from tobacco, they monopolized the smoking-room every evening after dinner, sitting, the four of them, at the four sides of the one table, with pens, ink and paper before them, writing their diaries. When all

had finished, each would read aloud his own production to the others. Such diaries as those were ! When I reflect that there may be people reading them at this moment, I shudder at the thought of all the unnecessary suffering there is in the world. Compared to those diaries, the doings of Mrs. Nincompoo, herself, were romantic and adventurous.

I sought refuge in the corridor, and commenced a *tête-à-tête* with the delightful Mrs. B. This was pleasant enough in itself ; but at the other end of the divan sat Little Dotty, telling the pathetic story of her married life to a man who was a perfect stranger. Her manner was decidedly stagey, her voice thrilled and vibrated, and she sat with one hand raised impressively. Every word was audible. We bore it for some time ; but when she came to the period at which her husband had been accused, though falsely, of flirting with another woman, the delightful Mrs. B. became hysterical, and was obliged to retire to her chamber, leaving me alone. Such was one evening at home.

After the church-going and the ceremonies of Holy Week, any light form of recreation was pleasing. On the morning of Easter Monday, Buzz and I climbed up to the top of St. Peter's, and, sitting down on the ball that crowns the dome, gave vent to our over-charged minds.

Everything seemed at an end ; nothing appeared to be left but wreck and ruin ; we found the world out of joint. We abandoned all thought of reuniting Christendom ; Holy Week had convinced us that the

bond would be but a rope of sand. Romanism we regarded as lost; we were regarding it from St. Peters' dome, looking down into the Vatican; and to our inner eyes the Latin Church was sitting, like a ghost from the Middle Ages, amid the ruins of two civilizations, calling to the world in vain to go back. We thought of Goethe and his worship of culture and hope of elevating mankind by means of literature and art; but we had wandered day after day through the long galleries of the Vatican, and had worshipped only to despair. It was very terrible. Modern progress was visible in the hideous rows of buildings down in the Borgo, some with the scaffolding still standing, because the speculator who built them had failed and abandoned them; and then, across the Tiber, we looked on the old houses, half torn down, and shuddered. In ——'s studio I had seen a collection of his pictures representing Rome before '70; and like the Jews who had beheld the glory of the first temple, wept to see the second. We looked down on the Italians, struggling under their burden of taxation, sinking under the yoke of the Triple Alliance, heavy-hearted after the disasters of Abyssinia, and remembered Mrs. Browning and her *Casa Guidi Windows*, when all the world looked out with her and felt its pulses beat quickly at the cry of "O bella Libertà, O bella!"—such a bright dream it had been, that liberty was going to cure all ills; and now, when all was accomplished, where was the gain? The thought sickened us—were all dreams of men to end so?

Only one bright spot met the eye. Far away the blue Sabine mountains were smiling peacefully in the April sunlight, their sides dotted here and there with white villages and towns, reminding us of the olden days when Romulus and Remus began to build their city, and wondered where the women were to be found to come and dwell therein. In those old times there had been no dead gods to mourn over. The thought was refreshing. One could not go back; beneath us lay the ruins of that civilization of which Romulus and Remus had been the beginning, now dead beyond hope of resurrection. But we decided to run away to the Sabine hills, whence had come the women to mother the sons of Rome; and to the Sabine hills we went.

One always comes back, however, and goes on. After a climb over the hills and a breath of the fresh air on the mountains, we came back with clearer heads and a determination to be sensible.

Nothing strikes me oftener, when travelling, than the foolishness of other people. What they have read about from childhood they rush away to see as a sort of duty; and thus they work up a semblance of enthusiasm about the dullest of realities—for there seems to have been a sort of tacit understanding among the people who write books of travel to spend all their energies in lauding the wrong things. I remember listening, open-mouthed, to a woman who raved about the Catacombs; yet, in the Catacombs, no human being could ever have found anything but weariness. The early Christians haunted them, it is

true; but it was a choice of two evils—stay below and be safe, or come out and be eaten.

They are dismal holes. It is like going down into a well. I spent a morning in them—four hours—and came out a new man; to get back anywhere above ground was in itself a joy. You go down a ladder into a well, a Dominican monk leading the way. Arrived at the bottom, you find yourself in a dark, damp, underground labyrinth of small passages, brown, grimy and gritty, with a suggestiveness of rheumatism about them. The monk lights tapers, giving one to you and keeping one himself; and you go prowling about, in and out, for hours through these dismal places. The sides of every passage are honeycombed with holes, wherein they once buried the dead. Most of the bones are gone; being those of early Christians, they were accounted holy, and were carried away by the cart-load to sanctify other places with their presence. Twenty-six cart-loads, it is said, were taken to the Pantheon and put under the floor. Many are left, however. The monk holds a taper up, and you read a quaint Latin inscription over a cavity, stating that so-and-so, with his wife and children, lie underneath. The monk thrusts in his hand and brings out a bone—an arm or leg of one of the family—and gives it to you to examine. Then you go on groping along. In another moment you stumble over something; it turns out to be a stone coffin containing a skeleton. You go on and find yourself in a chapel, of which the wall is crumbling to pieces; the monk explains the pictures

and emblems with which the walls are decorated, sometimes preaching a sermon on the doctrines symbolized. After you have prowled about for some time in this manner, you are told that you might go on for weeks; which I do not doubt in the least. I did not feel equal to more than four hours of it; and when I once more drank in the fresh air and the sunshine, I felt that the heroism of the early martyrs was explained—people who spent much of their time in such holes must have found any escape a relief, even if they came out only to face the lions.

Out of these gloomy underground regions once more, I flew to the galleries of the Vatican, my refuge after a visit to anything that disappointed; where forgetfulness of all else was found in the contemplation of the glories of ancient art. Only the artist and the poet can do justice to the treasures of the Vatican and the Capitoline; no tourist may presume to sit down and write of them without misgiving. Yet, since the art treasures of the Vatican are the most soul-satisfying and most incomparable of all the many wonders of Rome, when one has wandered through those galleries, day after day, standing mute for hours before the marvels of a dead civilization, one cannot help just a word. Day after day I went back again to see the sculpture; day after day you go. The crowd pours in and rushes round with guide-book and catalogue, and out again, having seen—you are alone—entranced, forgetting everything and everybody, you sit down in a corner and give yourself up to contemplation of what man has conceived

of immortal beauty, and called into immortal life. Here one wants no artist friend to tell him what to admire and what to decry. It is better to wander about alone; and if you admire the wrong thing, what matter? To me the Cnidian Venus surpasses that of the Capitoline—even that of the Medici—and is surpassed in turn only by the Venus of Milo. Let everyone here indulge his own fancies. But no one can describe, in detail, his experiences in these galleries; his feelings of awe on beholding that majestic bust of Zeus in the beautiful round room; his raptures over the Apollo Belvedere; his delight in looking at the Mercury with the divinely beautiful head, and who has, alas! such very human legs. And if I disliked the famous “Laocoon,” so much the better; there was more time to spare for gazing at the Apollo. “O to be Pope for a few weeks,” I thought to myself one morning, as I sat down on the edge of the little fountain in the octagonal court of the Belvedere, “and I would shut all these infamous tourists out, and have the gods to myself, to live and feast on their beauty till it became a part of my being!” But still one can enjoy them without stint. You get up and fly at times; but the vulgarians who come and madden you pay short visits, and you can go back again to worship. It is an interval of pain, coming back to the nineteenth century; and then the bliss of self-forgetfulness once more. Yet sometimes they are a burden too bitter to be borne. I went one morning to the Capitoline, to sit beside my best beloved of statues, the “Dying Gaul”; and for more than an

hour, four unspeakable women sat there with me, *discussing another woman's clothes*. I tried in every way to express disapproval, throwing out hint after hint in vain; the subject was too engrossing for them to notice my existence. I changed my position to no purpose; they changed theirs. I went and sat in a corner, as far away as possible; one of them followed me (they were making a pretence of looking at it all the time), and sat down beside me. For a moment she was silent; then, with eyes riveted on the statue, she said to the others across the room, "Well, it's to be hoped she will have sense enough not to wear that black." There lay the "Dying Gaul," his body resting on his arm, his sword dropped beside him, forgetful of his pain, his life-blood ebbing away, his spirit calm—the past dimly present, the present already passed—simply waiting, waiting for death. And on chattered the women—where she got them, why she chose them, who made them, and when she would wear them—it was infamous.

I say nothing of the Sistine Chapel, being half a heretic—as regards Michael Angelo. Those immortal frescoes! All artists are agreed that they are the greatest pictures in the world; but to the vulgar mind that knows nothing of art, they are wanting, unnatural and unbeautiful. Time after time I crooked my neck, trying to feel all that one ought to feel, when looking at that ceiling; but it was useless. I thought of the woman who had worked up an enthusiasm over the Catacombs; but the woman, like all women, remained incomprehensible and inimitable.

The Philistines were there in companies, each day, with glasses and guide-books, growing apoplectic in their outbursts of admiration—their very presence seeming a desecration. For if one cannot see anything of the living beauty of humanity in these extraordinary frescoes, yet something of the old master's sublime intellectual power and gigantic force of character impresses itself upon you as you gaze; and you feel that words of praise or blame are out of place—as Carlyle would say, "Silence alone is adequate." Yet I re-read Shelley's letters from Rome, in which he declaims against the great painter, with pleasure; it is always so comfortable to dissent with famous people.

It was a relief to return to the *Stanze* of Raphael, and to admire because I could not help myself. Whatever artist be your favorite, you feel, coming out of these rooms, that he, and he alone, is the prince of painters. And here, and in the Borghese, the lover of pictures can feed his passion to the full. The greatest gem of the latter gallery is undoubtedly Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love." It is soul-satisfying—all except the title; for neither is the one sacred nor the other profane. The fashionably-clad woman would, in real life, have proved a safe companion and true friend; while the sweet girlish creature, who sits in unconscious grace by the fountain, might, from her very innocence, have proved a snare. In fact I pin my faith to the profane love and not to the other, who, as the years go by, may develop into the less trustworthy of the two. However it

matters nothing; in this case there is little in a name. Such coloring is Titian's, and Titian's alone; it is matchless. There they sit for all the world to admire and theorize over, forming a picture which one can never forget, and the seeing of which becomes one of the thousand things that go to make up the fulness of life.

When you have mentioned the Borghese, you have mentioned the greatest of private galleries in Rome. But there are many only second. To see Beatrice Cenci's sweet, childlike face, you must go to the Barberini. They call the gallery in this palace the gallery of disappointment; but it is not. Beatrice does, indeed, look very unlike a girl who is to murder her father; but contemplation of her sweet innocent features adds only increased interest to her dark and tragic tale. True the mistress of Raphael has a haggard, tired look; but time has been unkind to the Fornarina, her portrait has not lasted well; it shows signs of age. Perhaps she had a face that old age might have rendered repellant, and the years have done for her dead what they would have done for her living; or it may be that her charm was that which cannot be portrayed on canvas. She may have been one of those beauties whose fascination is in the living face, and whose expression defies the photographer. As she was beloved of Raphael, let us think the latter.

When, in the company of some English artists, I mentioned the name of Guido Reni, their faces suddenly became a blank. After a pause, one of them

went so far as to say, "Well, if you admire Guido, you need say no more ; we have nothing in common as regards pictures." In spite of this man, for whose opinion, indeed, I would have had no great reverence were it not backed by others, Guido has painted one of the great pictures of Rome. The "Aurora" on the ceiling of one of the rooms of the Rospigliosi palace is worth going far to see. There you have Apollo, all in a glow of sunlight, bringing in the dawn, with the earth lying far beneath, still slumbering in the blue-black darkness of the hour before daylight. The female figures following are full of grace and beauty, and scatter flowers in the wake of the god's gleaming chariot in unconscious ecstasy, bringing in a new day of joy to the sleeping world. If never before or after, Guido was, once, a great painter. Looking at it, I forgot that the poet had inspired the painter, and kept fancying that the painter had inspired the poet ; until I remembered that the poet in my head was one of the ancients, when I realized that I was turning the course of history upside down, and placing the effect two thousand years behind the cause.

From pictures in other palaces one always goes back to the galleries of the Vatican, back to the *Stanze* of Raphael, back to the Sistine, back to those splendid halls where the remnants of ancient art stand side by side, telling the centuries of "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome." In those long galleries, crowded with the busts and statues of emperors and statesmen, poets and orators, one can read over again the history of

the "Decline and Fall" with clearer eyes, seeing in marble the men whom we knew of old in the pages of Gibbon. There stand Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius, looking the image of themselves—that is, looking as such men of pure and lofty purpose should appear; there is the Imperial Augustus and the bust of Julius, whose bodily presence alone would indicate him to be the master of the world. There are the Flavian line; Vespasian, kingly and self-controlled, with something in his face that recalls the first and greatest of the Cæsars; Titus, self-respecting, yet not overwhelmed with a sense of what his awful responsibility was—rather an ordinary face; and Domitian, a big fellow, who, in a private position, might have contented himself with the sport of killing flies with a needle, but who, on the throne of the world, found himself somewhat out of place. But these galleries are not all satisfying to the student of physiognomy. True Commodus has a sensual underlip, and Nero's face fills you with loathing, even before you read his name underneath; but to think that that dainty little head with its tiny feminine mouth should belong to the terrible Tiberius! I came across him over and over again, and each time he filled me with astonishment. I could not, as it were, put the man and his history together.

And then one comes out from the days of the Empire, and walks up to the Quirinal, to see the present King of Italy—jumping the gap of eighteen centuries in as many minutes—poor king, with his wild, staring eyes and ferocious moustache, how helpless he looks,

and how willing to follow the man for whom he is looking, if he could only find him! Of him it can never be said, "Like father, like son." The former was a living incarnation of strong will and resolute purpose; even his statues—and they are everywhere—speak of a tough determination to do that which he wills. But this characteristic has not descended; Humbert hath it not. And the *principino*—well, since small Tiberius, with his little feminine head, lives in history the type of terrible resistless power—let no one despair of the *principino*. At any rate he will have his day, if he lives to reign in that great yellow palace that crowns the Quirinal; and then we shall see what there is in him of good or evil.

It is a vast and rather ugly palace the Quirinal, all square or rectangular inside and out, everything smooth marble, sheeny satin or shining gilt. Zola speaks of the bareness and discomfort of the Vatican, nothing to be seen but pier-tables, stools and an occasional throne; but it is the same at the Quirinal, straight-backed chairs ranged in a monotonous row against the wall, all gilt and cushioned with scarlet or blue or green—no comfort there, or indeed anywhere in Italy, of the English kind. Outside of this stately, unbeautiful palace, however, stands one of the most splendid relics of ancient art—the marble horse-tamers—on the hill beside the fountain. I know of no other piece of sculpture at once so striking at first sight and so satisfying on close inspection. It is all of a piece, unrivaled, in every detail a miracle of art. And so from the ugly

modern world we have wandered back again to antiquity; and go home for the hundredth time, mourning for that civilization which died and was buried so many years ago.

IV.

One morning, as I sat among the ruins of the Forum, feeling rather despondent as usual in this melancholy place, a hand was laid on my shoulder and a voice said, "Can you speak English?"

I nodded; "Yes, certainly."

"Well—will you please tell me—what is that edifice?"

I looked around in the direction indicated by the young man's forefinger. "That," said I, "is not an edifice; it is a ruin—the Flavian amphitheatre, generally called the Colosseum."

The young man went off, and I could hear him calling out to his friends, "That edifice is the Colosseum,"—and I saw him no more. He belonged to a party of "Cook's personally conducted" tourists, who were going through the ruins. The conductor was moving rapidly along ahead, naming the "objects of interest" as he went. A few weary souls were lagging behind with a sort of pathetic despair in their faces, as if they felt sure they would miss something and could not help themselves; but it was hard to keep up and to see everything, the conductor went along so fast. One of the mysteries of this world that I cannot unravel is a personally conducted tour; how

can mortals bear it? I have met them everywhere. In Venice I saw a party, three gondolas full, going down the Grand Canal. The conductor stood up in the middle gondola, calling out the names of the different palaces and buildings on each side as they passed along, pointing with his forefinger like the young man in the Forum. And the people in the gondolas looked keenly appreciative, and appeared to be enjoying it. No doubt when they got back home they would say they had been in Venice and seen everything. As Buzz said when I refused to go to Santa Maria degli Angeli on Holy Saturday, thereby missing a sight of Queen Margaret kissing the bone of a saint, "there is no accounting for tastes."

For my own part I cannot bear company at a ruin. A companion who makes his own remarks and observations is a bar to perfect comprehension of the place; a guide is simply exasperating; even a book I find intolerable, though one is sometimes necessary in order to enable you to find your way. It is better to be alone, to let the mind get absorbed in its surroundings, to allow the imagination to build up here and there, to re-people and reanimate the scene without external aid. Otherwise there is no illusion; and surely, in visiting a ruin, the object should be, first to see it as it now is; and then, having grasped the idea, to see it as it once was, the marble new and white, the statues standing in all their completeness and glory, and people passing to and fro, in and out, full of the matter of the moment.

I spent one Sunday morning at the Colosseum

alone. There may have been others there; but I saw no one else. I climbed up a steep flight of stone stairs into a gallery, and sat down on a piece of stone, giving myself up to reverie. In a little while the broken galleries and arches were pieced together, the marble facings were back again, the awning of sailcloth stretched overhead. A little longer, and I saw the place filling—up the stairways came tumbling pell-mell, in hundreds and in thousands, the Roman populace; and the air was full of the chattering and laughter of a myriad voices. In the arena stood groups of gladiators, fair Gauls with golden hair and curious rope-like collars, waiting in silence the hour that was to decide their fate, and straining their eyes in expectancy of the coming of Divus Cæsar. I saw the Emperor come in and seat himself upon his throne, surrounded by his household; I heard the men in the arena shouting as they stood before him, “Ave, Cæsar, morituri te salutant;” I saw a wave of expectation roll along the breasts of the waiting thousands as he gave the signal, the holding of breath, the craning of necks as the conflict began; I saw the combatants, indistinct, far below—a gleam of polished steel, the swift moving of white limbs, the tension of strong muscles, red blood flowing on the yellow sand of the arena—and the roar of eighty thousand throats acclaiming the victors came ringing in my ears. Surely this was better than sitting amid a crowd of modern men and women and listening to a lecturer. True my Romans may have differed a little in their language and customs from those of the

books, the scene may have been in detail untrue to life as it then was; what matter? All was in a way vague and indistinct, but very real; if it lasted only for a moment, yet I saw it. And when it was all over, there was the sun pouring down on the grim old arches, there the ruined wall, the half-excavated arena, the desolate terrace of crumbling stone on which formerly stood the throne of the Cæsars. All was quiet as the grave. Death had claimed them all—and so many centuries ago. What was left was this.

Romantic people like to visit the Colosseum by moonlight. There is a melancholy charm about the old arches, as the soft light steals in here and there. Moonbeams light on the dilapidated stairways and play in the crannies among the broken stones; shadows fall on the yellow sand of the arena; ghosts wander in the deserted galleries; and the gigantic walls rise, majestic and beautiful, against the dark blue sky. One glorious moonlight night I drove down with the delightful Mrs. B. Our feelings were not altogether attuned to the occasion, for a jolly army doctor at the hotel saw us into the carriage, and called out after us that he would have all the remedies for Roman fever in readiness against our return. He had himself been laid up for some days with a touch of the fever, caught sitting on a ruin in the shade, and forbade our going. As we proved obdurate, he promised to nurse us both through it, adding that we should each get a dose in the morning that would make us sorry we had disobeyed him.

Nevertheless, though the ague-stricken spectre of Roman fever stalked before us as we wandered in and out among the hoary ruin, we enjoyed it to the utmost, deciding to make the best of the present whatever the future might have in store. By moonlight the vastness of the place increases, it becomes tremendous; the number of galleries and dens seems to multiply a hundredfold; the walls rise to the sky. And it is so silent, so death-like; not a sound from the noisy city penetrates into that cavern, full of ghosts of dead emperors and martyrs, soldiers and gladiators, statesmen and citizens of Rome; all is still as the grave. And the long-drawn agonies of the arena, the fierce fight and the fury, seem present and yet gone. You are there—it is all there and you see it—yet you see it ages and ages ago—it is gone. In the light of a moon, shining as it shone then, the Colosseum stands as the sepulchre of the old Imperial Race; or, again, like the corpse of a civilization from which the life and soul have forever fled, fled when the world was sixteen centuries the younger. It is mournful, it is pathetic, it is soul-inspiring. The ghost of old Rome seems to look through the arches and say, “I am gone and dead and buried, never to live again; but if you wish to know what I was when I was at my play in the days of my grandeur, being then alive, Imperial, and mistress of the world, look around you—and after all these centuries you will catch a faint glimpse here!”

We kept walking up and down, not daring to sit—for the fever-spectre grinned if we stood still—and

gave free rein to our imagination. We fancied ourselves early Christians, and stood in the arena, waiting for the lions; then we were Roman citizens in the gallery, watching the wretches who worshipped the Galilean meet their just reward below; and then, again, we proudly stood on the Emperor's throne—or where it once had been—and sought relaxation from the care of governing the world by wagering kingdoms on the success of a favorite gladiator. Everywhere we saw ghosts; and the delightful Mrs. B., who wished above all things to feel a *thrill*, experienced the sweet ecstasy of perfect realization. To crown all we caught no fever; and the jolly doctor had the mortification of seeing us before him at the breakfast-table the next morning, refreshed in body and mind by our expedition.

Almost more imposing than the Colosseum itself are the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, standing out in immense detached portions against the sky like *colossi* of brick. I had passed and repassed them often, going up and down the *Via di Porta San Sebastiano*; and, one morning, walked down to spend some time there, taking a book in case I should be unable to identify the *caldarium* and *fripidarium*, or hot and cold water baths, without it. When at last I got there, my mind was quickly distracted from antiquities by one of the very latest flowers of modern civilization, in the shape of a stout gentleman from the "wild and woolly west," the sole visitor at that early hour, who advanced to meet me with an expression of intense relief on his fat face.

"If I don't make a mistake you're English?"

He was tall and very stout, clean shaven. A large blue button with red and white hieroglyphics on it adorned his coat; and, although I would much have liked to know what it meant, delicacy forbade me to ask. This was a mistake; for if he judged other people by himself, as most of us do, the feeling would have been incomprehensible.

"I speak English, if that is what you mean."

"That's what I mean, sir; you've just come in time—a minute later and I'd ha' knocked them two beggars down endways—never known what struck 'em!"—pointing to two Italians, one of whom was a cabby, and both of whom looked utterly bewildered. "Here I am, two days to see the whole o' Rome in; this feller"—pointing to one—"brings me down here, and—I've done it, done it all—can't get away—he won't go. Damn me, a minute more and I'd have driven off by myself. Can you speak this lingo?"

"A little."

"You're the man, sir—you're the man! Here I am, they keep pointin' at this and pointin' at that and jabberin'—don't understand one damn word. And they don't understand a word *I* say; sometimes they try French and sometimes they parley their own lingo—don't know a word of either."

"That is unfortunate," I remarked. "You say you must see the whole of Rome in two days; you are undertaking a great deal."

"Rome in two days, and more'n an hour lost in these baths," continued the stranger, who, now that

he had found some one to understand him, seemed in no such hurry to go; "did 'em in twenty minutes—great place—Caracalla knew what he was about"—looking up at the stupendous piles that towered above us two hundred feet in the air—"more brick in these baths than in many an Amurrican city, Caracalla knew what he was about—tell that there man to take me to the Palatine Hill, the Roman Forum, the Colosseum and St. Peter's Cathedral—got 'em all down on a slip of paper—and to be quick about it, or I'll chuck him and get another."

I told the cabby what was expected of him. He seemed dazed. In fact the visitor was enough to bewilder one. He dominated the place, his presence seemed to fill it; he looked about him with the air of a proprietor, and surveyed the three of us as if he owned us also. The other individual came up sheepishly, and asked me if I knew the meaning of the blue button with the hieroglyphics on it. I was obliged to confess my ignorance; and we all began to move toward the entrance, the centre of the throng expatiating—and expectorating—as he went.

"A great place—great baths—though where the water was, don't say. Guide-books?—haven't time to go into them—well now—English I surmise"—stopping a moment to take a good look at me.

"No."

"Not English—Amurrican?"

"No."

"Not English and not Amurrican"—a pause—"may I enquire what your nationality is?"

"I come from Canada."

"Canadian - don't know much about 'em—want to be annexed?"

"Not just at present."

"I'm from Kansas—what's that feller for?"

"I don't know—a guide I presume—one of the men who hang round ruins in Rome, hoping to make an honest penny out of strangers."

"No use for him—tell him to get to —!"

I did not though. I allowed him to touch his hat to the Kansas man and ask for something. The Kansas man asked him if he took him for a — fool, and got into his carriage, ignoring the outstretched hand.

"Well—I'm satisfied with the Baths of Caracalla—I'm satisfied with the Baths—tell that man he's got to make up for lost time—Palatine Hill and then the Roman Forum—good day to you." The cabby cracked his whip and away they went, the Kansas man surveying the hillside as they passed along with a look of keen inquiry.

I was left alone among the stupendous ruins, alone, yet not alone; the man from Kansas seemed to be everywhere. I could not get rid of him. I wandered about and opened and read my guide-book; but it was of no use. Though I identified the *tepidarium* and *frigidarium*, and endeavored to conjure up ghosts of the forms that must once have flitted to and fro through those deserted halls, the effort was vain. Modern democracy obliterated ancient imperialism; the figure of the man from Kansas was standing where I

would feign have beheld the stately forms of the Antonines; the nasal twang of Western America drowned the voices of the effeminate dandies of the latter empire, as they sat gossiping in the *Peristylum*. He was everywhere. So at last I surrendered to him, and gave up all attempt to deliver myself from his influence. Doubtless, had I been on the Palatine, that, too, would have become Americanized; so hard is it to escape the influence of the age in which we live.

For a long time I was unable to go up the Palatine Hill. To one's mind, though one knows better, the name suggests bewildering piles of glittering marble, palace succeeding palace, the floors of which seem to echo with the footfalls of the Cæsars. The real Palatine, as it appears at the present day, is a confusing medley of yards, full of piles of broken bricks and earth. Not even shattered fragments of pillars remain to remind one of all its ancient glory—only these little bits of brick heaped up in masses, like the remains of cellars after a fire, only much battered. I forbore going in from feelings akin to those one might have in calling to pay one's respects to a queen who had been reduced to go and live in a workhouse. It seemed kinder to pass the spot by in silence.

Lectures are delivered at the Palatine; indeed it is a favorite haunt of the lecturer. Mrs. Nincompoop went to one, and was much edified thereby—though afterwards she remembered nothing of what she had heard. The delightful Mrs. B. spent an afternoon there, listening to a lecture, and subsequently identifying the different piles of brick. The lecturers are, as

a rule, scholarly men; and the listeners—sometimes—intelligent people. They learn, they say, so much. And it is a very serious entertainment, they really do listen intelligently, having “read up” before going—though one young woman, according to Mrs. B., forgot herself and asked in an audible tone, “Who *was* Caligula?”—shocking everybody within earshot by her want of historical knowledge. At any rate they pay, which is a good reason for giving them; and it is the “correct thing” to go—which is enough to induce anyone to make the effort.

Coming down from the Capitoline one lazy afternoon, I strolled over toward the Palatine. I could see neither lecturers nor listeners, and no tourists were visible; it was a scene of utter desolation. So I put my feelings aside for the once, and decided that I would not incur the reproach of leaving Rome without a visit to this world-famous spot.

The hill is surrounded by a wall with a gate of entrance; you pay a franc to the gate-keeper and he turns a stile,—you are on the Palatine. This I did, and found myself in a labyrinth of old cellars, brick walls here there and everywhere, all tumbledown or tottering, piles of bricks, most of them broken into little bits, lying on every side.

I wandered on among them with a feeling of despair; nothing but broken-down cellar-walls to mark the site of all those famous palaces; it was crushing. I went on, making my way upwards, in here and out there, not caring to stop or breathe. Which place was which I did not know nor care. I

could tell now, if I looked up a guide-book and found the plan, just where each of the different buildings lay; but to write about them as if I had seen them or identified them, would be simply to copy from *Bædeker*; and like some other travellers whose writings I have read, I should go right or go wrong just as *Bædeker* goes.

I rushed quickly through them, disgusted, until a turn in the path brought me to a gardener's cottage. It was to all appearance deserted, but there were evidences of occupation around in the shape of gardener's tools. Flowers also and a small patch of vegetables in the immediate vicinity showed that the picturesque little building had an inhabitant. Passing the cottage and climbing a little space, I found myself on the brow of the hill, the piles of brick and the sand-pits left behind. I stood in the old Farnese garden.

Nothing could be more in keeping with the Palatine Hill than this garden. Lecturers would stand aghast if told that this unexcavated spot is the most characteristic part of those famous ruins; yet so it is. It is ages since it was in use, the centuries have come and gone, and the Farnese garden has been suffered to go to decay. Here and there is a tree, here and there a straggling flower, here and there the moss-grown remnant of some old marble seat. Such is the top of the Palatine Hill. After wandering about awhile through the melancholy walks, I sat down on a mouldering old stone bench, letting my head rest against the face of an emperor that stood behind.

The nose of the face was broken off; and for that reason it formed a very comfortable support to the head. It was a place and a time to dream.

It was a lazy afternoon, one of the hot spring days of Rome, when one feels inclined to sit still and think, enjoying the *dolce far niente* of the Italian land. There was not a breath of wind, not a movement in tree or flower. The leaves of the trees looked, indeed, as if they had not stirred for a century; the flowers seemed innocent of growth or change; all wore the same aspect of weird beauty and melancholy decay. There was little foliage, little vegetation; and what little there was, was in keeping with the scene, attuning the mind to reverie. Memory of a glory that was departed and a greatness that was gone, breathed in the very air. Under me, under the earth on which I trod, was the ancient palace of Tiberius, buried with all its tales of tyranny and tragedy out of sight, the galleries and halls where the morose despot had paced up and down hidden in the ground. The sunset glory lighted up the western sky, and shed a sickly glow over the deserted garden.

But if the ghosts of the Cæsars were buried out of sight, the spectres of old cardinals and popes seemed to flit back and forth continually through those melancholy walks, the forms of the Caraffas and Farneses and Borgheses, looking as they look in their portraits. They passed to and fro, disappearing in the shadows, and coming back again to look once more over the eternal city with countenances full of anxiety — thinking, no doubt, of

the troublesome innovators in the north who had arisen to challenge their right to reign as spiritual lords over a united and subject Christendom.

The sun went down low over the Aventine, and I rose from my bench and paced to and fro in the deserted walks. I could see the stupendous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla looming up behind, and I felt a wild desire to go back to them to explore, and then down among the broken bricks of the Palatine, itself, until I knew them all throughout. "This may be done," I said to myself, "and why not do it?" Yet I never did. Now, far from Rome, I feel that, once back, I, too, like other people, would come to know the Palatine. But it was not to be; I wandered up and down, looking over at the old Aventine, hating to go, full of too great reverence for the past. So the sun went down lower and lower, and the Capitoline grew dim and grand in the dazzling twilight; the shadows of the spare trees spread themselves long over the old Farnese garden; the day was ended. I had seen nothing—in the language of my Kansas friend, so many hours had been wasted in looking at what was already seen; yet I had in some measure drunk of the spirit of the place. The weird, melancholy decay of those old gardens with the palace of Tiberius under them cast over me a charm which hung about me as I wended my way homeward; and to this day their memory invests with a soft and melancholy interest the recollection of that Imperial seat.

No one endowed with any poetic feeling and who has a sense of the fitness of things, should leave Rome

without a visit to the English cemetery down near the Porta San Paolo. It is one of the most fascinating spots of its kind that I have ever seen. The cypresses grow everywhere, their straight and mournful lines pointing to the sky whichever way you look. The white tombstones are scattered thick and numerous; the flowers grow luxuriant. At the back runs the brown crumbling wall of Aurelian, overshadowing the graves of English men and women, like an unconscious monument raised in memory of the Pagan Romans. The air is hushed and quiet with the sense of death—the death of the long-gone Empire, the falling to sleep of the latter-day sons and daughters of not less Imperial England. Great names are carven on some of those white tombstones, names immortal in English poetry and song. If they sleep far from home under the blue Italian sky, their place is yet meet for them, they rest with the shades of a mighty race whose name and work like that of their own fatherland, endures forever, whose descendants in some measure they are, whose language and literature they have learned and loved, whose history is linked in its later years with the dawning of their own world-story, and whose religion has inspired some of the sublimest of the works that are the glory of the English tongue.

Shelley lies right under the wall. A slab of white marble, lying flat on the ground with flowers growing thick at the edges, marks the spot where his ashes are laid to rest. Beside him is his big bluff friend, Trelawney, another slab of marble of the

same shape and size covering the grave of the erratic Cornishman. They looked well lying there side by side among the mould and the little violet leaves, with the crumbling brown wall of Aurelian rising behind them and the cypresses keeping their melancholy watch on either side. Some one had thrown a large bunch of beautiful spring violets on the grave of Shelley, and they were withering up in the heat of the sun. Under the fading flowers I could read, engraven on the white stone, the well-known lines from the *Tempest*—

“ Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.”

The sculptured tombs of poets, with sunlight falling on them through colored windows in a stately church, suggest to me something out of tune—a life and a “death-and-sleep” not answering to each other. That this ethereal spirit, so akin in some ways to the ancient pagan ideal, should, after his short and stormy life, lie here in the shadow of old Rome “made one with nature,” the violets blossoming above him and the voices of the eternal city singing afar off of “life’s endless toil and endeavor,” seems pre-eminently fitting.

A few steps from the grave of Shelley, and I stood beside that of John Addington Symonds. It is a stately tomb with a long Latin inscription on it—for those who delight in long Latin inscriptions. Roses are planted around. I had not then read the story of the

man's life ; but yet something came to me of it, as I stood there and looked at his tomb. Something suggested mental conflict, the eternal questioning of the nineteenth century, the lost faith of former times. Either I had sometime read portions of the man's poetry, and the sense lingered in my brain though the words were forgotten, or the influence of a dead man's spirit is felt when one stands, unconscious, and looks down upon his tomb ; who shall say ? At any rate, as I stood there in the dim twilight, while the long shadows of the cypresses fell around on the marble and the grass, something of the spirit of this brave nineteenth-century Englishman was borne in upon me from his grave ; as though he, being dead, could yet hold fellowship with such as were passing by.

V.

It is as difficult to take leave of Rome as of a woman who at once fascinates and exasperates you. You know if you stay you will be fascinated again ; new charms will delight you, even if also new vexations arise to madden and distract you ; the temptation to sit down and wait a little longer is very great. We found it hard to tear ourselves away, Buzz and I. However it had to be. We went around and said a last good-bye to all the glories, walked for the last time under the dome of St. Peter's, paid our last homage to the art-treasures of the Vatican, threw a last penny into the fountain of Trevi, and, for the last time, stood on the Pincio and saw the sun go down. As a matter of course, we also

went to take a last bird's-eye view of the eternal city from San Pietro Montorio, to look down for the last time on that bewildering panorama of churches, palaces and ruins through tear-dimmed eyes. Zola's hero went there at the outset; but he was a visionary. We preferred to know what we were looking at before we went to look down over it from afar; and had gone there only after a stay of some weeks.

Then, when all was done and the last tear shed, Buzz refused to go. He made some weak excuse for remaining a day or two longer; and I consented.

I was glad that I did. There was a certain pleasure in going back to the galleries of the Vatican, and sitting around seeing nothing in particular, with the sense of having done my duty by all the treasures before and taken a proper farewell of each. There was an added charm in sauntering through the Corso and the Piazza Venezia, after an absence that had promised to be life-long, looking at the people and the shops in the old familiar way; and there was the Pincio with the same crush of carriages, the band playing "*Cavalleria Rusticana*," and the sun going down in his glory, just as of old. It was delightful.

Then at last Buzz packed his portmanteau and declared himself ready to go. The morning of our departure dawned; but when he came into my room he found me standing at the window, deciding not to go. "This," said I, "is a world of give and take; I stayed over once for you; now you can wait for me." So we stayed on. Another weekly bill came in, and the chambermaid had another cry.

There was always the same trouble about my bill. The hotel regulations allowed me one candle a week, extra candles to be charged half a franc apiece. I went out, at the beginning, and bought candles at the rate of four for half a franc, thereby saving several francs. Nevertheless, whenever I got a bill, there was always the same charge for extra candles. This used to put me in a rage; and the proprietor, an excitable little man of four feet nothing, would dance about with uplifted hands crying, "If he will only calm himself, if he will only calm himself for one little minute, everything will be done!" Then the item would be struck out of the bill, and the chambermaid, poor guiltless creature, sent for and rated until her sobs echoed through the corridor. After all I might as well have used the hotel candles and paid for them; for nothing but money could stem the torrent of that young woman's tears. I was simply robbing the master to pay the maid. However, looking back over it, I feel a certain satisfaction in having robbed the master.

I took my real farewell of Rome from the top of the castle of St. Angelo. Those who get permits to go through it at the Colonna palace, assemble about eleven o'clock in the morning at the gate, and are conducted over the old pile to the top by a fat and loquacious guide, whose knowledge of English is comprised in the one word "fireworks," which he fancies to be the English for *fuoco*—"fire." This old man is almost as interesting in his way as the castle itself. He laments his ignorance of foreign languages, but

makes up for it as far as possible by acting the part of the historical characters who were once inmates of the ancient pile, and teaches history by signs. In a Kindergarten he would be invaluable. When you reach the dungeons, he sits on the stone floor and gives himself up to the abandonment of grief, personating the beautiful Beatrice Cenci. As he is very fat, very ugly, and not very clean, the effect is ludicrous to a degree. In the torture chamber a still more delightful entertainment is in store for the visitor. An imaginary fire is lighted in the chimney, and the old man gets very hot and says "fireworks." Then the inquisitors are seated, and he takes a nail and warms it at the fire. Beatrice Cenci is then brought in and you are shown on the floor the spot where she sat. He stations himself there, and makes believe to take off his boot and stocking. Then the hot nail is applied to the foot, the old man saying "fireworks." In the character of the hapless Beatrice he screams and faints, picking himself up and exclaiming, "Poveretta Beatrice Cenci!" The visitors sit round convulsed with laughter.

Getting the old man alone one morning I had an argument with him, explaining that "fire" and not "fireworks" was the word he ought to use. The old man shook his head dubiously; he thought I was mistaken. I argued that I was English and must know. At last a gleam broke over his countenance, and he exclaimed, "I have it! There are English-English and American-English; English-English is 'fire,' American-English is 'fireworks.'" I thought that clinched the argument.

The mid-day gun is fired at the castle of St. Angelo ; and the "correct thing" is to get up upon the little tower that rises from the flat roof of the castle, and watch it go off below. The female tourists scream and drop their guide-books ; and the old man laughs as heartily at the joke as if he were witnessing the sight for the first time. Then you are free to look about you a bit.

This little tower on which you stand is a famous spot. The Archangel Michael was seen there once upon a time, and it was in his honor that the name, "Sant' Angelo," *i.e.*, Holy Angel, was given to the mausoleum of the Emperor Hadrian. In the old Imperial days many emperors were buried there. In the dark ages it served as a citadel, and in the place of Hadrian's statue one of St. Michael was put up, to commemorate the angel's visit. The popes had rooms there, and kept their prisoners there ; a long covered passage, now falling to pieces, was built, connecting it with the Vatican. Time after time, in the troublous days of old, it was besieged and battered. Now it is a show.

The view from the top of the Castell Sant' Angelo is one of the most suggestive in Rome. St Peter's and the Vatican are near ; and you can survey them at your leisure, standing out in all their vastness and grandeur. But the covered gallery, built to connect the castle with the palace of the popes, is falling to pieces ; and no one thinks of repairs—for is not the castle "nationalized," and a possession of the King of Italy?—the pope can come thither no more. The

churchman looks up at the great dome standing out against the sky, and down at the dilapidated gallery, with wistful eyes. To him the crumbling to pieces of that covered passage is a symbol of broken faith—of the severance of the bond which united his country and his church.

The view on the other side is dismal in the extreme. Here are no ancient palaces and stately temples—only a vast confusion of huge square buildings ranged in rows, the unfinished monument of rash speculation in the first days of the Italian occupation, block after block of buildings, square, modern, unsightly, some finished, some with the scaffolding standing, some empty, others the refuge of the poor who hang their rags out of the windows and scatter the evidences of their squalor before the doors. A great French novelist describes them in one of his works; but not even the pen of a Zola can paint the wretchedness of new ruins, the horror of fresh decay, the incongruity of poverty in half-built palaces; it must be seen to be understood.

The view, as you look across the river, is yet more dreary. The yellow water of the Tiber rolls on under the Bridge of St. Angelo, as of old; but on either side curbed and shut in by the new embankment of white stone, which has been built by the Government at a cost almost incalculable. To build it, the old houses that stood on the river bank had to be torn down; but the destroyers did their work by halves, leaving something of each house when it was unnecessary to tear away the whole. Gaunt walls stand

gaping at you, pieces of bedrooms, fragments of stairways, doors opening to the air twenty feet above the pavement, bits of wall-paper fluttering in the semi-demolished passages—it is a hideous sight. Artists lament the old days. When first you hear them, you listen with unsympathetic soul, remembering how great a thing was the uniting of Italy in one nation. But when you stand on St. Angelo and look down on the sights and scenes around, you are moved to bitterness of spirit; the half-demolished houses on the one side of the river and the unfinished palaces with their squa'd inhabitants on the other, move your contempt. You ask yourself, "Is this, then, what her deliverers have done for Rome?"

What shall we say? The Pope looks out of the windows of the Vatican and sees with the eye of faith the day when he shall enter the castle of St. Angelo as its rightful lord, the sword of St. Michael, as it gleams in the sunlight, reminding him of the day when the archangel spared and delivered the city in answer to Gregory the Great. The "progressive" stands proudly on the castle wall, with the flag of United Italy waving above the angel, and, looking over with covetous eyes on the great dome of San Pietro, plans the abolition of the Pope and the "nationalization" of the Vatican as an interesting memorial of the old days of tyranny and superstition. The politician and the man-of-the-world stand there and meditate on a way to reconcile the two. "God reigns — and the Government at Washington still lives," exclaimed the good General Garfield, feeling

that, so much certain, the world was safe:—yet to how many of the sons of men the one fact seems incompatible with the other.

Meanwhile the tourists are chattering. The American is calculating the cost of the embankment in dollars, and, with an eye resting on the unfinished structures in the Lungo Tevere, lamenting the collapse of the “boom”; the Englishman is looking anxiously at his watch and recalling the fact that it is the hour for luncheon; the women are in ecstasies—“it is simply too perfect for anything, and we must buy photographs of it this afternoon.” Then the old man, his personification of historical characters being at an end, collects them all together and drives them before him like sheep, down through the popes’ rooms, the inquisitors’ rooms and the burial chambers of the emperors, until they are all safely landed in the courtyard. There he takes leave of them, making a long speech in which he expresses his pleasure at having conducted them through the old castle, and his delight at their satisfaction with what they have seen and with his method of showing it. Then you pass along through the gateway and find yourself once more outside the walls—you have seen St. Angelo.

It was the last place I visited; for we were obliged to tear ourselves away. It was not an exciting departure; we had contemplated going so often that it had become almost a familiar scene. I think the people in the hotel were tired of seeing the last of us, and had begun to regard our “last words” as a daily

experience to be undergone, like the recital of the doings of Mrs. Nincompoop by Little Dotty. The proprietor, the little man of four feet nothing, was, however, deeply moved, even to tears. Most bitterly, too, did the cabby who drove us to the station, bewail our going. It was a loss to Rome the poor fellow said; indeed, if we could have believed him, the eternal city felt the shock. It was only when we had reached the station and he discovered that we were going to pay no more than the ordinary fare, that his voice regained its calm and lost its quiver. Then, like other spots visited, loved, revered and regretted, Rome was left behind.

But with a difference. Other places, no matter how much loved and regretted, live in the memory as when we last beheld them. Venice, first of all cities in loveliness and individual beauty, lingers in the mind as when we last saw her, smiling in the summer sunlight under the bluest of skies, her fairy palaces rising dreamlike from the sea. The picture last printed on the memory endures forever. But with the eternal city it is not so. The farther away one is, the nearer she looms in the imagination—all other places become dwarfed. Every spot is idealized, every haunt sacred. One feels that only to stand on the curbstone in the Piazza Venezia and listen to the newsboys crying the *Tribuna* and the *Popolo Romano* as the twilight gathers and the long line of carriages passes in and out of the Corso, would be a joy. The disappointments of the first days are forgotten; the memory of petty grievances and

vexations fades away. The city that was and was not the thing we dreamed of, becomes again the dream. The story of the ages, the beginning, the growth, the triumph, the decay, of old and new civilizations, takes an incarnate shape and is embalmed in stone—we see the Eternal City, and again we write it **ROME!**

IN THE LAND OF THE MANDOLIN.

I.

Vedi Napoli e poi muori runs the proverb. The Neapolitans repeat it over and over again, and believe in it. One can, indeed, dream of nothing lovelier than floating on that glorious bay with the glittering white city, the castle of St. Elmo crowning the summit of the hill, in front of one; with the hills of Ischia and Capri looming dimly in the purple twilight at either end; while the thin column of smoke from the crater of Vesuvius rises far away to the right against the blue Italian sky. So much is seen, so much unseen—suggested only. Though old Vesuvius may look comparatively harmless, as we slumber on the blue water under the blue sky in the lazy afternoon, we know that, over there behind those white villages, lies the city of the ancients once buried deep by him in the day of his wrath—kindly, perhaps, with a thought of the pleasure he was laying in store for us modern people—but with such an accompaniment of horrors as makes the mind tremble to think upon. One cannot see Pompei; but one knows it is there; and that is the charm. One could

not tell at a distance what they were, but one knows that the patches of green down below the black plain of ashes on the mountain side, represent thick clustering vines grown for that strong red and white wine called *Lacrimae Christi*, to drink of which is so dangerous if you wish to travel fast or far. Of Sorrento one can see only the cliffs with their white villas and hotels, gleaming high above the purple water; but the thought of the orange groves nestling in the hollow under the hills behind, with their golden burden and fresh blossoms that fill the night with fragrance, throws a romantic charm over the picturesque town. And there is Torre del Greco, a place that has been destroyed more than twenty times and still stands—wonderful little town—so full of life and vigor, at the foot of the volcano. “Naples commits all the sins and Torre pays for them,” say the Neapolitans, in spite of the very different lesson the gospels teach us in reference to tumbling towers. Naples does, indeed, commit all the sins; but if Torre paid for more than her own, her destruction would need to be very complete and to overtake her every day.

Vedi Napoli e poi muori. I saw it first in the cold grey dawn of a February morning from the deck of a coasting steamer. After landing and spending the day prowling around the city, threading my way through those narrow little streets that are all steps, jostling the crowd of beggars and mandolin-players that haunt Santa Lucia, and sauntering through that noisy thoroughfare, the Via Roma, I

came to the conclusion that no one had ever been so prepossessed with Naples as to be willing to give up the ghost after a sight thereof—though thousands must have died from the smell.

At first the place is almost unbearable. Hundreds of people come every year and remain a few days, going away because they cannot stand it. Foolish tourists—it is the most fascinating city in the world—as well as one of the dirtiest; the charm grows upon you every hour, every minute, the longer you stay. Not the charm that appeals to the mind or the soul or the artistic sense; but a sensuous charm that lures one into a state of dreamy intoxication. One realizes why it is that, in all the many centuries of her existence, this lovely city has never produced its quota of great men or minds; the air of Naples induces a delicious langour; life in the present seems all sufficient, the toil and endeavor of a less lovely land forgotten. It is a life akin to that of the lotus-eaters, a land where it is always afternoon.

The population is in the neighborhood of half a million—mostly beggars. Among the beggars I include the cabbies as well as the mandolin players. All are thieves. Of godliness, and of that virtue which is accounted next to godliness, I do not think any of these people have ever heard. Nevertheless, when you have once got used to them and are no longer conscious of the difference between right and wrong, cleanliness or dirt, they are delightful in their way. When your nose is once acclimated and you have abandoned the last remnant of personal dignity,

go and stroll down in the Villa Nazionale and through Santa Lucia and the narrow lanes. The life you will see there is full of interest.

First there are the cabbies, an infernal nuisance everywhere, but in Naples beggaring all description. They stand in groups, playing with one another, tickling and pinching each other and then running away with screams of laughter, playing pranks that we Anglo-Saxons begin to look upon as childish when we discard petticoats and assume jacket and trousers. When they see you coming, all rush forward together and lay violent hands upon you. It is a perfect Bedlam; the flattery, the lies, the disputation among themselves, the inducements offered by this one and that, the pulling about you get—in no other city could one stand such effrontery for a moment. But however indignant I might be in the beginning, I was always obliged to laugh in the end, the scene was so absurd. But everyone does not laugh; an insular Britisher at the hotel where I was staying spent one evening on the verge of apoplexy; he had been lifted into a cab against his will. There is no danger of being taken against your will, however; if you are lifted in, in spite of yourself, on one side, there is always a gang of them ready to lift you out on the other, each man in the hope that you will end by engaging him.

Then there is the Neapolitan woman, a glorious creature—well built and healthy-looking, with olive skin and eyes like a vision of Mahomet's paradise. Her raven locks are surmounted by a gaudy silk

handkerchief, large rings hang from her ears, and she has the manner of a sultana. She carries two babies, one on each arm; and half a dozen children, with eyes like their mother, play around her. As you approach, this superb creature places herself square in front of you, and the children cling to your trousers. All cry with one voice, "*Ho molto fame, signore*," (I am very hungry, sir) "*ho molto fame, signore, ho molto fame.*"

You stand still a moment, looking at her eyes; the vision repays you for the interruption in your walk. She improves the moment, breaking forth into a rhapsody. She has seen many a man who is *bel bello* (very handsome); but of all the *bel bellos* she has ever seen you are the most *bel bello*; she is poor and miserable and wretched, and so are her children—nine of them, or ten, or perhaps twenty; and all on the verge of starvation—but a single penny bestowed by such an Adonis as yourself would turn purgatory for them into paradise,—“Give me but one, you angel!”

It is hard to get rid of this woman, hard to refuse her. But then, farther along, you see so many more of them waiting for you; and you know that one penny bestowed will bring the whole street after you; you do refuse. “I am very hungry, too,” I used to say—“and as for beauty and health, look at me and say which of us two is the fairer and the fatter?” But it was of no use; if I gave the penny they would all pray for me so hard that I would soon be as fat as a porpoise—and even more *bello*.

Then there are the men of the port, dark-skinned

and lithe, with red caps on their heads and eyes as full of wickedness as any of Byron's villains. Indeed they look as if they had stepped bodily out of the *Corsair* or *Don Juan*. One of them seizes you by the lappels of your coat, and, showing the whites of his eyes and grinning from ear to ear, begs of you to entrust yourself to him. There are things in Naples that he can show you and no other man can, places to which he can take you for less money than any other villain in the universe. A dozen of his companions vociferously declare to you that he is a liar and a knave—which you could tell quite easily from looking at his face—and that they and not he are the safest guides on sea or shore. You shake him off, and he goes away laughing; you shake them all off: but they turn up at intervals of every two minutes, still laughing and grimacing, full of flattery and lies, holding out their hands and asking at least for a *buona mano*—which is a Neapolitan euphemism for a tip.

Then there is the street boy. He goes along beside you, turning head over heels in a long succession of somersaults; and ends by standing on his head just between your legs, so that you cannot move without kicking him in the neck. As he stands there he cries lustily, "*Un soldo, signorino, un soldo*,"—a ha'penny, sir, a ha'penny. You jump back and go round him. He sees himself outwitted and tries again. Again outwitted, he runs away to find some other foreigner, laughing heartily. He is like all the others, shameless but good-natured. One pleasing trait of

character the Neapolitans have; they are a happy people. "Be virtuous and you will be happy" is an old adage. Visit Naples, and you will learn that the one state does not necessarily imply the other.

Then there is the old man with the mandolin, who holds out his hat; he is the professional mandolin-player. Those who are playing the mandolin and have no hats, are playing only for their own or other peoples' amusement, and are amateurs. If they hold out a hand (as they frequently do) they are infringing on the rights of a privileged class of persons. In this calling, as in others, there are amateurs who intrude upon professional rights. But the old mandolin man with the hat who confronts you everywhere lives by playing. If I were to say how often a hat—and such a hat!—is held before you, I should be disbelieved. He is always old—sometimes blind—sometimes one leg is wanting, sometimes both—but he always has a hat. His clothes are always scanty, and in such a state of decay that it is marvellous how they hang together; his execution is feeble, his music inferior to that of the amateur. But you need not listen to it long; stand still a moment, and he will stop and hold out the hat.

Then on the Villa Nazionale is the man with every variety of tortoise-shell comb for sale, which he pesters you to buy, following you and flourishing first one kind of comb and then another in your face. The price gets lower and lower, until one wonders how little he will take.

Then there is the flower-seller. It is difficult to

pass him by, so lovely is his display. Such flowers as one sees in Naples! Enormous bunches of sweet violets piled, one on top of another, heaps of daffodils and jonquils, glorious camellias, pink and white and rose color, a perfect joy! One flower-man especially amused me. My ideal flower-seller is a girl of sweet sixteen with a bright face and winning manner; but the person who used to display the loveliest flowers in all Naples was a coarse, overgrown youth of eighteen or twenty, with sharp, protruding teeth and large horny hands. Yet, withal, he had the manner of a little girl, and a rather silly one at that, running after everybody with leers and grimaces, paying extravagant compliments, and pleading with the language and gestures of a prima donna in a love-scene. One morning he caught me in his arms and by main force pinned a superb scarlet camellia in my button-hole, saying as he did so, "Heavens, what an effect! If you knew how well you looked with that, you would never go without one again."

"I don't want one," I said angrily; "and I won't pay for it." "Take it as a gift then," said the wretch, clasping his hands in a transport of admiration; "take it as a gift—only take it!"

I had a cigarette-case in my hand; and, determined not to pay for what I did not want, threw him a cigarette, saying, "there—be off!" Alas! I discovered too late that the cigarette was worth more than the flower; and every morning after, as I turned the corner, I had the creature dancing round me like a monkey, flourishing camellias and crying "*Una*

cigaretta, Signore, una cigarette!" Here as elsewhere experience is the only teacher.

Then there are the cameo-sellers, who ply their trade anywhere and everywhere. You get cameos in the shops; but unsuspecting people must sometimes patronize the hawkers in the streets, or they would not be there. It takes a long time to make a purchase unless you wish to get rid of your money in a hurry. Vendors of corals are another pest; it is better to buy them of the women in Capri. They ask five francs when you land, come down a few soldi every few minutes, and when you are on the point of embarking to return to Naples, offer you the article for half a franc; then buy it. Quack doctors are to be found in Naples as everywhere else; and are as delightful as in other lands.

Vendors of flowers and cameos and coral are to be found only in the Villa Nazionale and the principal thoroughfares and squares. In the narrow streets where the poorer classes live it is the sellers of food and useful wares that predominate; and they do not molest a stranger—though a man once did try to coax me into buying a pair of chickens. Everywhere is macaroni, a dozen different kinds of it—displayed for sale on trays, ready for cooking, being cooked, and being eaten. The Neapolitans live in the streets, eat, drink, talk, quarrel, sing and sleep there. The noise and the dirt are indescribable. All these old streets are very narrow and the houses are many storeys high; the bright sunlight cannot enter, save when the sun is directly overhead. The

sunshine and the black shadows, the white houses and the crowds of people, remind one often of Spain. Besides which, it should not be forgotten that Naples and Sicily were once an appendage of the old Spanish monarchy.

Naples is built on the side of a steep hill—so steep that many of the narrow streets are nothing but steps from one end to the other. It is a picturesque sight that meets the eye, standing at one end and looking up or down. The washing is hung on ropes from window to window across the street, and sometimes you rub your face against some garment drying, as you pass. The street is full of people, all chattering and smoking, except those who are asleep on benches in front of their doors; and all happy as the day is long. Cries resound on all sides from hawkers, who are selling everything in the way of eatables that you can think of, carrying trays on barrows or in baskets slung on their arms. Black goats run up and down the stone stairways, and go even into the houses to be milked:—strange sight to the western eye, a city where they do the cooking in the street and the milking in the house. Even cows are sometimes compelled to climb up and down these steps, when brought into town to be milked; but I believe the cow is forbidden the house. The patient donkey may be seen waiting in front of many a door, while his master or mistress tarries to smoke a cigarette or enjoy a short gossip with olive-skinned Fiametta, as she stands with sleeves rolled up, preparing the macaroni for the midday meal. In these

narrow lanes you see, of course, no horses; if you wish to drive, you must go through these long winding streets that stretch in serpentine curves backward and forward, until they reach the upper portion of the city after a lengthy ascent.

As you walk up or down the stone stairways you pass through a noisy crowd—women washing babies, women washing clothes, women washing macaroni, women cooking, people eating and drinking, quarrelling or singing, people playing the mandolin, hawkers crying their wares, drivers of donkeys or goats, screaming as they go by—it is all noise and confusion—but a most picturesque sight the dirty street. And the people have all the same happy-go-lucky, lazy look of contentment, even when they hold out a hand and tell you they have not eaten for a week. They have no care or thought for the morrow, many of them no occupation—except begging. And life in the street is so very easy—you do the washing there, and when it is done you have only to upset the tub, and there is all the trouble of carrying away the water saved—it runs over the street. You boil the macaroni at a little charcoal stove and take it out and nibble at it, holding it high above your head, when it is ready to be eaten. You shell peas and empty the pods where you sit. After eating it is as easy to wash dishes and throw away the water as at a picnic. Then you can tilt your chair against the side of the house and smoke a cigarette and go to sleep just where you are. Tourists avoid these streets and seldom go about Naples on foot; they say it is dangerous and

disgusting, the place is so dirty. I found it delightful; and used to boast that I never encountered anything disagreeable. It was a mistake to boast, however; for the next time I went out, a woman who was making an omelette threw away the egg-shells just as I passed, and they flew in my face. I went along with little bits of egg sticking to my cheeks and coat collar. But these are trifles. The ordinary tourist who lives at a big hotel up on the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele and drives out to do the "sights" with a handkerchief held to his nose, does not see Naples at all. To see it you must see the people at home—that is to say in the street; Naples is always at home to anybody who has legs and can use them.

Morning down on the shore of the bay, the Villa Nazionale on one side and the blue blue water on the other, is delightful in the extreme. The Villa Nazionale is a large garden or park, planted with palms and other trees, and full of flowers. At the back is a long row of old lofty houses; and the narrow streets leading out of it between the houses, are of the kind above described. I used to saunter, every morning, up and down along the paved road with a stone parapet that abuts on the bay, beset by hawkers, persecuted by beggars and mobbed by cabbies—until at last they all came to know me and met me only with a grin and "good morning." The old fishermen with their hard weather-beaten faces sun-browned to the color of mahogany, were a curious and always interesting sight, as they stood in lines of fifteen or twenty, rope in hand, bringing in their nets. Hundreds of people lay

about on the stone parapet or were lolling on benches, dreamily doing nothing. As you approach Santa Lucia on the one side, the crowd thickens, and the villains on the look-out for a job or (more often) for some one to rob, become a nuisance, annoying you with their perpetual attentions. At the other end, where the road narrows and runs along the shore in the direction of Posilipo, the women with babies are the chief annoyance. Nowhere did there seem to be so many mothers and such an appalling number of young children as there; I could count five or six large women ahead of me, each waiting with her two babies and her dozen of children, at every turn. The cry "Ho molto fame" will always be associated in my mind with that road.

You look out on the water where the sunlight is playing on the ripples and on the boats and cordage, over to where the blue hills of Capri are sleeping in the purple sea. Some days it looks near and others far; I never saw Capri look twice just the same; but it is always beautiful, and never quite distinct. Glance shoreward toward the city, and the eye rests with delight on the old mass of red and yellow buildings on Pizzofalcone, a spur from the hill behind, which rises, dividing the city, behind the busy quarter called Santa Lucia. Away over behind one can see the thin column of smoke from Vesuvius rising into the blue heavens. Over all falls the glorious sunlight, beating on the blue water of the bay, on the white stone of the newer buildings, the old red and yellowish tints of Pizzofalcone and the

flowers and palms of the Villa ; and the smell of the sea comes to you at every breath, mingling with the not-so-pleasing odors of the city behind you ; and you begin to feel something of the delicious languor, characteristic of the place and people, that impels you to sit down like the beggars and the macaroni-men and enjoy a smoke under the influence of the morning sun.

One sight the most indifferent of tourists must see : the mandolin-player is ubiquitous ; him you cannot escape. They perform every night in the hotels and in the street outside. Usually four or five come in together, with mandolins and guitars ; Neapolitan songs are sung, and they dance the tarantella. They are very emotional these people, and though most of them have never been out of Naples and never expect to go, they cannot sing "Napoli" without tears—the very thought of saying "Good-bye, my beautiful Naples," being too much for them. In every street and alleyway, at the door of every church, at the corner of every thoroughfare, is heard the tinkle of the mandolin. The road to Pompei is full of musicians ; at Portici, at Resina, at Torre, at Torre Annunziata, at the gate of Pompei you find them performing. The tinkle is heard on Vesuvius, mingling with the rumble of the volcano ; it answers the moan of the waves on the shore of Castellammare ; it is heard in the orange groves of Sorrento ; it echoes among the rocky crags of Capri—you cannot get away from it. At last I declared that if I threw myself down the crater at Vesuvius I should expect to find a man playing on the mandolin, tumbling down alongside of me.

II.

There are many ways of getting to Pompei; you can go by train or drive or foot it. I have tried all three. The first is a very unromantic method; the guide-book tells you of the views to be seen from the carriage window, and of the celebrated spots over which you pass; but you see the views and feel the proper thrill at the historic stopping-places only if you keep one eye glued to the guide-book and the other to the time-table. In a smoking-carriage, wedged in between beery Germans, gossiping Americans and dirty Neapolitans, how can one see anything of the romantic Bay or experience any heart-throbs at the thought of passing over the buried city of Herculaneum?

A drive to Pompei is quite exciting; but the excitement is caused by the driver. I have never seen anything like the Neapolitan grin. The cabby turns around and faces you with his mouth open from ear to ear. It is not, as Dickens would say, "one vast substantial smile," but the grin of a wicked Italian, the grimace of a mischievous imp. He tries to persuade you to go to—some place in just the opposite direction to whither you are bound, stops here there and everywhere, urging you to change your mind. These creatures chatter all sorts of nonsense, never ceasing to grin the while. What other people do I don't know; I always got out or made a pretence of getting out, which was the signal for a hurried start in the right direction. You go along at such a rapid

rate that you expect to run over scores and kill some dozen or so of the populace. Not at all; when the speed slackens and the dust you have raised begins to settle, you find the populace are driving with you. They hang on before and behind; one sits beside the driver, another on his knee; if you let them alone they will soon be sitting on *your* knee. All this I never permitted; but it was a fatiguing warfare I waged. Cabby and I fought all the time; he never drove respectably; either we were stopping for him to talk, or we were tearing along at break-neck pace enveloped in a cloud of dust, with screams echoing on all sides; there was no medium. As a rule I took a stick with me; and by flourishing it in every direction as we went, managed to keep the carriage clear of hangers-on. As to the talking, I was accustomed to engage a carriage in this manner: "I am going to Pompei—do you understand?—to Pompei: we go direct, and no one is allowed to jump on (I will see to that myself)—and the first word you speak—mark this attentively—I will get out and take another cab."

One day I was as good as my word; I did get out, old habit having proved too strong for cabby. The next day I engaged the same man; and though he frequently turned round with the same old grin, he found me frowning and prepared to jump; he said not a word.

It is an interesting road if rather dusty, running through the east end of Naples, through Portici and Resina, Torre del Greco and Torre Annunziata. All the way you meet crowds of people, doing nothing

till they see you coming, when they all fly forward at once with outstretched hands, swarms of beggars old and young, soldiers, women—everyone looking jaunty, happy and dirty. The *Bersaglieri* in workaday costume, with red caps on their handsome heads, come along in companies in a sort of Indian trot; old men with mandolins hold out a feeble hand with a hat in it as if by instinct, though they may be at a second storey window; women with babies, unable to press through the throng, cry “*Molto fame*,” catching you for a moment with a gleam of their bright eyes; children yell, sailors grin wickedly at you and say “*Buona passeggiata—buona mano*,” as you whirl by them. Everywhere is macaroni hanging out to dry, all kinds of it, hung in the bright sunshine. It is better not to look at it; you will have to eat it in an hour or two, and the less you see of it off the table the keener appetite you will have for it there.

It is a long walk to Pompei, fifteen miles of hot, dusty road. I have walked out—or started to walk out—more than once. One day I got as far as Torre del Greco, and it began to rain in big drops. I took a *vetturino*.

Now the guide-book says “Whatever you do, never get into a *vetturino*”; and as most tourists believe as firmly in the guide-book as John Knox believed in the devil, they are not likely to be led astray and follow my example. It looks like a gypsy-waggon, straw in the bottom, two long seats at the sides, and a white covering. Inside it is full of fleas—and other things. I got in, partly to escape a wetting,

and partly because I like to defy the guide-book. There were five women and one man in it. They were as kind as possible and insisted upon my taking the best seat, that beside the driver. Had I not had it, I could not have remained—it was awful inside. As it was, I had a comfortable seat and could put my head out into the open whenever I wanted a breath. The guide-book is right; it is a mistake to get into a *vetturino*.

When we reached Torre Annunziata it stopped raining, and I was able to say good-bye to the people in the *vetturino*. The summit of Vesuvius was hidden in the clouds, and there was a mist lower down, concealing the bare black plains of ashes and old lava. The vineyards, however, where the vines had as yet not budded, showed clearly; and the straggling villages of Boscoreale and Boscotrecase, that lie on the side of the mountain next to Pompei, were conspicuous in the misty gleams of sunshine that fell on their white houses. To the stranger these villages suggest bravado; they seem to be right in the path of destruction, standing as they do between Pompei and the crater, half way up the mountain side. As a matter of fact, however, all the recent lava streams are crossed the other side of the mountain; and Torre del Greco, which is really nearer, has been destroyed when these venturesome villages have escaped. Women have a pleasant habit of standing at the gate of Pompei and saying, "Suppose it is buried again, to-day, while we are in it? It might be; for what has happened once may happen again."

Should this unlooked-for catastrophe occur, Boscotreale and Boscotrecase will never be heard of more.

The sweeping curve of the bay here is lovely. You look over at the white houses of Castellammare with the mountains rising behind; and then on the placid water of a deep purple-blue, at its foot. It is classic ground, famous in ancient story, celebrated in English song. I do not know just where Shelley wrote his lovely "stanzas"; I suppose any place along the shore of the bay would be equally fitted to inspire them. But roaming on the beach near Castellammare suggests Shelley. You look down at the water and—

" See the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strown"—

and then along the line of the shore, and

" Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light."

The air is redolent of poetry. The matchless charm of the scene, the sea and sky, the mountains and vallies, lull one into a sensuous dream. And Shelley's lines come back to you, one and all; there is all the outward charm, and, coupled with it, the sense of something wanting; the outward eye is conscious of an environment of perfect beauty, the inner sense of a want that fails to find for itself expression.

There are three or four inns near the gate of Pompei, all more or less primitive, but all comfortable abodes if you wish to remain for some days in

the immediate vicinity of the ancient city. As a rule these inns are patronized only by visitors coming from Naples for the day. They lunch there and "do" Pompei in a few hours, returning to the town in the evening. But a few ardent and erratic souls who wish for more than a passing glimpse of the wonders of the place, find it convenient to lodge thereat. At "Diomedes's Hotel" which stands just by the wall of Pompei and a few steps from the modern gate of the city, I found a comfortable lodging for several days. It is primitive and clean—a not always obtainable combination in the land of the mandolin. The ground floor consists of several dining-rooms, outer, inner and innermost, with a kitchen attached. To get to my room I was obliged to go through the kitchen, then through the garden, then up a flight of steps cut in the wall of Pompei, and lastly over the kitchen roof—happily flat. Had the second destruction of Pompei, expected by so many female tourists, taken place during my stay, I should have been the last to escape. At night I had to be led up and down by a man who carried a lantern. Had the weather been inclement I could not have indulged in much running to and from my bedroom; happily it never rained more than a few drops at a time.

The city of Pompei is beautifully kept, and well guarded from the meddlesome fingers of unprincipled foreigners, who would be only too glad to carry it away, piece by piece, in their pockets. Barely a half of it is excavated as yet; and it will take at least

fifty years to complete the work at the present rate of progress. But a vast deal has been done ; and, as you enter the gate, you can see the ancient city rising "majestic though in ruin" before your eyes. The streets stretch this way and that and are lost in the distance—as an American friend once said of Gibraltar, "It's quite a settlement ; but it looks vurry, vurry old."

The guides are a fine body of men, well chosen, and some of them speaking two or three languages—though I own that, if you wish them to be intelligible, it is wise to let them speak Italian. Though, like most of my countrymen, I cannot speak French with ease, I cannot endure to have it spoken by an Italian. English, Germans and Italians have each their own method of murdering the French language ; but inasmuch as our way differs from that of the others, we naturally consider it to be the only tolerable one. The guides follow you about ; they are forbidden to let you go around alone. But they leave you to yourself if you desire it, never hurry you, and it is always convenient to have one of them within call ; many houses are locked, and many rooms and pictures shown only on request. Without the guide you would fare badly. These rules and regulations do not apply on Thursdays, when you are admitted free ; but on Thursdays one cannot get into the closed houses nor obtain a glimpse of the curious sights which reveal to the modern world the condition of social life and morals in a Roman city of the first century.

It is always a difficult question to answer "What sort of a place is this or that?" Places, like people, never appear wholly the same to two different pairs of eyes. "Tell me what your taste is," says Ruskin, "and I will tell you what you are." The wise man and the fool, the unlettered man and the erudite, will alike look with interest upon Vesuvius in eruption, pouring forth its lava stream and sending its thick column of smoke a mile up into the blue heavens. But let them descend the mountain side and enter the old Roman city, and what to one will be a joy unspeakable will to the other be a dreary disappointment. It is "the correct thing" to rave about it; but thousands come and go away again, delighted in their hearts to think that it is done with.

Two things are indispensable to the perfect enjoyment of Pompei; if you have them, even in a slight degree, your visit to the city will be an epoch in your life; if you have them not, your admiration will be feigned, and the gratification you express will be merely to conceal your disappointment. Given a certain degree of imaginative power and a slight acquaintance with the language and the civilization of the Roman world, and Pompei will surpass all your wildest expectations; without these it must disappoint you. The houses, streets, shops, theatres and baths are all there; but they were buried for eighteen centuries in ashes and lava; the roofs of the houses are gone, most (not all) of their furniture destroyed; the pictures on the walls, though in a wonderful state of preservation considering the

circumstances, sometimes half obliterated, and nearly always defaced in some degree; nothing is perfect. The bare walls of houses stand in rows, houses open to the light of day, the temple in the Forum as destroyed by the earthquake, the market-place empty and ghost-like. If you have no imagination, no inner eye to see with, you cannot rebuild that which is fallen down, repaint and refurnish those desolate homes, nor repeople those deserted thoroughfares. If you have not sufficient knowledge of the old civilization to be able to image to yourself the men and women who ate and drank, bought and sold, loved and hated and married and died in that ancient city under the shadow of Vesuvius, if the inscriptions and names of things which catch your eye might as well be written in Turkish or Japanese for all you can make of them, then must this enchanting city be to you nothing but a confused jumble of old stone walls, the symbol or relic of something, you know not what.

But walk about a little, and let your imagination have free play. Ask your guide questions about this, that and the other; let your mind turn back to the great museum at Naples, and gather together all the treasures you found in its galleries; read the inscriptions just as you come across them, as if you were arriving in the town in the year 30 A.D. to visit some friends; get yourself body and soul into the old world of Imperial Rome, concentrated for the time being in this little provincial town—and lo! it is all there, all impact, built up and alive with people—all is present. Elsewhere one builds up in the imagina-

tion; but nowhere else can one do it as at Pompei, because nowhere else is there so much to build with. The houses are there and the rooms, the ovens, the receptacles for the wine and olive oil; and in the museum you saw the cooking utensils and some loaves of bread, meat prepared for dinner, figs and olives—a little hard and black after eighteen centuries of interment—but suggestive. In the little bedrooms or *cubicula* the slaves slept; in here the master of the house received his guests and transacted business; you see the pictures on the walls, the furniture is gone. But out here in the open court behind, you find a marble table and an altar; there the family spent the most of their time. There is the dining-room with its fine colored wall, there the kitchen with its oven, there the staircase. Another room; it must have been a bedroom surely—rather dark—you think of all those little bronze lamps you saw in the museum that were picked up here; they were carried in and out by servants, running at the call of Marcus or Caius or Julia or young Marcellus. Look through that open door; it leads into the garden. Cannot you see the old Roman family, living, before you?

It is a good thing to go into a house and stay there until you know how a Roman house was laid out; afterwards you will not need to be told which part is which. The houses differ greatly in size and vary in plan; but they are all built on the same principle. There are enormous houses with any number of rooms, and nothing distinctive about them; there are small houses and mean; and some beautiful

and with an individuality of their own, such as the lovely *Casa Nuova* recently excavated. Then learn the shops and then the baths. As one knows something of the interior of a modern house by looking up at it from the outside, so one can soon get acquainted with the plan of Roman houses in Pompei; and, walking along the street, you can image to yourself the view behind this wall and that. Make yourself at home in the house of the tragic poet. He is thinking too much of his tragedies to attend to the mundane affairs of life; so you must do your own catering. You go down into the market, buy some fish of the fishmongers in the centre, then call at a butcher's stall at the side and order some meat. This done, you go to look for a bakery. You find one and order your bread. A few steps further and you pass a wine-shop. Poets rarely forget to keep a supply of wine on hand to stimulate their inspiration; but in case this poet should have forgotten, request some to be sent to the house while you think of it. Rather tired of the noise and the dust, you ask the way to the baths, and enjoy a cool plunge, listening afterwards to the gossip of the men around you, though you do not know their names. They are whispering together, talking of the latest freak of Tiberius, who is living in seclusion over there in Capreæ not so very far off; and somebody is telling a hideous tale of the tyranny of Sejanus up in Rome. Really, now that so very little frequently condemns a man to arrest on a charge of treason, it is hardly safe to speak about such things. Coming out refreshed

you call at a tavern, seeing one on your way back, and have a cup of wine. Then, returning home, you drag the poet out for a stroll in the Forum before supper, and suggest going to the theatre on the morrow. For the time being you must live in Pompei, and not be merely looking at the ruins of it; and there is so much, so very much of it there that this can be done by anyone who will remain for a day or two to get familiar with the place. The thousand trifles that have been found put us in touch with the former occupants. In Rome you look at the ancient Romans as you look at kings and queens of the present day; they bow to you graciously from their carriages, and you see them moving about in dignified, royal fashion, remembering ever that they are in the public eye. But in Pompei you can sit with the slaves in the kitchen, chat with the family in the *peristylum*, and, if you prefer low company, lounge in the little room behind the wine-shop at the corner. It is a delightful place for one who wishes to see the ancients at home.

The few scholars and artists whom I encountered spent their time copying frescoes and making notes. As I had then no intention of writing about the place, I had nothing to do; and simply sauntered about with a guide following afar, making friends with the former owners of the city. Bulwer Lytton's Pompeiians I did not meet; my acquaintances were not nearly so respectable as his heroes and heroines; in fact they were most disreputable people, and their friendship in any city of the modern world would be enough to

cut one off from any but the very best society. One superiority to the modern Neapolitan they had ; they bathed often. But, like the modern Neapolitan, they had no respect for anything in the world, human or divine, a shameless people. However they were a novelty ; and, being only ghosts, I fell into no mischief among them.

I passed two or three days in this profitable and fascinating manner, before I began to think of doing anything else. Then, one evening, I decided to go up Vesuvius the next day for a change. We were coming out of the city, my companion and I, and going into the inn for dinner ; it was beginning to rain and looked rather cheerless ; we both commenced to grumble. " If it rains I can't go out," I said to him ; " and I shall have to spend a dull evening, with only you for company."

" Just what I was thinking," was his rejoinder ; " I shall have nothing to do but smoke and yawn ; for you know your conversation is apt to become flat."

But life, when you are travelling, is one long comedy. It may sometimes drag a little ; but new characters enter when you least expect them, and your interest revives again. Sometimes it becomes a screaming farce. This night was one of those times. We expected it to be a dull evening ; but it was full of amusement.

When we went in we looked into the inner dining-room, the *sala da pranzo*, and found the table laid for six instead of for two, as usual ; after the daily sight-seers vanished we were ordinarily left alone

together. Wondering who the four strangers might be, we went off to get brushed up for dinner.

When we returned we found two of them seated at the table, waiting for dinner; and took our places opposite to them. Two women sat side by side, one large and imposing, clad in sober brown, the other slight and short, wearing a red jacket embroidered with gold braid. Both had a pre-occupied, intense air, and seemed to be self-absorbed. One glance at them was sufficient to reveal at least a few facts concerning them; they were English, they were maiden ladies—and they both had wheels in their heads.

I dislike sitting and looking at people without knowing their names. It is impossible (unless you come from Kansas) to look across a table and say "What is your name, M or N?" to a stranger; so I give them all names "out of my own head." The taller and older of the two was a majestic person with a large mouth and a tragic air about her brow. She suggested voluminous correspondence and a capacity of going through with anything she undertook even unto the death; I named her Clarissa. The younger, who wore the red jacket, had rather a handsome face. She had evidently been born into the world to follow the lead of the elder, as far as her body and mind could support the strain. She had a nervous mouth and large dark eyes, the sort of eyes that denote incipient insanity, and which may be studied in the members of the Society for promoting Psychical Research. Thinking of the Society for Psychical Research suggested Mr. Stead; and I named her

Julia in compliment to his familiar spirit. Each, I felt sure, had a monomania; and it must be the same monomania or they would never have sat so quietly, side by side, waiting for dinner. I knew it would show itself before long, and was content to sit still in expectation.

It did. A dish of macaroni was brought in and put before each of us; and we commenced to eat. Friend McDonald helped himself to wine, which he drank without water. I poured out some for myself, and was proceeding to fill the glass from the water decanter, when Julia cried impulsively, "Oh!—don't!—stop!"—and Clarissa added in sepulchral tones, "Do you know what you are doing?"

Instinctively I hung my head with shame, resting the water decanter on the table. "I was only going to fill my glass with water," I said meekly.

"You are mad—you will kill yourself," said Julia intensely—"don't!"

"Only going to fill up your glass with water," repeated Clarissa with scathing contempt in every syllable—"only going to poison yourself, to kill yourself—only endeavoring to introduce cholera or typhoid or some other dangerous disease into your system—and yet you say 'only.'"

"I always drink a little water with my wine," I said feebly. "I like it better so, for I drink a great deal, being a thirsty soul. Is it dangerous?"

"Dangerous?" said Julia—"it is death. The water is full of death."

"It is full of microbes," added Clarissa.

Microbes—this, then, was their hobby: they had microbes on the brain.

"Microbes?" I said; "I know nothing of microbes."

"Evidently not," said Clarissa with emphasis; "we do. We know that the water in Italy is unfit to drink, being full of germs. The microbes swarm. At any moment the water-drinker may succumb to cholera or typhoid fever—possibly both."

"Everybody drinks water," I remarked dubiously; "and yet people live."

"Everybody does *not* drink water," said Clarissa; "and those who do sooner or later pay the penalty."

"We have been six weeks on the continent," said Julia, "and we have not tasted one drop of water; we know the danger. The water in Rome is said to be the best in the world; but we did not drink it, because we knew that, when we left, we should feel the want of it the more. Every day, every hour, I long for a glass of water. I would give anything to have one now. But not for all the world could I be persuaded to taste a drop."

"No one but a fool," said Clarissa, "would run the risk of disease and death for the sake of gratifying a moment's whim by taking a drink. The water is full of microbes; no wise man or woman would touch it."

"I have been in Italy for months," I said in answer; "I have been drinking water constantly, and have suffered from neither fever nor cholera, nor any other ailment."

"Perhaps, if you persevere, you will find out your

error in the end," said Clarissa grimly; "one never knows just when the microbes will take effect."

"You have escaped hitherto," said Julia; "you may die to-morrow."

"We shall see," I said gravely, filling up my glass as I spoke and tasting the mixture. "At any rate I am going to risk it."

Julia looked at me in pity, Clarissa in scorn.

"I don't drink very much water," I said in apology; "you can see, yourselves, how little."

"What matter how little or how much?" said Clarissa in a tone of voice which spoke volumes of contempt for such a person—"one drop is sufficient should it contain the microbes."

"I suppose so."

"You suppose so—then why do it?"

"I don't know," I answered, feeling like a worm. "The water of Rome is the best in the world; that of Naples now comes from the same source. The guide-book tells you when to avoid the water."

"And you trust entirely to the guide-book in matters of life and death?" said Clarissa derisively.

Friend McDonald kicked me under the table, for this was a tender point. I always laugh at people who live according to Baedeker.

"No," I said—"but in this one point I am guided by it. Do you really believe one drop of this water taken into the mouth is sufficient to cause death?"

"Certainly," said Clarissa emphatically; "one drop certainly is sufficient. A consistent and sensible person would hardly question the statement."

"But there are times—different times—when one can hardly help taking one drop; what is one to do?"

"You can boil the water," said Clarissa.

"There we disagree in practice though not in theory," said Julia nervously, looking at Clarissa; "my friend always boils the water in the morning for her teeth; I do not—though when I take it into my mouth I am careful not to swallow a drop."

I kicked Friend McDonald, and then blushed—it was difficult to repress a smile. "It seems to me you run a great risk," I said; "if I thought as you do, I should boil the water for my teeth."

Then they began to argue the question between them. We listened with keen appreciation. In the middle of the argument there was a bustle in the room outside; and, a moment after, entered Mrs. Hobson, U.S.A., followed by her son.

Mrs. Hobson was a short, stout woman with a flat face. She had her bonnet on her head, and held both hands up before her, bandaged with handkerchiefs. She was followed by her son, a lanky youth of eighteen or twenty with a lean greyish face and large spectacles on a small nose. The chair at the head of the table was empty; and Mrs. Hobson sank into it as one exhausted.

We expected her to faint away; but she didn't. Her eyes closed; but her mouth opened and she spoke. "Wal—I've done Pompei and Vesuvius – and Pompei and Vesuvius have done me. They're done—and I'm done!"

There was a pause; and feeling it incumbent on

somebody to say something, I hazarded a remark.—“If you did them both to-day, it is no wonder you are tired; to do so much in one day is not advisable.”

“We lose no time,” drawled Mrs. Hobson, opening her eyes to see what manner of man she was addressing, and then shutting them again, as though a short view of him was sufficient; “we’ve no time to spare. We do Castellammare and Sorrento, to-morrow—then Amalfi and then Capri—we don’t stay long at a place—do it and go on. We came out from Naples at eight o’clock this morning and did Pompei—finishing at one. Then we lunched at this place. Allowing one hour for lunch, we took horses at two o’clock to make the ascent of Vesuvius; we just had time to get up and get down. We rode up, and I was carried over to see the lava in a basket. I felt the brown lava to see if it was hot, and burnt this hand”—here one of the bandaged hands was held up—“and then, coming down, the guide left off leading my horse, and it stumbled and threw me over its head; and I sprained this wrist”—here the other bandaged hand was shown—“and here I am—done!”

“Baedeker warns you never to do Pompei and Vesuvius the same day,” said Friend McDonald; “it is too much.”

Mrs. Hobson opened one eye and regarded him with languid interest. She did not answer his remark. What she said was—“Son, a drink!”

The lanky youth poured out a tumbler-full of pure water, and was about to raise it to her lips, when Clarissa and Julia simultaneously uttered a warning

cry and said, "Don't!" Mrs. Hobson's eyes opened at the cry and she sat bolt upright, again exclaiming—"Son, a drink!"

"The water is poison—all water is poison—it is full of germs—it is death to drink it—there are microbes in it—you may die of fever—take wine."

These were some of the cries that burst from the lips of the Englishwomen as they saw the American woman about to touch the fatal fluid. Wine is free in these inns; I passed my bottle at once; so did Friend McDonald; so did Clarissa and Julia. All our wine—each guest has a bottle to himself—was pressed upon Mrs. Hobson.

But there was life enough left in those bandaged hands of hers to take each bottle separately and put it resolutely back. Fixing a cool stare on Clarissa and Julia, she said calmly, "I am temperance;" and motioning to her son to hold the tumbler to her lips, she drank the water, draining it to the last drop. And then the battle opened.

She was "temperance." The argument was long, and it would stretch my sketch to too great a length to reproduce it in full. But it was as delightful as any scene from Sheridan's plays. Mrs. Hobson was temperance; her principles forbade indulgence in even the lightest Italian wines. If she drank them without the danger of becoming intoxicated, they might nevertheless induce a taste for a more deadly poison than the most microby water in Italy. The taste once formed, she who had been a bright and shining light among total abstainers might end her days in

drink, and fill a drunkard's grave. Then there was the bad example to "son" who had never tasted a drop of the destroyer, and who was sworn never to do so. In vain did Clarissa and Julia threaten her with Asiatic cholera and typhoid fever; she admitted them to be possible evils against which no one, even the wine-drinker, could be secure; but the taste for "liquor" was a certain evil, tenfold more to be dreaded than the deadliest disease; and from which she, and people who lived as she, were at least certain to escape.

The scene surpassed anything in fiction; *Tom Jones* and *The Rivals* contain nothing more amusing. The dispute continued through dinner, after which Mrs. Hobson and her son retired to their rooms to prepare for another day of hard work. When they were gone, Clarissa repeated the epilogue to the play; it reflected gravely on the American character and its unreasonableness. I suggested that there were "cranks in all countries," if you went to look for them; to which Clarissa replied that the colonies were not far behind the republic in their production of the species. As was right and proper, Clarissa and Julia had the last word; and then they, too, retired from the scene, with the air of women who, having had a solemn duty to perform, have performed it to their own satisfaction.

Friend McDonald and I were left alone. Sitting down, we lit our pipes, and made merry over our quondam companions, laughing until we cried. We saw them no more; early in the morning they all

went away, Mrs. Hobson and "son" to do Castellammare and Sorrento, Clarissa and Julia to visit the romantic old town of Amalfi and warn any thoughtless souls who might be found imperiling their lives with water drinking, of the dangers to which they were exposed. We lost them—but sometimes they haunt my dreams. If I am low-spirited, I conjure them up again and spend a happy hour, the vision of Mrs. Hobson's placid face as she preached her gospel to those monomaniacs of another kind, present to my eyes, and Clarissa's scornful accents and Julia's screams ringing in my ears.

III.

The first thing everyone does on arriving at Naples is to look at Vesuvius. Vesuvius is frequently very disappointing; if there is a cloud anywhere in the sky it seems to drift over to the volcano, hiding the cone and the smoke from view. Sometimes, for days together, there will be clouds on Vesuvius, though the weather may otherwise be fine and the sky elsewhere serene. When it rains, or when the sky is overcast, the mountain is completely hidden from sight; you can see nothing but the base.

The best view I obtained in three weeks was at night after an outflow of lava. For several evenings I stood for some time looking at the fiery glow on the mountain side, gleaming in the dark night. It was not much of an eruption, as eruptions go; but to one who never sees a volcano it was a grand spectacle.

Everyone wishes to go up Vesuvius; and ninety-nine out of a hundred people go by Cook's air railway. They go to see the crater and have a view of the bay and the city from the top. I never made the ascent so, but I have seen other people doing it. They drive out from Naples, packed in carriages under the protection of Messrs. Cook, till they get to the air-line. Beggars and guides are stationed at every turn, ready for plunder and extortion. You see swarms of beggars, swarms of tourists, swarms of guides, fighting one another in a cloud of dust. Then the men who belong to Cook pick out their tourists and pack and sort them. The tourists, German, French, English and American, are then huddled up together in a cable car and so dragged up the cone. Could anything be more awful?

I think not. Travellers themselves, submissive in all else, complain of the want of romance about it. The sight filled me with pity for the man or woman of sensibility who sits packed away among the Philistines, at the mercy of guides and in the hands of Cook's agent. It was quite pathetic. But so enslaved is the ordinary tourist, so completely under the thumb of the guide-book, that few of these unfortunate people even so much as stop to ask if it is possible to get up the mountain in a less vulgar manner. People talk of the hard and fast laws of society, and the impossibility of breaking away from them and not doing just as others do. It is nothing to the law of travel; you are bound hand and foot; everybody seems to be in league to prevent you from

doing anything or looking at anything that everybody else does not do or look at. Ninety-nine out of a hundred submit; and the hundredth has to fight with everybody about him before he gets his way. Once I wanted to go to a little theatre in Rome that foreigners never patronize; I asked the hotel people the way. They assured me that I did not want to go there, it was no good—no English ever went. I insisted; they insisted—I would be bored to death there; it was the *Costanzi* or the *Nazionale* that I wished to go to—they would direct me to either of these. The cabbies talked in the same strain. In the end I got a plan of the city and acted as my own guide. Everywhere I had the same trouble; but everywhere, I think, took my own way and did as I chose—though I have had guides follow me, cursing me under their breath for my obstinacy, and demanding double pay for being taken out of their ordinary route—which is not pleasant.

When I talked in the hotel at Naples of making ascents without the aid of Cook, I was looked upon by many people as an imposter, and told by some persons it could not be done. These people I answered out of their own mouths; for they all swore by Baedeker, and Baedeker speaks of horses and guides to be hired at Pompei, and tells you what you ought to pay for them. Nevertheless, comparatively few people make the ascent of Vesuvius from Pompei, unless they happen, like Mrs. Hobson, to be there and are determined to do everything in one day. But nothing in the world is easier; and you escape all the vulgarity

and hideousness of the other method, the swarms of tourists, beggars and guides, the clouds of dust and the cable-car.

I waited at Pompei in vain for a day when there were no clouds about the mountain-top; and then decided to ride up to the new crater to see the fresh lava stream in spite of the clouds. It was a daring act, done in defiance of the guide-book and Cook's agent. You go up to see the crater and get a view of the city and bay. Neither could be visible—so why go? Afterwards, when I came down, I felt that I had never enjoyed anything more in my life; guide-books and agents are not always to be blindly obeyed.

You hire a guide at one of the inns, and agree upon the price to be paid. He provides the horses, one for himself and one for you. You start early in the morning, the earlier the better, as no one wishes to be hurried when on such an expedition. I secured a splendid guide. He was the only one who offered, but a better one I could not have wished. His name was Antonio, and he understood everything—even English—the only man whom I met in Pompei possessing such an accomplishment. He had been in the artillery in Rome, and was a most intelligent fellow—an important matter, for a guide who is to ride with you must be a companion and a servant in one. I left everything to him, stipulating only that it should not rain during the day—which he promised without hesitation.

We rode off in the direction of Boscotrecase, over

country roads that ran between the vineyards. We passed a few houses, but not a great many. The houses in southern Italy are all alike, beautiful pictures. They stand usually amid vineyards and fields, here and there an Italian pine with its umbrella-like top lending its graceful form to the picture of which the centre is the irregular flat-roofed house, white or slightly yellowish in color, with patches of black under the eaves or in the doorways. When you approach these picturesque dwellings, you find them not so attractive as at a distance; they are all filthy, and the smell of them is sufficient to prevent your going inside. The walls that enclose the vineyards around Vesuvius are lower than those you see in the north; and you have not that unending vista of high white masonry forever before your eyes that so often renders the country road in Italy one long monotony.

The ascent is gradual until near Boscotrecase, when it becomes steeper. Boscotrecase is, like all Italian villages, one long rambling town street set in the midst of open land, vineyards below and the bare mountain side above, the roadway paved and the houses all looking ancient and tumble-down. Into the courtyard of what might have been a stable, a dilapidated fortress, a ruined castle, or an olive mill, but which actually was an *osteria* or inn, my horse suddenly turned. I went with it. Antonio followed and dismounted, calling upon me to do the same.

"Why do we stop here, Antonio? I am not tired."

"The horse expects it, sir; he always rests here a while, and he expects it."

Horses and mules in Italy expect a great deal. Above all they expect to stop and rest every hour at some comfortable tavern, while the guide—out of respect of course for the animals' feelings—smokes a cigarette or two, strums the mandolin, or makes eyes at the landlord's wife and daughter. The donkey is the only creature in Italy who expects nothing—the only counterpart of the world-weary, over-worked native of the west. Donkeys always gave me a home-feeling; there was about them a suggestiveness of "work, work, work and be resigned to it," which is the normal expression of the country man and woman in America. The other inhabitants of southern Italy are pagans, living an irresponsible life, ground down perchance with taxation and poverty, but none the less happy in their lot, satisfied with their tiny share of bliss in this paradise of a world—and without a conscience. They have their bread to get and heavy taxes to pay—but they have no sins to account for, and there is always the supreme happiness of existing. But the donkey takes life as hard as any New Englander; to him the world is a vale of tears, and life one long conflict with the powers of darkness. He does his duty and his only reward is a beating; for him there is no rest but in the grave. Should the Salvation Army ever set up its banner in southern Italy, the donkey will be the only creature whose experience will enable it to step up and give such suitable platform evidence as that peculiar institution requires of its adherents.

We rested for some little time. Antonio took off

his boots and held a lengthy conversation with a young woman who brought out a bottle of red wine—*lacrimæ christi*—of which I was invited to partake. The guide-book says in plain words, "It is advisable *not* to partake of any of this wine on the way up,"—so I declined with thanks; and sat looking on, while Antonio smoked and joked, with his feet resting on the table.

After a little while the horses were brought out again, graciously willing to continue the journey. We mounted and rode off. The whole population came out to see us go, and accompanied us to the village limits, the small boys shouting at the horses, their elders wishing us a pleasant day—and all begging for *soldi*. We went along the one street at a rapid rate, making quite a clatter on the rough paving-stones; and soon left Boscotrecase behind.

A new ascent commenced. The vineyards began to give way to barren tracts of bare ground; and the earth had a black look, as if we were in the vicinity of a coal mine. Vesuvius could not be seen; all was white cloud just above us. Looking down towards Pompei, we saw the vineyards stretching out on every side for miles beneath us. In the distance we could just see the bay and no more; there was a mistiness in the air, and I began to wonder whether, after all, I had been wise to come up on so unpropitious a morning.

The roads were good, though one may say roads in Italy are always good, except where you have to climb mountains by the mule paths, which, paved as

they are with stones, are likely to give one a good shaking up. After some time, I cannot precisely say how long, we reached the White House.

This is an irregular white stone building with a square roof, and is the last house you pass when going up the mountain on this side. Why it should be called the White House I do not know, seeing that all the country houses are white. Perhaps, as it stands just on the verge of the great plains of old black lava and ashes, it looks exceptionally white by contrast. It marks the extreme limit of vegetation, a few stunted pines that straggle here and there forming the only green in the surroundings. The White House is a sort of *osteria*, and serves as a stopping-place. Antonio dismounted.

"What are you getting off for, Antonio? Must we stop here?"

"Yes, sir; the horses expect it."

The horses again. I dismounted. As there was a table with some chairs in front of the door, we did not go inside; but sat without to wait until the beasts were willing to go on. The padrone brought out, as before, some bottles of wine and glasses: but again I refused to be tempted. He was followed out by an old, very old man, with snow-white hair and one eye. This old man was so covered with volcanic dust that he suggested the idea that he had been hung down the crater for a week or two to see how much of it he could collect. In his trembling hands he carried a mandolin.

With a profound bow he stood before us and

commenced to play. The tunes were barely recognizable, Napoli, Santa Lucia and Funiculi-Funicula; as I knew what was coming I knew what came. The mandolin was out of tune, and the old man's fingers were too stiff to make any music; it was execrable. I sang over the songs as he played them. I have no voice and cannot sing a note; but the one performance was as good as the other. When it stopped he held out a hat and asked for a *buona mano*. In return I held out *my* hat, remarking that singers also expected to be paid. The Italians like a feeble joke better than none; and all laughed, including the old man. Then we talked about the weather. The white clouds hung just above our heads; we were not in them, but the top of the house seemed to be. The padrone and the old man both promised me I should have no rain, which was the one thing that I was afraid of; and in return for their kindness I distributed a few pence. Then we started again, turning the brow of the hill immediately behind the old house. In two minutes we were in the clouds.

The white mist hung so thick in the air that I could just see my horse's head and no more. Turning round, Antonio and his steed appeared dimly visible, following behind like shadow forms on a foggy night. The ascent was gradual and the road was good, being merely black ashes fine almost as dust, in which the horse's feet sank an inch or two. Antonio started me into a gallop; and away we went through the mist. The road twisted and turned, I could not see a yard ahead of me; to guide the horse was

impossible; so I let him find his own way along. The white vapor was thick on every side; I might have ridden into a chasm like a second Marcus Curtius, and been none the wiser—until I got there. It flashed across my mind that this might happen as a judgment on me for the fun I had made of Mrs. Hobson; I might come to grief as she had done. But if I did not know the road, my little horse did; and he went along at a gallop, round here and there, up, up, up, always turning gently to the left. Then, all of a sudden, we emerged from the clouds and I drew a long breath; the sight that met my eyes was simply sublime.

In front of us rose the mountain, black as night, a thousand feet in the air, grand, black and terrible, its summit lost in the grey sky above, the column of smoke invisible, not to be separated from the dark masses of cloud that hung over the crater. On every side were heaped up together little mountains, piles of rugged lava heaped one upon another, black as ink—where not perfectly black, the color of rusted iron, cinders of stone. Far to the right and left stretched plains of black ashes, sinking here and there into vallies, rising here and there into hills. Everyone knows how vast, mysterious and illimitable, stretches of country become in the dark or the twilight; these black plains and chasms, these rugged hills of old lava, seemed to extend into space. I could see around me for many miles; and it was a vista of inky blackness and darkness, no sky above, only masses of grey cloud; and beneath—well the whole

vast expanse with the cone in the middle of it was floating on a sea of pearly white cloud. Except just where the cone rose, the horizon was everywhere visible, a sea of soft rolling vapor. And the contrast was wonderful, the black so black, and the white clouds so white; the mountains and the plains so heavy, like masses of iron, the sea of white on which they floated so light and evanescent.

We rode along, still at a gallop; and you could almost fancy you were riding through the lower world. I kept calling out to Antonio as we went along, in order to hear the sound of my voice echoing in these strange regions. We went on and on, going still to the left around the cone, every moment leaving the sea of vapor farther and farther below, and getting nearer the dark lava crags that seemed to form an impassable barrier ahead, looming up against the grey sky.

The road winds around the mountain, and it was a long ride. Thousands of people see this sight, every year; but one who has never seen it, or who looks upon it for the first time, will understand the fascination of the ascent. The road winds around the cone, and we went on, leaving hill after hill, plain after plain, behind; and I had the feeling that I was travelling in chaos or in the shades below.

At last, after a long gallop, during which the grim solitude was like that of a desert and the silence broken only by the sound of our horses' hoofs, we came in sight of the observatory below, and, above, the wire rope railway of Messrs. Thomas Cook and

Son. The cable car was not running; for no one, not even an American tourist doing Naples in a day, would have come up to see the view in such weather as this. So we rode round the point at which the air line commences, and struck a wild path leading up among the lava hills.

It was very wild. We had left the black plains behind, and were now climbing over old lava streams. It was all dead and cold this cinder of stone, hard and sharp, and piled up in immense heaps that looked like masses of cold iron that had cooled off in the open. The path wound in and out, and the little horse still broke into a gallop when the ascent was not too steep. Sometimes we rode along the edge of a precipice, where, looking down, you saw pike points sticking up by the thousand—a nice place for pushing over one's unpleasant acquaintances. Sometimes one wondered where the pathway was; but the horse always knew and kept going on, making good time. Those rests below had evidently fortified it for the labors to follow.

At last we sighted three or four rough-looking men with alpenstocks in their hands, standing on the brow of a hill above us. When they saw us, they began to descend. At the foot of this hill the horse stopped. "Now, sir," said Antonio, dismounting, "the horses can go no further. These are guides; we must give ourselves up to them, and go on, on foot."

The guides took possession of us. They were like all guides, and would have their own way. If you wish to differ from them, you must run on ahead of

them. I tried it, but they overtook me, and seized me by the arm. One deftly slipped an *aiuto* around my waist. *Aiuto* is the Italian for "help;" on Vesuvius it means a piece of rope round your waist of which the guide holds the end. Such things are necessary on the Alps; but on Vesuvius, where the ascent is neither difficult nor dangerous, they are quite superfluous. I made such a fuss about it that the *aiuto* was taken off, and then we went on amicably. The ascent, over the crags of broken lava, is not very fatiguing, not worse than that of any steep hill. There were five guides there, and, as far as I could see, no other sight-seers were on the mountain; so I had them all to myself. On the way down we met several Italians who had ridden over from Naples; but I saw no foreigners at all.

The climb was tiring; but when we came to the fresh lava stream fatigue was forgotten. It had cooled to a brown color on the top, and was cracked and broken into large masses like ice-cakes. In the cracks it still glowed red-hot, and the smell of burning stone was oppressive, almost sickening. The heat was like that of an oven. It is a grim sight a cooling lava stream, acres of this molten rock cooled to cinder color here and glowing red-hot there, rising before your eyes. We stood beside it for some minutes, all the guides talking together, I pretending to listen but hearing nothing; then they invited me to cross it to where the lava was still flowing, higher up. I did not touch it, remembering Mrs. Hobson's bandaged hand. The basket in which she had been

carried up the hill I had seen below. They put women in them for fear of their petticoats coming in contact with some hot lava, and thereby catching fire. The "new woman" will be spared this indignity.

It was hot to the feet as we passed over it. When jumping the crevices, where you saw the red lava glowing beneath you, a fiery breath seemed to come up, like a suggestion that you had reached a region not mentionable to ears polite. It was not in the least alarming, as we jumped nowhere more than two or three feet; and the guides catch hold of you if you come to a bad place. Their aid is not to be despised, for a fall might mean a scorching. What was really dreadful about it was the heat; it was suffocating. Two or three times I stopped and declared I would go no further; but the guides only laughed and said, "Who comes so far goes all the way;" so there was nothing for it but to push on.

At last we came in sight of the flowing stream. It had dwindled to the size of a brook, or rather two brooks—for two small streams of it were flowing out of the hillside, one not fifty feet from the other. We made our way over to it, and I was planted on a square cake of cooling lava, just on the edge of the stream.

It was so hot there that I felt a momentary view of it was satisfying, and said I would go back again. But to this the guides would in no wise agree; instead they went through the old, time-worn performance of fishing out some liquid lava and cooling it round a penny. This they presented to me; and I

accepted it with thanks, being too hot to decline. Then, again, I suggested going. Not at all; men who came up with them had to fish out some lava, themselves, and cool it.

I said I had no mind for such an occupation, and asked them what good it would do me to try. They replied that I would be able to say I had done it. I suggested that it would be as easy to say so—should anyone enquire—without doing it; people who travel always profess to have done everything. But it was of no use to argue; Tom Dick and Harry from all the world over had performed this feat; and so must I. The perspiration was running down me as it was, and I felt my face scorching; however, after two or three fruitless efforts, I managed to land sufficient of the stuff to make a halfpenny with—if such material were in demand for such a purpose; and everyone was satisfied.

After this senseless performance, we went back. Exhausted as I was with the heat, I got over the cooling cakes and fiery crevices with the agility of a monkey; and soon stood on *terra firma*, breathing a sigh of relief. Getting as far away from the hot stream as possible, I sat down to eat some luncheon which I had carried up with me. Then we scrambled down the mountain side to where the horses were waiting, and took leave of the guides.

The descent of the mountain was slow, for I was weak with the heat and had to walk my horse the whole way. Antonio rode ahead of me coming down. One pleasing incident there was. All of a sudden the

clouds below broke; and Naples with the blue bay sleeping at her feet, came into view, fifteen miles away. The long line of the shore, with the white city lying in a half-moon around that water of a turquoise blue, looked surpassingly lovely. The white vapor framed the picture, and the picture hung on walls as black as night. It lasted for a few minutes only, for soon the white clouds rolling along obscured the vision, and all was darkness and chaos. But the one glimpse was delightful. Then we descended into the plains of ashes, and made our way along at quicker pace; and the mountain rose higher and higher at our back and the plains grew wider and wider around us, until at last we plunged into the clouds; Vesuvius with its gloomy grandeur was left invisible behind.

Another day I walked up the mountain, going, however, only as far as the white house which marks the limit of vegetation. There I had a magnificent view of Castellammare and the bay, lying with my back against a hillside and drinking in the beauties of the scene while I rested and smoked a pipe. The water was quite calm, at such a distance it appeared absolutely glassy; the island of Ischia was a blurr of deep purplish blue, the hills behind Castellammare the same color, but not so dark. In that atmosphere there is always the peculiar haze, which, though itself invisible, lends a charm to distance unknown in America where the air is perfectly clear, and where far-off objects have no dimness and mystery about them. Behind me stretched the black and barren fields of lava with ashes in the foreground, the cone rising

behind with a small cloud hovering over the crater, hiding the smoke—or rather making it impossible to distinguish smoke from cloud. This black mass with the black fields around it, stood out clearly against the deep blue sky, making a very striking picture.

When I wandered down over the barren fields dotted here and there with stunted pines, the scene lost its impressiveness. Vineyards rose in front, the long hills were covered with them; and behind, the black plains and lava hills receded from sight. Luxuriant greenness must clothe those fields and vineyards later in the spring; at that time the leaves had not unfolded on the vines; and one could but picture the mass of verdure that would meet the eye a few weeks later. Many flowers, however, were in bloom, and small green tendrils were creeping over the white stone walls; one could see it was springtime. Thousands of lizards ran in and out among the stones of the walls, sunning themselves and rioting in the approach of summer.

I felt hot and thirsty after my tramp up the mountain, and saw with delight an old *osteria* ahead of me. It was a very old building, if one could judge from its state of dilapidation, and perfectly pink in color. These *osterie* are not clean; no one could call them so in the wildest freak of exaggeration; yet all things are comparative; compared with the farm-houses they are not dirty. You can approach the door, and, having approached, enter, without feeling a desire to beat a retreat. I went in.

Inside two or three rustics were having their

afternoon wine in a room which in America we should call the "bar," though it bears little resemblance to the same, except that it is usually close and dirty. I sat down on a chair and called for some *lacrimæ christi*.

The padrone came forward. He was a specimen of humanity found only in the sunny south, fat, ragged and olive-brown, with a face as full of sunshine as his native skies. Such eyes as these people have, such a smile—if there were not so many of them one would soon be wheedled out of all one's pocket-money, so insinuating are their manners. He begged of me to rise at once; guests of distinction were never received in this uninviting room.

Though sure that no guest of distinction had ever entered this primitive place, I bowed my thanks, and, rising, followed him up to the roof, where I found several chairs and a table. I was requested to sit down, and he left me, returning in a minute or two with a bottle of wine and a glass which held a pint.

Then, sitting on a chair with my feet on the stone parapet that ran along the roof, I drank the red wine and was rested and refreshed thereby. The padrone sat on another chair a little distance away; I gave him a cigarette and we became quite friendly. He had a number of flowers growing in pots on the parapet, and enquired if I knew the names of them. I knew all but two, and he had the pleasure of telling me those. They delight in teaching you their language—though I would advise one to learn nothing from a southerner. The Neapolitan dialect is so

peculiar that it may almost be called a language by itself. A stranger finds it incomprehensible; but, as in Venice, people make themselves understood by speaking to you in a different language than that they use to each other—though their Italian is never as beautiful as that of the Venetians.

The padrone was sorry to see me depart, and sorrier still that one bottle of wine was sufficient to invigorate a distinguished guest. But the afternoon was wearing to a close, and I had some miles to cover before dinner-time; so I bade him and his *lacrimæ christi* farewell. When I got started afresh I agreed with Baedeker that it would *not* be advisable to drink of *lacrimæ christi* on the way up the mountain. I will not say it is intoxicating; but I *will* say that after drinking a bottle of it you feel as if you had finished a cask. However by the time I reached Pompei, I had recovered my lightness of step; and was quite ready for the good dinner which awaited me at the old-fashioned inn.

IV.

One delightful morning at Pompei I rose early, intending to walk to Sorrento to spend a couple of days there. I breakfasted at the inn with a bundle lying on a chair beside me, answering many questions the while. No Italian ever walks if he can possibly help it; they are good walkers, and are equal to any amount of tramping if put to the test; but as for walking for the pleasure of it, they would as soon

think of creeping on all fours. However, I said I was going to Sorrento, and going to walk. Englishmen are known to be lunatics, and they believed me. There was some shaking of heads and some gentle remonstrances addressed to me upon the folly of such an undertaking; and then the good people made up their minds to it, and wished me a pleasant day and an enjoyable time in Sorrento. Quite unconscious of the sensation my departure was to make, I shouldered my bundle and bade them all good-bye.

It was early morning, when some time must elapse before the first train comes out from Naples, bringing its victims; the crowd of cabbies, relic-vendors, flower people, mandolin-players, guides to Vesuvius, guides to Pompei, and beggars pure and simple, who cluster round the city gates to make an onslaught when the long-suffering traveller descends from the carriage or the railway train, was standing idle. Quiet prevailed; even the voice of the man with no legs, who leans against the wall of the city just outside the gate and proclaims his woes in piteous tones, was hushed. He was lying flat on the ground asleep. But here and there, there were individuals nodding their heads in a state of semi-consciousness; and when I emerged from the inn, staff in hand and my bundle on my back, the alarm was given and the mighty host rose and prepared for battle.

I shall never forget my departure from Pompei that morning. It suggested a picture I once saw called the "Triumph of Scipio." The conqueror of

the Carthaginians was so surrounded with men, women and horses, the human part of the crowd all yelling at him together, that progress must have been difficult. This morning I played the part of Scipio. Cabs went before and behind me and at my side, the cabbies standing up and shouting at me, coaxing, flattering and warning me by turns, endeavoring to outbid one another. They thought it a trick on my part, that I was pretending to walk in order to be able to make a better bargain; and, though determined that in the end I should get the worst of it, rather admired the spirit which had prompted the act. The flower-women were persistent, never more so, for there were no other *forestieri* within a mile of us; little bouquets went into my pockets—the hands that placed them there going into my face—and, after a few moments of flattery and solicitation, snatched them out again. All the beggars in Pompei were walking with me; but their cry, if it went up to heaven, passed unheeded on earth. I missed the man with no legs; but doubtless he was with me in spirit. The hubbub and dust were very annoying; and progress was slow.

However, no one got anything, no one was noticed; down the road doggedly I paced, in here, out there, caught now, caught again, but always emerging, resolute and desperate. As I got farther and farther away from Pompei, the crowd thinned. Cabs began to drop out of the procession. I would hear a malediction, and then the horses' heads would be turned homewards. Whenever this happened I would

call out good-bye, and the crowd would laugh. Men, women and children grew tired of the tramp; throats got dry, crying "*Molto fame*"; one after another dropped off and gave it up. At last I was left walking alone with only three cabs driving alongside. One of the three cabbies looked at me despairingly; I turned to him and waved good-bye; he left me. Then another made his last offer, and in answer I said good-bye to him, too. It was now Hobson's choice.

I thought the last fellow was showing great perseverance; but I was mistaken. In a few minutes he got out of his cab, and, advancing, seized me by the arms, begging of me to listen for "only one little minute"—*un momentino*.

I listened. He was driving back to Sorrento with an empty carriage, having driven an English party to Naples the night before; he knew I meant to walk, which of course I had a right to do, if I pleased; but for one *lira* he would take me all the way. Let me consider the matter.

One *lira*—to drive fifteen miles for less than a shilling—was such a thing ever heard of? Of all people I most despise the man who, having started on a walking-tour, drives; nevertheless I got in and said "Done!"

We drove along that splendid highroad that runs round the hills by the shore of the bay—through Castellammare, and up the mountain side beyond it. Francesco took his own time, mindful of the fact that I was paying but one *lira*; but this pleased me

the better, as I wished to enjoy every inch of the road. A little the other side of Castellammare we were hailed by a little old gentleman with an umbrella in hand. He pointed the umbrella at us and we stopped. He, too, was going to Sorrento, or rather to Meta, which is just above it on the hill—would we take him?

I had no objection, and the old man got in. There was some bargaining, and Francesco agreed to take him for half a *lira*, which made me feel as if I were paying double fare. He was no acquisition. He sat down and put up his umbrella. The poor old soul looked as if he had been out in the wet all his days, and had always used the same umbrella. It was put up to keep off the sun in the present instance; but as it was full of holes the sun came through and made queer dancing figures on his faded cheeks and still more faded garments. He sat as still as a mummy, and was the only Italian I ever met who possessed the "divine gift of silence."

The drive along the side of the mountains, the high hills on one side and that glorious Bay of Naples on the other, beggars description. The water was of the deepest, purest blue; looking down where the hills were reflected, it was of a rich purple color. Far off the islands rose, misty and dreamlike, a still deeper blue across the bay, out in the midst of which a tint almost like turquoise prevailed. The great city gleamed in the sunlight pearly white, far away behind the turquoise blue. On the left rose the mountains with their covering of olives, here and

there gleaming a patch of golden yellow where a farmhouse, set in a lemon garden, nestled in the valley at the turn of the road.

After some little time we passed the three rocks known as the Three Brothers—*I tre fratelli*—and reached Vico Equense, a picturesque old town, three or four miles from Castellammare. Of course we stopped there to rest the horse. The old man slept in the carriage under his umbrella; Francesco went into an *osteria* to refresh himself with wine; I sat down on the crumbling stone steps of a fountain in the square to revel in the sights around.

It was a very dirty old square, not remarkable for anything in particular, but quaint and interesting like all old Italian towns. Crowds of children were playing about, and loiterers hung around the street corners or lolled on benches in the shadow. I was shabbily dressed and wore a slouch hat made in Italy to be worn in Italy; I passed for a native, and was left unmolested. When we got started again I took out my brier-root to have a smoke; and the *Inglese* stood revealed. The whole street ran after me, in despair doubtless to think I had been allowed to rest so long in peace. But it was too late; we were off, and they were unable to catch us.

The country, when you pass Vico Equense, is delightful beyond everything. The road winds around the cliffs, and you are always on the shore of the bay, sometimes far above, sometimes lower down. All around grow the gnarled olives with their strange foliage, glistening silver grey in the sunlight

and a melancholy green in the shadow. And lemon and orange trees dot the hillsides, and cluster thick in the vallies, with here and there fig trees and pomegranates beyond the garden wall of a white stone farmhouse. As the carriage rolled along, I lay back and gave myself up to enjoyment of the scene, pleased to find my fellow-traveller so quiet. Placid old soul, he had but one object in life, and that to keep the sun from his eyes.

After a while, as Francesco was walking the horse up a hill, I got out of the carriage and followed it on foot for a change. It was hot on the road; but the scene around was so enchanting that I almost wished I had walked the whole way to make it last the longer. It was the very ideal of a day in the "sunny south," earth, air and sky blending in a dream of light and beauty. A party of tourists drove past while I was footing it up the hill, two carriages full of them. They were sitting with their faces buried in their guide-books, reading, no doubt, of the magnificent view of the Bay of Naples to be had from the road over which they were passing, and which, when they got home, they would boast of having seen—or possibly noting the "objects of interest" to be visited at Sorrento which they were now approaching, in order to save time on their arrival. All were reading but one, and she was asleep. I scanned them narrowly as they passed by, raising a great dust; but they were as unconscious of my gaze as they were of the beauties of the route.

It was four hours before Francesco reached Meta,

or Upper Sorrento, as it would be called in America. You drive round a deep ravine, full of verdure, and see Sorrento lying below you, deep in orange-groves, the blue water sparkling at the foot of the precipitous cliffs on which the town is built, the mountains with their covering of olive trees rising behind it.

I saw but little of Sorrento, for I had but little time to stay there. It looks like a place whither one would wish to go to end one's days, a romantic and beautiful old town, sunk deep in orange groves and encircled by lovely hills. My hotel was on the cliff; and one could look down over the white rocks and revel in the glories of the bay, or watch the boats and boatmen with their red caps on their heads, as they went and came. Turning the other way, one found oneself in a garden of oranges, where one could smoke and dream and felt like writing romances.

I saw nothing that any guide-book would make a note of or tourist visit; but passed two delightful days roaming about, climbing up and down and sauntering in the picturesque streets and among the oranges. A morning spent in the workshop of one of the wood-inlayers was not the least interesting part of my visit. These inlayers of wood are artists; the trade is handed down from father to son, and boys are apprenticed to it when young; to become proficient is a labor of years. A round table in the middle of the room, a long one at the side, a small knife and some polish; that is all you see in the shop. There they sit, the master-workman and his apprentices,

cutting, glueing, and polishing those thin strips of olive and pear and orange wood, fashioning them into exquisite patterns and pictures with their skilful hands. The shop is divided into two parts; wares are displayed for sale in front; the work is done behind. You can go in and inspect at your will. I do not know how many of these shops there are in Sorrento; I visited five, but there may be many more.

Nowhere did I hear such music from the mandolin and guitar as in Sorrento. Five musicians came to my hotel, which was not a fashionable one, to play after dinner. The Neapolitans handle the mandolin with skill; but these men had more than taste and skill—they had soul. Those soft Italian melodies are suited to the sensuous beauty of southern Italy; they accord with the lives, or perhaps interpret the lives, of those who sing them. The musicians charmed me; I shook hands all round and divided a box of cigarettes among them, which so delighted them that I was taken out and given a private recital, being the only listener. Tears came into their eyes as they rendered the *intermezzo* from *Cavalleria Rusticana*; and, when they finished, they broke into expressions of the keenest admiration for the music and its composer. Then they played again and then again; and all for the love of it, for I paid them nothing. They had played in the hotel for money; and now they wanted to play for some one who would listen and appreciate and were content. The next morning, as I passed down the road, I saw one of them standing in a doorway, and he ran out to shake my

hand and say *Buona passeggiata*—"a pleasant walk." When I offered him some money to drink my health he refused it—which no Neapolitan could ever have done.

I spent the evening at an old *trattoria* or tavern, among working-men who sat around, drinking red wine and smoking after the labors of the day. We had little to say to each other; but one cannot fail to be favorably impressed with the men of Sorrento. It may seem presumptuous to judge of a place after two days' experience of it; and yet I am sure that these Sorrento people are a fine race, in every way head and shoulders above the depraved Neapolitans.

It was not then that I crossed to the island of Capri; and yet, as no description of the Bay of Naples could be complete without the mention of that enchanting spot, I will go over in imagination by boat from Sorrento to the Marina Grande on the shore of the island facing Naples, and climb the road that leads up to the little town of Capri perched on a saddle between the high hills, stopping at a small hotel on the way.

Adequate description of Capri is impossible; its mysterious and fascinating beauty was renowned in the ancient world; and the spot will be forever associated with the name of the dark-souled Tiberius, whose villa, miserable ruins of which only remain, is still the first spot toward which the traveller turns. A mass of purple mountains with patches of olive green here and there, and along the shore a bewildering medley of white cliffs, rises more or less precipitously nearly two thousand feet in the air from out a

green and purple sea, the sides dotted with white villas and hotels, the old towns of Capri and Anacapri, the one perched on the saddle of land between the two lofty peaks of the island, the other half lost in the shadow of Monte Solaro which with its ruined castle of the times of Barbarossa crowns the highest hill—such is Capri. Seen at sunrise or in the glory of the sunset; viewed through the hazy atmosphere from a distance over the bay, when the noonday sun is pouring on the cliffs and the hillsides, and the water sparkles as if full of gold and jewels; or in the twilight when the colors are toned to softest red and purple; or at night from under the cliffs when all above is a blurr of blue black with shades of silver, and when deep shadows are on the sea—it is alike beautiful. When once you are there and have begun to explore, the fascination of the spot increases. Distances are short; and you go on climbing and climbing, following now one path and now another, revelling at every step in a new vista of enchanting beauty. The Punta Tragara, the Natural Arch, the road to Anacapri, the view from Monte Solaro the descent to the Piccola Marina, the villa of Tiberius—all these are lovely in themselves, how lovely one does not realize at the time; for every step you take on the way to any one of them reveals a picture of rock and sea and sky sufficient in itself to fill the artistic soul with rapture.

I shall not attempt to describe these spots; any adequate description of them would be impossible. But once seen, their loveliness lingers in the memory forever,

I went to Capri intending to remain one day; but the wind blew so hard that no steamer could come over from Naples; so I remained there. I stopped at a delightful little hotel, which reminded me of the one I had left at Pompei; as, though decidedly primitive in many respects, it was clean and comfortable. You went up a flight of stone steps and found yourself on a terrace which was the cellar roof; here we breakfasted and lunched. Behind was a large room where we dined. A prolongation of cellar roof which ran along one side of the house, served as a corridor and smoking-room. In order to go from one room to another you had to go out on this, as there was no hall inside. What sort of places these hotels are in wet weather I have no idea; happily I had fine weather during my stay, except that it blew a perfect gale. The *signora padrona*, or landlady, was a woman of stone; for a whole hour did she and I stand facing each other, striking a bargain, before we came to an agreement as to how much I was to pay for board and lodging. No one, I am well assured, ever got the better of that woman. She had a square chin and a mouth expressive of stern determination; her eyes glittered like a cat's. On her head she wore a veil of black lace, which lent grace and dignity to her movements. She had completely solved the servant question; with a wave of the hand or a twist of the head she appeared able to effect anything; and her three domestics ran hither and thither like hunted hares, trembling at the sound of her voice. When I left I gave one of them two pence; and I saw the poor

creature run to her mistress and hand it over before my back was turned.

There were eight of us there, those three days, four English and four Germans. The Germans—two men and two women—were uninteresting. All were fat, and all were rather chary of the use of the hair-brush. The Englishwomen, of whom there were also two, were not monomaniacs like Clarissa and Julia, but were quite as entertaining in their way. One was comparatively young and very handsome. She was an artist, and sketched and painted away all day untiringly. Her manner was overwhelming; she reminded me of the River St. Lawrence during the spring floods. I named her Miss Freshet. The other was an old maid pure and simple, a kind and talkative body, with just a touch of spitefulness in her voice when she uttered the word “men,” whom the good old thing hated on principle. Miss Freshet and Miss Hateman, Mr. Starcher and myself, made a lively quartette; and the fact that Miss Freshet and Mr. Starcher were not on speaking terms rather lent piquancy to the conversation, seeing that, though not talking to, they talked at each other without ceasing.

I tramped so much during the day, and climbed so many steep hills that I felt impelled to spend my evenings at home. The first night I remarked at dinner that it was blowing so hard it would be impossible for the steamer to come to the island in the morning; and that consequently I should have to prolong my stay.

“It’s an ill wind that blows nobody good,” said

Miss Freshet heartily. "Although I am neither righteous nor a man, my fervent prayers have always availed much. I shall pray to-night that it may blow, blow, blow—a gale, a hurricane."

"I hope your prayers will not be availing, this once," I answered; "for I cannot afford to stay here any time."

"Everyone for himself," said Miss Freshet; "I shall pray for a raging wind. Anything to keep you with us!"

It seemed to me that I had made a conquest, and I felt not unnaturally elated. Alas! After dinner, while I was walking up and down the terrace with Mr. Starcher, smoking, I learned that he, too, had had his day. But a deadly feud had followed, and she was playing me off against him; every word of encouragement to me was only another stab to wound him. I was but a catspaw. It was a sudden downfall. I composed my mind, leaning on the stone parapet and looking down at the black water and the white surf dashing up against the rugged cliffs. The blue sky was dotted with innumerable stars, and the lights of St. Elmo glimmered fitfully on the far horizon. "One woman the more in the world," I said; "and she is like the rest."

Mr. Starcher was a type of Englishman now getting rare—the old type. Manner, clothes, voice and method of speaking proclaimed that in him there was no compromise with ideas or customs not having their origin between the Tweed and the English Channel. His chin was large and cut square, his voice thick; he

wore a very high collar and checked trousers. He expressed himself in long ponderous sentences, veiling the most ordinary thoughts in such paragraphs of verbosity as sometimes to be almost unintelligible. I asked him if he were related to Mr. Gladstone. As it happened, he regarded that venerable statesman as his country's greatest enemy,—and a coolness arose between us.

He refused to go to bed; so I took a book and candle and retired to the dining-room, where there was a sofa. This was a mistake. In a few minutes the door opened, and the most awful old hag hobbled in. She had a dirty handkerchief on her head, and was suffering from a cold in the same region—but I shall not give particulars. Shuffling over to the table, she took up Miss Freshet's bottle of wine, uncorked it and put it to her lips.

I called out in dismay, telling the old horror that this was forbidden. She smacked her lips and laughed, wished me good evening, and paid me compliments after the manner of her race. Then she went on to the next bottle.

She took them each in turn. When mine was seized I made a feeble effort to save it; but it was of no use. She appeared to think she was paying us a compliment to drink of our wine in this fashion, and gratified me by tasting mine twice, wishing me good health. Her own, she said, was not good (she told me what was the matter with her), but she hoped I would enjoy long life and find a beautiful wife. Then the Germans had their wine tasted, and the old wretch

hobbled out again. In Italy never go into the kitchen on any pretext whatever, and never sit in a dining-room after a meal is over.

I did the island as well as it can be done without the aid of a guide or a book. You soon learn all the paths—for the roads are nothing more, except the great highroad up to Anacapri—and get the whole island into your mind's eye. A ramble through the old town of Capri, past the Hotel Pagano down to the Hotel Quisisana, brings you to the path that leads to the Punta Tragara. This is a beautiful spot, commanding a fine view of the bay and the magnificent rocks. Beyond it is a very steep hill, at the top of which the view is, if anything, finer. Here you sit and rest. It is a bleak spot, and one can lie on the spare grass in the sun and look round and see nothing behind but barren hillside. Far below lies the blue water beyond the rugged hills and cliffs. The pathway to the natural arch—*Arco Naturale*—is not so beautiful, lying in the hollows of hills and across fields. I climbed several walls to get to it; but with guide or guide-book, I have no doubt it can be reached more easily. This curiosity in stone is worth going far to see—so wild and weird are the surroundings, so steep the descent below, so striking the view of the water from the different points where one rests in going down. Then there is the villa of Tiberius to which you climb through vineyards and fields, set up on the summit of the south-east promontory of the island. The ruins themselves are uninteresting, simply piles of broken bricks like those of the Palatine Hill in

Rome ; but here no lecturer confronts one, nor can the most painstaking archæologist make anything of these heaps of rubbish. At the top is a little church with an old monk in charge, who brings out a book and asks you to write your name in it—also to pay a few pence for the privilege. At first I declined, but he was so kind, bringing me a chair and giving me stones to throw into the water, that at last I relented, wrote and paid.

A wall runs round the cliff at the top by the church ; and when you look over you think the water is not far below. It is of a lovely purple green color, clear as crystal ; and you can see little white pebbles lying at the bottom, gleaming like pearls. It is over a thousand feet beneath you. A stone dropped over takes so long in falling that you realize how far above it you are. Nowhere is the water so lovely as here ; the purple and sea-green tints are absolutely indescribable. Under the water lie the pebbles and corals ; and you fancy the bottom lined with emerald and opal and sea green and pink shells and filigree work of golden-brown.

A ramble over the island is fatiguing ; and I found that everyone, like myself, spent the evening at home. After dinner, shunning the dining-room, I allowed myself to be lured into a game of cards. Miss Freshet, Miss Hateman and Mr. Starcher sat waiting in the primitive little salon ; and I joined them. Two fat Germans also played. They spoke no English and Miss Hateman no French ; so Miss Freshet repeated each question in French as it was asked. It

was a game of the cross question and crooked answer class, which I would recommend on any occasion when it is considered desirable to set people by the ears or raise awkward situations. The pack was dealt; one person asked a question, putting down his card; and the holder of the next in sequence gave it up, saying "I," and asking another question in turn. It fell to me to begin, and I played an ace, enquiring, "Who will be married first?"

As I had hoped, Miss Hateman held the king; and she flung it down with a cry of, "O goodness, I hope not!"—plucking up courage, however, to ask in return "Who will marry me?"

As good luck would have it, I held the next card, and bade her look upon me as her future lord and master; whereupon Miss Freshet exclaimed, "O fortunate woman!" But this happy beginning was no forecast of the end. It wound up in a storm. The Germans asked insipid enough questions, such as "Who is good of heart?" and the like; but Miss Freshet and Miss Hateman were pointed and personal, and I kept them in countenance as well as I could, racking my brain for something startling. The signora stood behind the group, regarding us all with a face of stony indifference, wondering, doubtless, how long the thing would go on before we went off to bed and allowed her to save another penny's worth of candle. At last Mr. Starcher became indignant and Miss Freshet cutting; words were exchanged; and Miss Hateman, who sided with Miss Freshet on principle against one of the hated species, added fuel

to the flame by well-timed casual remarks. The unkempt German with the fat wife pushed his chair back and looked on in silence, not understanding a word. The cards fell unheeded on the floor ; faces wore an expression full of wrath.

I withdrew a little and took up a book which lay on the table. It proved to be an Italian Testament, one published by the S. P. G., the only one I came across in Italy. The dispute became more and more acrimonious, the manner of the disputants becoming more severely formal as their remarks became more biting. I felt it incumbent on me to do something, but could think of nothing. The Homily on Backbiting with which, according to Macaulay, Queen Mary II. used to regale her court on similar occasions, would have been in order ; but it was not by. I turned over the leaves of the Italian Testament, and, having found St. Paul's exhortation to brotherly love, read aloud a few verses.

No one understood but the signora ; and she crossed herself at hearing the heretical volume. How it came to be there I do not know. I fancy the good woman had some sort of superstitious notion that the presence in the house of this Anglican production would in some mysterious way exert an influence on members of that schismatical persuasion, and draw them into her toils.

The altercation continued for some minutes more ; and then Mr Starcher, rising in a dignified manner, withdrew. The two ladies hurled the last word at him as he disappeared ; and then the signora, opening

her mouth, said *buona sera*—good-night—to the remnant of her guests, a polite intimation that it was time for us, also, to retire to our rooms.

I finished my visit in Capri by going to a funeral. Happening to be in the little parish church in the morning, I noticed several old men come in, carrying a bier. They sat down on benches, and then the sacristan appeared, bringing some bundles of what looked to be old sheets with holes in them. These, when unrolled, turned out to be the peculiar garments worn by the members of the *Misericordia*—that is men who go to funerals as mourners, carrying biers and attending generally to the decent interment of the dead. Such brotherhoods exist everywhere in Italy, in every parish; and those who enroll themselves hold themselves always in readiness for these solemn duties, despite any other engagement. The bundles having been unrolled, the old men commenced to dress up in them. Very grim they looked. The hood sticks up in a point at the top, there are two narrow slits for the eyes and another for the mouth. The body has holes for the arms and a covering for the sleeve, lest any of the underclothes should be seen. A white cord, fastened behind, is tied around the waist. When these garments were all on and these ghastly figures were moving around, the dim old church with its bare grey walls and flickering tapers presented quite a picture; it suggested Hallowe'en and Hobgoblins.

They ran about hither and thither, chattering the while, until everyone was ready; and then, taking

the bier with them, started down the road. Brothers of the Misericordia usually wear black garments of the cut above described; but this was the funeral of a child. The dead are always borne on biers in the south. I saw a funeral in the country near Naples when the corpse was being carried along the country road. It had a bright red pall; and I may have been mistaken, but to my eyes the cheeks of the young girl whose body lay on the bier had been painted an almost equally brilliant hue. On this occasion in Capri there was an ordinary coffin. What left the deepest impress on my mind was the smell of the church; for, having seen the beginning, I desired to see the end, and was obliged to wait long. The grease, garlic and incense of centuries had combined to make that smell; and long after I left the place behind me I could detect it on my clothes, and was obliged to sit down on the cliffs and let the sea breezes blow through and through me before I got rid of it for good.

V.

Vedi Napoli e poi muori—after a few weeks of Naples and the Bay, I began to say it too. I was not ready to die having lived to see Naples; only willing to admit that, taking it all in all, I desired to see nothing more lovely. To go away for a few days and then to go back again and go over the same ground once more, to wander aimlessly about until you become familiar with the character of the city, to prowl around at night, looking in everywhere, loitering at

street corners and talking to beggars—this is the way to see Naples, or indeed any place.

The best bird's-eye view of the city is perhaps that obtained from the old monastery of San Martino just below the castle of St. Elmo on the heights of the Vomero. The monastery, which was formerly as much of a palace as a monastery, and which is now quite deserted and kept up as a museum, is the most interesting building in Naples and also the cleanest. The church is a superb specimen of its kind; the interior resembles somewhat that of the Certosa of Pavia. There is the same splendor of white and colored marble, combined with the same lightness and elegance. The Certosa is far-famed and (let me be pardoned for saying so) rather over-rated; the church of San Martino little known and little sought. Yet I confess that it struck me as the more beautiful of the two—if one can compare anything so small with anything so vast. The effect is finer. I was unprepared for it; and wandered up and down for over an hour, admiring it in the mass, stopping now and again to scan the paintings on the ceiling or finger the *lapis lazuli* set in the white marble of the many altars.

At the left of the high altar is the sacristy, and beyond the sacristy is the *tesoro* or treasury. The walls of these rooms are lined with wooden cabinets, exquisitely carved. As you enter the door of the treasury, you see facing you one of the most striking pictures in the world, the greatest of the great paintings of Spagnoletto. All the morbid love of death

and suffering, all the sombre gloom that we associate with the Spanish character, seems to have been intensified in Ribera; but in this picture there is more than gloom or death—there is life. It is a triumph. The subject is the descent from the cross; and it is so painted that, as you glance at it, your heart beats with sympathy for the being who has just given up his life. It is death—death after pain—and the pain still seems to linger in the lifeless form, though the drooping head tells you that all is over. I looked at it long; and then went out into the sacristy, going back to look again. Then, after a walk round the church, I paid it a third visit. The effect, when catching sight of it, was always the same, a start at the realism of those dead limbs and that dead look of pain.

As I remarked above, it is the lightness and airiness of this church combined with its splendors of marble and precious stones, that fascinate the visitor. The court is full of curios, the bare enumeration of which would fill pages. The cloisters are beautiful and full of individuality, the halls spacious, suggestive of the old days of ecclesiastical dominion and power, when the church was wealthy and the religious orders lived in affluence and grandeur. But it is to the Belvedere that the foot of the tourist hurries at San Martino; for there, spread out at your feet looking from the window, is the whole grand panorama, Naples and the Bay, Posilipo, Pizzofalcone, Santa Lucia, the ports, the castles, the corso, with far beyond the blue islands sleeping in the dreamy noon; and at the left the broadside

of the mountain with its column of smoke rising far into the heavens.

It is truly a very grand view ; but after all, a view from a window is the least satisfying of views. To see anything aright, one should be able to see it all around, turning the head as far as possible and receiving no shock. To glance from Capri, lying dim and mysterious in the blue distance across the sunny waves, to the wooden ledge of a window, is not so pleasing as to skim it in a fleeting vision of land and sea, when jutting promontories with green foliage and old palace walls half hide the bay, and old-time tenement houses with colored rags hanging out of the windows come into the range of sight as the head turns quickly. One might almost as well look at a picture as look out of a window ; and it is to dispense with the picture that one travels. A walk along the *Corso Vittorio Emmanuele* or the *Vomero* or on the long winding road to Posilipo, is, more than any *buona vista* seen from San Martino can possibly be, a revelation of the city to the inner sense. Yet to the end I maintained that the road along the shore in front of the Villa Nazionale, up towards Posilipo and down past Santa Lucia and the ports, was the first and last place to see Naples—where the city lies on the one side and the bay on the other, where Pizzofalcone with its crumbling houses shuts out the heights of Capo di Monte, and the quaint old Castell del Ovo rises in a mass of golden brown out of the blue water on the right. Walk along there to view Naples from without, being yet within ; and then, turning up to

the busy Piazza dei Martiri, follow the crowded Strada di Chiaja to the Piazza di San Ferdinando where the Via Roma begins, and you see Naples again, inside.

They say Italy is poor and Naples miserably poor ; and this is true. Nevertheless they have built the Galleria Umberto since 1870, at a cost of over twenty millions of francs. One stands in the Piazza di San Ferdinando and looks at it, wondering why they did it. Of all places surely Naples least needs these tremendous covered arcades full of shops and *cafés*, the walls and the floor all white with marble, the roof stately domes, rich with statuary. I suppose it was to symbolize the new era, that of government of Italy by the popular will, that this folly arose. It is magnificent in its way, and quite dwarfs the old palace below and the grand old opera house of San Carlo that faces it, a little down. But they have got it—a mass of white marble and glittering glass, with a spacious music hall underground wherein the entertainment was a reflex of the spirit that reigned overhead—and much good may it do them ! Electric dances, a glare of colored light in quick succeeding flashes, women kicking with blue feet one moment and pink the next, lost in darkness then illumined like fireflies, covered with clouds and then bursting into colored flames—this was the attraction of the Salone Margherita during the time of my visit to Naples ; and a fitting one. In one sense it was a triumph of modern enterprise ; but viewed as a spectacle, nothing could be more lamentable. It was a display of petty fireworks on the bodies of

dancing women. The women themselves were invisible, except that you knew when a small rocket went up a female foot went with it; they might as well have been machines. All beauty of nature or art was alike lost; if there was any, it was unseen. But the spirit that lavished twenty millions on the *galleria* sat under the floor of it and gazed in rapture on an electric tarantella—a nightmare—Bella Napoli, invisible in the hell-glare of modern invention, dancing like one of the fiery devils in Faust, to the old tunes of the sunny south.

Down below San Ferdinando is the great Piazza del Plebiscito, with the façade of the splendid Palazzo Reale running along one side. Here the mob congregates on grand occasions. I was in Naples when the news came of the terrible disaster in Abyssinia; and in spite of foreign newspapers, I will go so far as to say that at no time, ancient or modern, did a nation ever conduct itself better under such circumstances than the Italians at this trying period. Englishmen and Americans would have “demonstrated” without tears, but not without more damage to life and property. As for Paris—well the Piazza del Plebiscito the next morning, was very unlike what the Place de la Concorde would have been had the calamity befallen a French army. Crowds stood around silent, or speaking in whispers—many silently crying, some stolid and stupefied—but not an angry voice was to be heard, much less a demagogue haranguing the multitude. And the police were invisible. I could not help at last realizing that even the

Neapolitans belong to the great Italian race, so well did they bear the blow. At the first shock there were signs of tumult and trouble, which were greatly magnified, let me add, by the foreign press. But all soon calmed down, though the blow to the national pride was hard to bear, the harder from the unpopularity of the war. I saw men sitting down to their coffee and unable to drink it, men taking up their newspapers and unable to read, tears flowing from the poor creatures' eyes. They are a warm-hearted and poetic people, a race of manly men and womanly women, in intelligence far above the nations of the north; but give free play to their feelings when we would bear all and show nothing, and, in moments of passion, free rein to their tongues when quiet reservation would seem the better way. Poor souls—one's heart went out to them; and, like the cold-blooded northerner that I was, I felt that if no one else did it, I myself would take a stiletto and give old Crispi his *coup de grace*.

They were very quiet, the people. I saw them standing in front of the *Palazzo Reale* after the king came down, waiting for any news that might pass around, and yet conscious that no news of any importance could come. When the first regiment bound for Africa came on to sail from Naples, the king stood in the square and addressed the troops, bidding them good-bye. There was no shouting, no enthusiasm, nor yet any disorder; a heavy weight seemed to be hanging over the king and people, no one knowing how it would all end. But

I thought the people conducted themselves right nobly, remaining so quiet ; would an English crowd, I asked myself, not have broken out into denunciations of the minister who had been to blame ? Yet not a word was heard. As for *il re Umberto*, what his thoughts and feelings were who knows ? At the best of times he looks like a man who has been straining his eyes all his life to see something, and failed—though the eyes have still, from long habit, their fixed, searching expression. Doubtless he was in touch with Crispi's ambitious policy and full of Crispi's projects, thinking more of alliances with Kaisers and colonial extension in Africa than of lightening the heavy burdens of his overtaxed subjects. Yet he is not unpopular ; his father's son could hardly be ; when you have said Vittorio Emanuele to an Italian, you have said the last word—there is no higher name in heaven or on earth. And to them the House of Savoy is still Vittorio Emanuele ; though they would doubtless like it better if their rulers would let Africa and the Germans alone. Poor king—whatever his thoughts, the disaster must have come as a greater blow to him than to any of his subjects.

The transports all sailed from Naples : and soldiers were arriving and sailing for Africa every day. They usually had a few hours, sometimes a day or two, to spend in the city before embarking ; and would employ their time seeing the town. I used to follow them round like a street boy, watching their eager faces as they cast their eyes on the magnificent

panorama of the city and the bay, breaking forth into questions or cries of admiration. Poor fellows; to many it was their first sight of Naples, to all their last view of Italy. They were going away to the hot suns of Africa to endure untold privation, perhaps to be shot down in this stupid warfare for possession of a country about which no one in Italy cared a jot—going at least to endure toil and privation in a conflict wherein their country could gain no more glory, and whose highest hope was that she should reap no more shame. Fine manly fellows they were, one and all, these Italian soldiers; and, as I looked at them and thought of the errand on which they were bent and of the men whose folly was sending them thither, I felt the pity of it—"O the pity of it!" Each day brought its soldiers, each day saw its soldiers depart; the streets were filled with sorrowful men and women, and the faces of even the frivolous Neapolitans looked for once like other men's. And, in those sweet spring evenings, *Addio mia bella Napoli* was sung at last with reason; and the eternal tears that accompany the rendering of this song flowed again with real force and fervor, as the news went round that another convoy, with its burden of the sons of Italy, was steaming out of the beautiful bay, carrying them to the land of death and disaster in the far-off south.

A BEGGAR AT MONTE CARLO.

I.

“ Better be out of the world than out of the fashion.”

This is the principle on which many people live their lives. As you approach the western Riviera your thoughts turn to the “ great world.” You see it there. The incomparable natural beauty of that long strip of land lying between the mountains and the sea, has made it the holiday resort of “ Society spelt with a big S.” Mountains covered with the olive standing out against the bluest of skies, vallies bright with lemon groves and the richer golden hues of the orange, villas and towns and cities, all dazzling white, that sparkle in the sunlight, dotting the hillsides or nestling under shadow of the mountain by the shore of the blue tideless sea—such is Fashion’s playground.

All the inhabitants of the Riviera are not fashionable—here, as elsewhere, “ the many still must labor for the one.” The peasant on the hillside gathers his olives day by day, picks his ripe lemons, toils in his garden or his olive-mill, endures and is patient; the

“man of affairs” slaves at his desk through the long hours of the bright afternoon, and finds no time for a *siesta*, business being as “brisk” at Monte Carlo as in New York; the chambermaid rushes about with broom and dust-pan, scolded and rated if she snatches a moment to look at a passing potentate; hotel-keepers, porters, cabbies and railway-men live in a perpetual hurry-scurry—the busiest people in the world are to be found in the land of rest and play.

But there society recuperates. Queens and emperors, premiers and chancellors, come and go, year after year, snatching in a few weeks of “happy-donothing” a respite from the care of governing (or misgoverning) the world. Dukes and duchesses, earls and countesses, people who know everybody on earth worth knowing, come and sit down beside the newly-made millionaire who knows nobody, and whose highest aim in life it is to sit just so. Both are happy, each having need of the other—for nowhere is money of so much account as in this smiling land. Here the student of human nature has but to open his eyes; all sorts and conditions of men, the good, the bad, the indifferent, the very best and the very worst of every nation, are close at hand. Here the novelist finds a happy hunting-ground; a different type of villain turns up at every corner, the incidents of the morning at the hotel may be expanded into half a volume. For these people it is, indeed, a land full of promise.

But to the “man with a mission,” the moralist, the teacher or preacher who strives to live up to his text,

to the philosopher whose life is a long study of the deeper problems of humanity, this lovely land is an uncongenial clime. Nowhere, indeed, is there more wickedness, nowhere so many people needing to be reformed; but nowhere, on the other hand, is it so hopeless to make the effort. In a savage country where murder is regarded as a fine art and social eminence depends on the number of scalps worn, the best of us would feel a life-preservation society to be out of place; in a land where both church and state, governors and governed, subsist on the proceeds of the gaming-table, it were idle work to teach the infant mind the folly of tossing half-pence. Though the permanent residents of Monaco are not allowed admittance to the casino, yet it is because of the casino the town exists; and all that is said and done therein has a closer or more remote connection with the gaming-table. Picking of pockets is in the air; you cannot escape from it.

Such is Monaco—no place for the moralist or the philosopher, the preacher of new or old doctrine, the inculcator of ancient or modern precept—a barren field for men of thought. But society stops little to think anywhere—at Monte Carlo it forgets even its own prejudices. The beggar rubs shoulders with the man of millions, the robber hob-nobs with the robbed, the beauty of the Imperial court and the beauty of the tap-room exchange remarks. And why not? On the morrow they may all change places. This is one of the great attractions of society's playground, the chance it offers you to lose whatsoever you are

lawfully possessed of, or to win whatsoever another possesses, the possession of which you covet.

“But,” says somebody or other, “Monaco is not the Riviera, the principality is a very small part thereof.” True, O friend, Monaco is not the Riviera. The Riviera extends all the way around the Gulf of Genoa. East of Genoa it is called the Riviera di Levante or Eastern Riviera; west of Genoa it is called the Riviera di Ponente or Western Riviera. But of the Western Riviera, that portion which contains the villas and hotels and is consecrated to the invalid and the man of fashion, is a small part. And this part is more or less pervaded by the spirit of Monaco. The old American gentleman who took me aside to ask if I thought five hundred pounds would keep him going at Monte Carlo for three weeks, was living with his friends at Mentone; and at the hotel in San Remo people went “over to the tables” twice a week if the first visit was profitable, but only the once if luck was against them the first time. Nice and Beaulieu are but a few miles distant; and from any one of the fashionable resorts you can reach Monte Carlo by train in less than an hour.

This dissertation upon people of fashion need not imply that I am one—still less that I went to Nice to view the carnival in such character. Far from it; I went to Nice disguised as a beggar, carrying my brushes and a few pieces of linen in a bundle, travelling on foot. This mode of travelling has its advantages and disadvantages: they are glad to see you at the hotels, because you may be a prince *incog.*; but

they give you very poor accommodation, because anything is fit for a beggar; and finally, they charge you just the same, whether you pose as a prince or a pauper. The city was crowded, and I sought refuge in a small hotel in the Avenue Durante, opposite the railway station. The hotel was full; nevertheless there was a small room to be had in a sort of outhouse across the garden, in which I could be lodged like a prince—so they told me. I was led through the garden, a small place full of stunted orange trees with bright but sour oranges hanging on the branches, and a small door gave access to a low room in which there was a bed. The dampness and the smell of this chamber were rather distressing; still, as there was a fireplace, I took it. I ordered them to bring as much wood as they could lay their hands on, and soon had a roaring blaze. Under the influence of the fire the room became habitable; and I was able to contemplate sleeping there.

But it was not a desirable place to stop. The common idea that a second-class hotel is preferable for economical reasons is a mistake. They take advantage of one's being a foreigner to ask first-class prices; and if you beat them down in one thing they make it up in another. When in a large city it is economy always to go to a large hotel; the proprietor has many guests, and will not think it worth his while to impose upon one individual—unless he sees you are a fool; and if you are foolish enough to allow it, you will be robbed anywhere and everywhere. If

you wish to economize, go into the country and lodge at a village inn; there you will live cheaply and be happy.

I dined with a number of fat and greasy provincial people in a small and overcrowded room that smelt of garlic. All were in holiday attire, and all chattering and joking in the vulgar fashion of the lower middle class when out for amusement. The food was ill-cooked, the attendance bad; but to all remonstrances the same answer was returned, "What would you have?—it is the Carnival!"

My bed was uncomfortable, and the place I slept in a sort of lumber-room which did duty as a bed-chamber at a pinch. When the fire went out, it became very cold, and I was glad enough when morning broke. A bath was not to be had for love or money; I was told that the other guests did not want one—why should I? I breakfasted in the garden among the oranges; a bright sun was shining out of a cloudless sky, and life seemed, under its influence, to be better worth the living. As soon as breakfast was over, I started to look for a new hotel.

They seemed to be all full. I wandered up and down the Promenade des Anglais from end to end, round the Place Masséna and along the Boulevards; but found no vacant rooms. At last, out of sheer bravado, I went to the Grand.

I was doubtful whether they would let me into this magnificent caravansarai of six hundred palatial rooms, and walked up to the door with latent misgivings. My clothes, having seen some years' service in the

offices of the Canadian Government, had experienced much wear and tear in riding on mules over the mountains, and bore also many stains, mementos of travel in coasting steamers. In short I not only *was* a tramp, but I *looked* a tramp. However it is now the fashion for the wealthy to disguise themselves in rags and go prowling around the country like beggars—the richer you are the more ragged you are privileged to be. No one but a prince or a millionaire would have dared to present himself at those portals in such a garb—so I think they must have reasoned; for everyone bowed low, from the elegant and perfumed gentleman who opened the door to the boy who brought in the bath; and in a few minutes of my arrival, I was installed in a sumptuous apartment with many servants at my beck and call. And what was much more to the point, the prices were exactly the same as at the miserable place I had left. Secure of a comfortable lodging at last, I gave myself up to the follies of the hour.

The Battle of Flowers is a sight one might see anywhere—if one could get the flowers. In the north it would be possible to have one only in summer, and not in the month of February; but anywhere in the world, where the flowers are blooming and the weather is warm, this stage of the carnival might be reproduced with as perfect success as in the sunny south. The long line of carriages covered with flowers, some decked out with exquisite taste and fancy, some lumbering along with a few unsightly bouquets stuck here, there and everywhere without

regard to effect, passes up and down among the dense throngs that fill the Promenade des Anglais, the people in carriages pelting the people on foot, the people on foot pelting the people in the carriages with sweet-scented blossoms. All the carriages carry baskets full of flowers; and when the battle commences a perfect shower of them comes rattling about one's ears. A carriage draws up full of laughing girls, and you are pelted with a will, the sweet buds striking you in the face, half a dozen at a time. You stoop to pick them up, and, rushing forward, fling them back again, while somebody else attacks you behind. Sometimes you see a lovely sight, as where a young woman drives along in a pony-carriage, woman, pony and carriage almost smothered in yellow mimosa, the girl, half-hidden by the golden sprays, throwing out a flower this side and another that with a graceful curve of one arm, while with the other she holds the reins and guides her pony through the surging crowd. The crowd rushes after her, gazing admiringly, every man anxious to be the aim of so lovely a combatant. Then up comes a big band-waggon, possibly built to figure in the fray, a mass of green foliage full of laughing girls, gay with bright carnations and sweet roses, flinging their flowers at each upturned face as they go. And now comes a woman, driven along in state, with an eager, expectant look on her face, poising her arm gracefully and searching the crowd with her eyes to find the friend (or enemy) whom she has come out on purpose to strike. Then we see a waggonette full of

boys ; they have come out to fight and are fighting—happy is it for the onlookers that flowers do not hurt, for this family party is well provided with baskets full of blossoms, and the boys are missing no opportunity “to give him one in the eye.” The fashionable gentleman with the eyeglass, driving a tandem, who throws a forget-me-not in the faces of the handsome women whom he recognizes, stands rather in awe of these boys, whence it presently becomes their chief object in life to displace the eyeglass through which he surveys them with an air of aristocratic languor and disapproval. And so it goes on.

After a while the flowers become more and more bruised and broken, sweet stalks flung back and forth, picked up on the ground and flung again, are getting dusty and limp, their perfume almost gone. And when the afternoon is over, and those in the carriages and pedestrians have taken themselves alike away to dinner, the Promenade des Anglais looks melancholy enough. The booths are deserted, the railings broken ; and thousands of crushed and faded flowers lie on the ground trampled almost to pieces, their life of beauty over, their sweetness vanished, their glory wasted in an afternoon of play. One feels, as one wanders over the scene lately so animated, that after all battles should be fought with anything but flowers.

But if this Battle of Flowers could be fought anywhere where there was a will to have it during the summer season, the glories of Mardi-gras or the *confetti* day belong to the south alone. Little balls of *confetti* could, indeed, be manufactured in any land ;

and whole cities in sullen-skied England and sad-faced America could dress themselves up in bright cottons and wear masks; but the air of joyousness and freedom, the hilarity and self-abandonment to the fancies of the hour, is possible only in the sunny south.

Nice on "confetti day" is a giddy spot. It is not the procession, though that is giddy enough; it is the people who are looking on. Contrast the scene with a winter carnival in an American or Canadian city—the silent, waiting crowd, sober men, sober women, sober children all in their "Sunday best" huddled up together, hugging their overcoats and employing the weary time of waiting by talking about the weather and the revival of trade, sad and sour faces peering out from under hat and bonnet, women fearing they are going to damage their new clothes, men muttering that "it takes a deuce of a time to come"—and then think of that giddy populace, clad in every color of the rainbow, giving itself up to wild merriment, everyone in an ecstasy of joy. What chatter, what laughter, what movement—the very air is sparkling with the glow of their irrepressible spirits. Comes along a band, and the whole street instinctively begins to sing and dance. The band goes on—there are a hundred couples waltzing down behind it; and the people on the pavement beside you are humming the tune and keeping time with their feet. The procession is not yet coming, but it is all carnival just the same; and when it does come, it is a question which is spectator and which performer. While you are waiting for it you find your mask irritating and take

it off for a moment ; a couple of pretty girls in pink dominos creep up to you softly and whisper, "Bon jour, Monsieur !" Who are they ? You turn to see, and the *confetti* is flung into your eyes ; they are running away with screams of laughter. You turn aside to rub it off your face and to replace the mask ; a roguish-looking fellow is watching you and makes a sign to attract your attention. But you are not to be caught thus ; you replace the mask. Hark, there is the band again, hundreds of feet are keeping time ; in a moment the pavement is covered with dancers. The crowd standing at the corner breaks up, a shower of *confetti* falls, some run this way some that, others pursuing ; the *confetti* is returned with spirit. Those English or American tourists who have come out "just to see it, you know," disdaining mask and domino and wearing their ordinary garb, are rushing pell-mell into the side streets, a delightful sight to the native who amuses himself pelting with *confetti* the silk hat that has fallen into the gutter. The owner comes back gingerly with a handkerchief over his eyes to rescue the missing article ; he becomes a target, and, seizing it, flies in despair, he and his hat as white as a miller. And on plays the band and on go the dancers—such vim, such spirit as they put into it—the whole square is alive, brilliant colors moving to the sound of music, showers of *confetti*, peals of laughter, —King Carnival reigns.

And then the procession begins. It takes a long time to pass, and you wonder whether there are as many of the inhabitants out of it as there are in it.

There are bands, carriages, conveyances after the style of Noah's ark, companies of horsemen and foot, men, women, children, animals and monsters of all conceivable kinds, all enjoying it in a hearty sort of a way that makes one's soul glad. Everybody pelts everybody else with *confetti*, and the world seems altogether to have gone crazy. Shrieks of laughter fill the air when any particular group of characters tickles the fancy of the multitude. Often these can not be appreciated by the foreigner; for southern humor is peculiar, and frequently the cause for merriment escapes observation. The "new woman," however, was appreciated by all who saw her; she was thirty feet high, arrayed in bloomers of the latest Parisian cut, and carried her husband up her sleeve. But she was not so ridiculous nor so awful as the reality, seen in the Bois de Boulogne—nothing could be. In fact the new woman has one advantage over other innovators; she is safe from caricature. All distortions of her must necessarily tend toward the normal.

The hilarity was contagious; and had it not been that I began to feel the pangs of hunger, I should never have known how much time had elapsed when the last show was passing out of sight, the other side of the Place Masséna. The people, not yet thinking of food and drink, had taken to dancing again; and the buzz of voices almost drowned the band. It was delightful wandering in and out among the crowd—there were so many out, and so few not dressed up in mask and domino that the brilliancy of the scene

was really dazzling. Here and there were groups of tourists in ordinary clothes, huddled together like frightened sheep, holding handkerchiefs before their faces for fear of getting the *confetti* in their eyes. But these were comparatively few; it was all one blaze of color like a kaleidoscope, ever changing and forming new combinations; and the bright sunshine fell on the red and white and blue, and made a picture which no painter could hope to rival.

I could not dine at the Grand Hotel, having no clothes. The prince and the millionaire discard their rags at eventide, and descend to dinner in the garb of civilization. As I had nothing but my rags, I was forced to leave the hotel and dine without. As I slunk like a criminal through the corridors, I could perceive that now, when the hour for dinner was come, King Carnival was shut out. I elbowed numbers of fashionably dressed men and women, and could perceive that the upper class was dining with the same graceful composure as if it had been an ordinary day. But not so in the humble *café* wherein I took my evening meal; there King Carnival held high festival. The waiters and the waited-upon were, one and all, full of the spirit of the thing; not a mug of beer was filled, not a penny rung on the counter, but suggested the abandonment of supreme joy. People were singing, playing, dancing, just the same. While I was sipping my wine, a party of eight maskers came in. They carried musical instruments of different kinds and were playing; they were also dancing—a species of jig it seemed, though

the dance may have some poetic name, if one knew. These people called for wine, got it and drank it—but the jig never stopped. They danced as they drank, they danced as they paid—and when they had danced themselves out, I saw them through the windows dancing down the street.

The evening of Mardi-gras is naturally the climax of the carnival. People are somewhat tired it is true, after such a day of merry-making; nevertheless, as on the morrow all must sit down and mourn for their sins in sackcloth and ashes with a prospect of forty days of penance and fish-dinners to follow, every moment of time during which one can conscientiously laugh and grow fat is precious. They stop throwing *confetti* in the evening; you can take off your mask and fling it to the nearest buffoon to play with, in the happy consciousness that you will want it no more. Then you can lounge around lazily, watching the pranks of the crowd and the fireworks that shoot up in all directions, making the night like one vast stage scene from the last act of a ballet. Indeed the squares on that night resembled on a larger scale an open-air ballet at the Crystal Palace, with houses for a background and fireworks going up around.

A very vague recollection of that evening remained afterwards. There was such a glare of lights, so many rockets, so many people moving about, such a buzz of voices, so many musical and unmusical sounds, that it was hard to remember just where I had been and what I had been doing there. To get into such a de-

lightful hilarious state is the prerogative of the southerner alone. The people of the north can do it and do do it by the absorption of much strong drink; but the happier children of southern climes taste all the bliss of intoxication without the after-bitterness of the morning, the remorse of conscience and the reproach of shame-stricken friends. In all that dense throng of people I saw not one who was making a beast of himself, nor indulging in aught save innocent play. They are not a sober people, heaven knows—nor particularly virtuous nor exemplary in their lives; but the coarseness and brutality of our northern merriment is foreign to their light-hearted raptures. I have recollections of a man in a tiger skin, so perfectly made up that, even walking on his hind legs, he looked “every inch a man-eater;” had he not wished me “good evening” in French, I think I should have run away from him. A little later, three masked individuals surrounded me, joining hands; first one sang, then another, then the third. What the song was about I had no idea; it was in the dialect of the country, a language in which French and Italian words are mixed up in a free and easy manner with endings of their own. When these people had finished their songs, they danced off like wild Indians. I called out and thanked them in English, which delighted them; they had taken me for a Russian, and now, hearing the language, had their suspicions confirmed. We parted, shouting “Vive la France” and “Vive la Russie;” and the dual alliance was yet more firmly cemented. Once only did

I flee. A fat youth in cap and bells was dancing a sort of perpetual pirouette, spinning round like a top and coming to a standstill at intervals when his power of revolving gave out for the time. Whoever happened to be facing him at the moment of his stoppage he kissed, first on one cheek then on the other. I stood watching him for some minutes, and at last he came to a standstill just in my face. It was Mardi-gras and I was doing in the south as the southerners do, but old prejudices are not to be conquered in a few hours; in the impulse of the moment I turned and fled away.

During the carnival season at Nice one sees only the carnival; when the carnival is over one can see Nice. Just as a house and family are best studied after an important event such as a wedding has taken place, and everyone is going about unconsciously forgetful of effect, thinking and acting as his or her character impels, so a city is best seen after a great celebration, when the wearied inhabitants are forgetful of ceremony and restraint, going each about his daily business in plain clothes and unmindful of the visitor.

Nice strikes one as a city that has seen, if not its best days, at least its most brilliant. It is like a belle of many seasons, who, though she be more beautiful than ever and has yet the certainty of man, triumphs ahead, somehow gives one the consciousness that a few years ago she must have created a still greater *furor*. The city is one of the beautifullest; and the beauty is of a kind that can never fade.

There, behind her, are the eternal blue hills, above her smiles the sunniest of skies, at her feet sleeps in undying beauty the blue, tideless sea; she is the queen city of a land in which the summer sleeps but never dies. A thousand hotels and villas reflect the sunshine from their white walls; the Promenade des Anglais, the Place Masséna, the Boulevard Victor Hugo are gay with smiling crowds; the populace has frolicked and danced in wildest glee during these last days of the carnival—but yet there is the sense of fading glory. It is in the air.

Despite the crowded hotels, the number of visitors cannot now be what it once was. People still flock thither for the carnival; but, the carnival over, they run away again to other places of resort in the Riviera; Nice has rivals. In no city in the world did I ever see so many villas “to let.” At the upper end of the Promenade des Anglais there were whole blocks of them. This tells its own tale. Fashion is forsaking Nice, as it has forsaken so many other places in turn—with the great world this lovely city has had its day; people must needs no longer go there as a matter of course. Ouida, if she were beginning to write now, would no longer paint a drive in the Promenade des Anglais with English horses and Russian furs supplied by the wicked husband of the pure and long-suffering wife, as the end and aim of the infamous woman whose vagaries lend such a charm to her many tales. Even Marie Bashkirtseff, were she alive now, might be found sitting at the window of a villa in Beaulieu or walking along the

shore at Mentone, waiting for the ideal love and dreaming of deathless fame while she waited. Nice, however, has always been a favorite resort of the Russians; and I found a shop the windows of which were full of memories of Marie. I would have liked to buy them all, being an admirer of Mademoiselle Bashkirtseff; but contented myself with looking in at the window, remembering that I was a beggar. She came often into my mind as I rambled through the streets after the carnival; and I lived some time in company with her ghost. There was, perhaps, never so strange an instance of an absorbing ambition to be talked about so completely gratified—after the poor, passionate heart had ceased to beat. The silly women of both hemispheres cried themselves to sleep over her journal; Russian and Frank, Northerner and Southerner, criticised, condemned and admired; parsons in the country parts of Canada preached about her from the pulpit; Mr. Gladstone forsook Homer and Horace and forgot for a moment the wrongs of Ireland, to moralize over her mournful tale. She filled the world—dead and gone, with every hope crushed and broken, she reigned at last. If fame be as the poet says “a fancied life in others’ breath,” the word she wrote in her diary on the stroke of midnight, as one year died away and another came into being, was not written in vain.

II.

Everyone has heard of the "Cornice" who has not driven in person along that famous road. The guide-book tells you to be careful to choose the upper road, and warns you that the cabby will start along the lower if he can, as the lesser climb will save his horses. But no one is advised to take the lower road—fight hard with cabby rather—the view from the upper being so much finer.

It is true the view from the upper road is incomparably finer and grander; but I do not blame the cabbies for cheating the tourists—it is a stiff climb. As I was footing it, I had no opportunity for a quarrel with a cabby, nor any pretext for one with the guide-book. If, however, you wish to see and to study the villages and towns along the coast between Nice and Monte Carlo, take the lower road. All these places are more or less famous, Monte Carlo, itself, being both famous and infamous. It lacks the sublime view to be had of the snowy mountain peaks and the extent of sea and coast-line; but it is richer in human interest, more various and picturesque. There are those who say that the Cornice surpasses anything in the south; with them I wholly disagree; but it is inferior only to the drives and walks around the Bays of Naples and Salerno.

With my bundle slung over my back, I started from Nice to return to Italy *via* the Cornice. I climbed many steep paths, intending, like the tourist, to take the upper road to La Turbie. After a long

climb I changed my mind, and decided to go back to Nice and go round by Villefranche and Beaulieu in defiance of the guide-look. A beggar, like a lady, can change his mind—at least he need consult only his legs. So I made my way back to the city and then out of it again, keeping near the sea; for that part of a city which lies next the sea—if it be a seaport—has for me a charm. The smells, the tar, the odd sights, the old shops, the fishing and seafaring population, the groups of old sailors, the humors of the crowd, have an indescribable fascination about them; even in this last decade of the nineteenth century the taint of vulgarity has not impressed itself upon anything connected with the sea.

When I reached the Chateau Montboron I sat down to rest and eat some fruit which I carried in my bundle. While I was sitting there enjoying the magnificent view of Nice, the white houses gleaming in the bright sunlight, the sparkling water sleeping peacefully at the side of the gay Promenade des Anglais, the blue mountains rising behind against a cloudless sky--the French fleet steamed out of the harbor of Villefranche the other side of the hill on whose summit I was resting. I had a splendid view of it—thirteen men-of-war in all, moving majestically along over the blue water one behind the other, forming an immense half-circle. They were probably bound for nowhere in particular. I regretted for once not having read the morning paper; war might have been declared, and they might be going forth to the conquest of England, or at least the demolition of

Gibraltar and Malta or the taking of Egypt—any one of the many objects which candid American cousins predicted as likely to be attained in the near future. But I fancy it was only to manœuvre, or we should have known sooner or later; at any rate I went on eating oranges and smoked a pipe peacefully, conscious that I could do nothing not even give the alarm, whatever mischief might be in the air.

Many tourists drove along while I was sitting on the hillside by the chateau; and they looked at me suspiciously, as if half afraid I would pursue them with requests for money. But I let them pass, though a little tempted to earn an honest penny, seeing that the allurements of Monte Carlo were ahead, and that any trifling alms might, judiciously staked, there multiply a thousand-fold. Beggars also trudged along; but they, too, ignored my existence or regarded me with suspicion, showing that contempt of the professional for the amateur which is universal in all trades. Neither man, woman or dog came out from the castle grounds to warn me off, as has often happened in Italy; I was left severely alone, to enjoy the view of the city, sea, mountain and fleet in perfect peace. From an architectural point of view Montboron is probably the most contemptible chateau in the world; nothing could be more revolting than those designs in colored bricks that cover it, reminding one of the filigree work on an old-fashioned valentine. But even the Chateau Montboron could not spoil the prospect.

The road from Villefranche to Monte Carlo is full of twists and turns. It runs along the shore some distance above the water; and often, looking down where the mountain casts a shadow on the sea, one sees the loveliest of all shades of blue, that deep shade which is almost black and yet bluest of blue.

This part of the Riviera is now the most fashionable. Beaulieu is especially favored. It is difficult to choose one spot and say it is more charming than the others. There are everywhere the same lovely colors in the water at your feet, the same olive-covered hills behind, the same vista of blue mountain and snow-clad mountain-peak, the same winding roads, groves of lemons, and villas set on the hill-sides. At Beaulieu Lord Salisbury's villa is the most conspicuous object, both from its size and situation—of its beauty let nothing be said; few habitations of men can boast of less. It is as though the builder, having gazed too long on the Chateau Montboron, had desired to escape as far as possible from the influence of this vulgar and meretricious age and wandered to the opposite extreme. The villa, if its illustrious owner should ever become willing to part with it, will make an admirable prison, or in the event of a war between France and Italy serve as a fortress. I did not stop long at Beaulieu; it is a fit place only for beggars who beg; one who merely apes their method of travel for economy's sake had better pass it by; the reputation of the place in the world of fashion has raised prices exceedingly.

The gem of the Riviera is, beyond all question,

Monaco. Surely no site on earth can be finer than that of this old town on the little peninsula jutting out into the sea. The new and fashionable suburb of Monte Carlo, with its far-famed Casino and hundred hotels, has usurped its right and almost taken away its name; but yet there are some who still speak of Monaco, and find the glories of Monte Carlo not too luring to reserve a kind word for the old town of which it is the offshoot. There are people so blind—millions of them—that they cannot dissociate either name from the thought of gambling hells and suicides' graves; there are others—and they, too, are in number legion—who see nothing at Monte Carlo but a series of halls wherein one can play in comfort without the unpleasantness of breaking any law, except the old one of right and wrong, which is a trifle. Both are right in their way; and at the same time both are mistaken; Monaco is an earthly paradise. I rambled round the old town, much regretting that the prince was at home: if the inside of the palace be as attractive as the outside, it is a place wherein one would wish to linger long. It is a solemn old pile that reminds one of the middle ages; and ought to be the abode of a family with a turn for brigandage and superstition, not of a prince who makes millions out of other men's folly. I visited the church which is being restored and decorated anew, the funds being supplied out of the revenues derived from the Casino. This shocks some sober-minded people; but if newspapers are to be believed, the Prince of Monaco's method of raising funds for

church repairs it not more open to question than those of some congregations in good America.

I lunched at a *café* in the long, winding road that runs round the beach up the hill to Monte Carlo. The scum of all nations was sunning itself in this interesting locality. Not the disreputables of the upper world ; they sit on the terraces above and look down on the scene below with disgust—but the decayed dandy, the played-out sharper, the superannuated pickpocket, the broken-down scoundrel, and such. The man who kept the *café* was quite in keeping with the class for which he catered, as I found out before I left. Monte Carlo is a den of thieves, and makes no bones about it. The hotel windows are barred to keep out the burglar ; the winner at the Casino walks to and fro with a policeman at either elbow ; pickpockets in all guises waylay you at every turn. A nice-looking fellow asks you for a light—beware ! A sober-looking woman sits beside you at *table d'hôte*, and commences the conversation by saying she feels rather ashamed of herself for being in so naughty a place (though of course she has not been to the tables)—look out ! her hands may be in your pockets while you are gazing at the whites of her eyes. Everywhere, even at the hotels, they pass bad money ; it is necessary to look carefully at every penny. In my *café* I sat among the vicious, and kept watch over my neighbors ; when it came time to pay and the waiter brought me change, I discovered that every piece was bad. I made no demonstration, but merely walked up to the counter

and said—"Strange!—one piece Russian—bad!—one piece English—bad!—two pieces Greek—bad!"—and so on until it was all laid out before the eyes of the proprietor. The latter turned a livid green and his hand seemed almost palsied with anger. He did, indeed, echo my remark, the word "strange" struggling in his throat; but it was no use to mince matters. He took them all up hurriedly, counted out French money and requested me to go. I bowed—he bowed—we both looked curiously at the disreputables who were still eating and whose time for paying was not yet come—and I made my way out.

Fairer spot than Monte Carlo man never looked upon. As you sit on the terraces under the palms, the odor of sweet flowers filling the air, the sound of music floating on the breeze, the vision of the little city-crowned peninsula of Monaco on your right and the long sweep of the curving shore dotted with white villas and towns to the left, fading at last into a vision of blue mountains beyond the Italian line, you get into a dreamy state and fancy yourself in a paradise of the gods. They are not exactly gods, however, the people who are moving about in tens and hundreds, above, beyond, below—far from it—mortals, of the earth earthiest, the most of them. The hum of their voices mingles with the sound of the music, and fashionable garments at odd moments obscure the vision of the sparkling sea—but still you dream and rightly; whatever they be, it is a paradise they have come to dwell in.

They were there literally in thousands, for Lent

was come; and it is the season of self denial and penitence that the witch of Monte Carlo claims as especially her own. The new way of sitting in sack-cloth and ashes has its bitter moments sometimes as the old; but like other innovations it has its merits—it is not so dull. Princes, poets, singers, statesmen, warriors, women of fashion, pickpockets, all the *monde* and the *demi-monde* were there, taking the air on the hill; and when I had had my fill of paradise and began to pine for earth, I amused myself watching them. The *descensus averni* was very easy; I had not to change my posture nor wink an eye. A single moment of thought, and paradise was filled with the naughty sons of Adam and daughters of Eve. They stood in groups, women making eyes at men, men with eyeglasses looking critically at women, soured men, scornful men, successful men, some pacing up and down regardless of spectators, some cowering in corners under a friendly palm, some gnawing their lips in mute jealousy or fruitless remorse, some boisterous and exultant, the air ringing with their coarse laughter. Zola's sensualists were there, standing, all unconscious of the witchery in earth and sky, sucking their fat lips, thinking how best to squeeze a little more money with which to feed their baser passions, from out their brothers' pockets. Ouida's creatures were there—fresh young Englishmen with bright faces and blue eyes sauntering along, hand in pocket, talking in rich accents full of youth and freedom—keen-eyed Jews, sleek, well-brushed Parisians, intelligent and unkempt Germans, Americans asking

questions of anybody and everybody as they hurried along to miss nothing. The little woman who was the cause of several stalwart young Englishmen committing suicide, watches new victims of the same kind as they approach, scanning them critically through her glass. She still looks up smilingly into her parasol when people speak vaguely of sin and crime; and shudders with genuine horror as the skirts of the courtesan brush against her own while the crowd is passing up and down the steps. There they go, to and fro under the palms, sitting on the benches, rushing nervously up the steps of the Casino, loitering in the loveliest of lovely gardens. A row of sweet violets ran quite around the long oval in front of the Casino, and I stood still for some time admiring them and sniffing their fragrance. "Tut—a sham just like everything else here; they are all in pots," said a *blasé* English youth, a chance acquaintance on whose face an infinite world-weariness was the predominant feature; "the violets are reared in a hothouse; and when they begin to fade, they will take them away and put some other showy thing in their place." And he passed on to gaze vacantly at the wrecks of womanhood who were sunning themselves on the terrace, and the worn out men of the world who stood blinking in the sunshine with an expression akin to his own.

He thought he had destroyed one more illusion; but he had not. Why should anyone disdain a flower because it is grown in a hothouse? A sweet violet is not the less a sweet violet because it is growing in

a pot. It is all very well to find them growing in the woods amid the fresh unsullied verdure of the forest ; but they are lovely anywhere. I enjoyed them—but then to me Monte Carlo was a happy place. Carlyle with all his greatness undervalued happiness—that sigh of regret because the day is so short, that unexpressed desire, as the head is laid upon the pillow, that to-morrow shall be as to-day, is worth more than the consciousness of having written *Sartor Resartus*. I had come to Monte Carlo to enjoy myself, looking at the people ; the place was interesting to a degree ; it was a pleasure to exist—if only to be a beggar.

But this latter fact I had quite forgotten ; and I was mixing with the well-dressed people on the terrace, regardless of appearances. It had been very difficult to secure a room, the town was so full ; I had tried six hotels, and was about deciding to climb the hills to La Turbie when I bethought me of going to the seventh. Here I was more fortunate. One of the guests had left unexpectedly—whether by suicide or rail I was not told—and his room was engaged by a gentleman from England who would not arrive for forty-eight hours ; in the meantime I could occupy it.

I had wandered around and sat on the terrace, sauntered in the garden and watched the people, quite too happy to wish to play ; but all of a sudden the fit seized me. I jingled the coins in my pocket like a schoolboy ; they were few ; why not multiply them and make them many ? The hard-featured woman at the hotel had looked at me with suspicion, and de-

tected the hole in my sleeve; what would she say when I returned escorted by two policemen, staggering under a weight of gold? I saw two hawk-like individuals marching up the steps of the Casino, and followed in careless unconsciousness. But not inside the portals—no. As my feet touched the threshold, I felt a strong grip on either arm and an impulse to turn right-about-face—while a stern voice exclaimed, as if addressing the entire multitude, “You are the third Englishman within two weeks who has attempted to set our rules at defiance—look at your clothes!”

I looked down—they were ragged, and I was wearing “knickers”—I blushed with shame. I was speechless. I knew very well—or would have known if I had taken time to think about it—that entrance to the Casino must be denied to me in such apparel—for the rules and regulations at Monte Carlo as to the outer man are very strict. He pointed down the steps; and down the steps I walked in mute anguish of soul. A famous beauty was standing there, and I saw her raise her glass. A group of men stood around her. Her lips curled just the very least little bit, hardly a smile, and I doubt if she said a word about it to her admirers—but the fleeting look went through me like a knife, and I hurried away as fast as my legs would carry me.

I passed through the crowd with burning cheeks. I am sure no one saw me, knew me or cared in the least about the matter; but the rebuff had come suddenly, and the humiliation was very great. I could have wished that the other offenders, the two English-

men in two weeks who had also tried to set the law at defiance, had been by my side; to find somebody else in the ditch is so consoling. But I saw no one, absolutely no one, who was not faultlessly attired in high collar, black coat and trousers.

The failure to effect an entrance to the tables had increased the desire to play a thousand-fold; it had become a consuming passion. To wait and telegraph to Italy for clothes was not to be thought of; while I waited my lucky hour might pass forever, never to return. I was possessed with one idea—to get clothes. I would beg them, borrow them, if necessary steal them—the spirit of the place was on me, and I commenced to plan a theft. In a town where all the inhabitants are thieves honesty becomes ridiculous.

Full of these thoughts I hurried through the streets and lanes up to the hotel. I rushed breathlessly in; the hall was empty, but the office door was open. In the office was a square table at which sat a square woman. She was making out bills.

She was tall, stiff, angular—and no longer young; her glance was penetrating and her voice cutting. I had discovered before, when bargaining for my room, that she was an Englishwoman. I forgot about her, however, in the excitement of the moment, and stood before her breathless.

“*Can* you lend me a pair of trousers?”

“Sir?”

“Clothes—there must be—anybody could lend me what I want—if you have a pair of trousers—it doesn’t matter about the fit—if you have them and will lend them to me—”

“*Sir?*”

“I am shut out of the Casino—of course you can see why—so I have come back to you. *Can* you lend me a pair of trousers?”

The woman rose bodily and in spirit and surveyed me. She spoke.

“*I certainly can not.*”

There was time to count three or four between each word. She repeated the words, if possible with still greater emphasis—“*I—certainly—can—not!*”

“No—not your own of course—that is I mean—I beg your pardon, madam—but *a* pair of—”

A wave of the hand silenced me. She pointed to the door. “If you will be so kind as to retire to your room, sir, I will send the head waiter upstairs. You can discuss the matter with him, and borrow from him the clothes you require—that is if he has them to lend.”

I bowed and, turning round, rushed upstairs. In a few minutes the head waiter appeared, and I explained the plight I was in. Either he was so fortunate as to have an extensive wardrobe or they keep a supply of clothes at the hotels for such contingencies, for he went away and came back with a whole armful of garments. Needless to say none fitted; but I was obliged to make a selection from what I had before me, and, in a few moments, stood arrayed in borrowed plumes. They were the waiter’s own, he said; and he was a much shorter and stouter man than I. The masquerade at Nice had been nothing to it; I was ashamed to go out. The old question

"is it better to be a greater fool than you look or to look a greater fool than you are?" came into my head as I surveyed myself in the glass. I asked the waiter. The waiter was a serious man; and, suiting the answer to the occasion, thought it better to look a greater fool than you are. He was very reassuring, said not to be afraid, people would guess why it was, nobody would take them for my own, I looked much above them; and, like a true Southerner, added a compliment which modesty forbids my repeating. They were as far from being comfortable as becoming; the nether garments were made after the Italian fashion, without buttons, to be tied on round the waist with a handkerchief. I had always admired the taste of Italian men in dispensing with such troublesome and irritating things as buttons; but in order to appreciate the Italian method of fastening, one should have one's clothes made to fit.

It was hard work to start. The waiter, however, suggested it might be my lucky day, and that I had better venture. I promised him a handful of gold if my expectations were realized; and we parted on the best of terms. Alas for the vanity of human wishes—when I returned I had lost to such an extent that nothing was left even for a tip; and to this day I owe him clothes-rent.

I hurried downstairs and out into the streets. The street gamins let me pass unnoticed, so I knew I was safe; if you can pass with a street boy you can pass anywhere. I made my way for a second time up the steps of the Casino, mingling with the crowd. The

officials smiled an almost imperceptible smile as they glanced at my new apparel, but made no objections to my getting a pass. Once inside, the clothes question worried me no more.

The crowd of visitors at Monte Carlo was so great, those days, that people stood around the tables three and four deep. It is always a place of interest the Casino; even if your own money is gone, you can stand around for hours, watching other people losing theirs, without wearying. In those brilliantly-lighted halls flit about hundreds, the gayest of the gay children of this world, like moths around a flame, full of life, intoxicated with the excitement of play. Stand also near the table next you, and you can read a line or two of the world's tragedy. There, sitting at the corners, are the old professional gamblers. You can examine them at your leisure, staring them full in the face until your eyes become dim—they never see *you*. Their gaze is vacant, blank, a staring into nothing; they see but the game. They look at you, into you, through you—and see nothing. An old woman with grey hair drawn down the side of her face, and eyes of a steel blue, mechanically puts forth a wrinkled hand containing a piece of gold—“*faites le jeu, Messieurs, faites le jeu*”—the voice of the *croupier* rings in all ears; the little ball spins round and round swiftly, slower, slower still—falls—“*dix-huit, rouge*,” the voice rings again—the old woman's gold piece is swept away. There is no sign of disappointment or surprise, no twitching of the thin lips. The wrinkled hand takes up a pencil, makes a note on a piece of

paper and puts the pencil down again. Then patiently she waits, her steel-blue eyes staring into vacancy, until it is time for her to venture again. Then comes forth another piece of gold, the voice of the *croupier* rings again, the little ball spins round once more, and away goes the gold a second time. Another note on the paper, another stare into vacancy, another wait—the old lady is patient. There she sits, staring at nothing day after day, waiting for the turn of Fortune's wheel ; this is her life. Perhaps there comes a time when all her gold is gone, and she can play no more ; she must then stop and look about her, seeing people and things with those steel-blue eyes, and find some method of replenishing the empty purse. But whatever she scrapes together will come here, she is an old gambler ; only in a world wherein roulette is known no more will she stop playing. One looks at her and moralizes, wonders who she is, where she was born, and what the circumstances were that killed every other passion in the woman's heart save this, to play. It is clear that all other desires and passions are dead within her and that she lives but for this, to sit day after day at a game of chance, playing against odds so tremendous, playing with nerves of steel, and living but to play.

Then comes up a young Englishman in a light brown tweed and hands a gold piece to the *croupier* to be changed into silver. The silver he scatters over the numbers. In spite of himself his eyes fix themselves keenly on the *croupier*, and his breath catches just the least bit as the winning number is called.

His silver is all raked away. He puts his hands in his pockets, quite too careless in his manner, and saunters off, going from table to table "looking on." If you watch him closely, however, you will see him glance back from time to time to the table at which he has lost; it is the table he has resolved to play at, and he will stake his money at no other. At last like the moth he saunters back, pulls out another piece of gold, changes it again and tries the numbers once more. Again luck is against him; it is the same story, all is raked away. Others are winning; the man down at the corner has doubled four times and won. But it is not his lucky day. Again he goes round, looking on at other tables, only to come back again and tempt fortune anew. He lost four times in succession, this young man, and then went about downcast—no old gamester he. The fussy woman behind the *croupier* has both lost and won; she is excited, and wonders how it will all end. She began by talking rapidly; but, hearing no other voice than her own, stopped suddenly, frightened, and stepped back a little. Still when she won and again when she lost, she could not help talking about it, even though no one listened; she cannot help herself, it is all so new and so exciting. Meanwhile the sharp-featured American gentleman at the corner has been playing with marked success. He has a system and a good one, as anybody can see who watches. Six times he doubles and wins—the system. I say to myself "why have *I* not a system?" The seventh time he doubles again on *rouge*; alas, *noir* is called,

he loses all his winnings—system at fault—or was it that he made a mistake? He steps aside to study his note-book and find out.

I had no system; which I much regretted then and regret now—for no one ever lost more completely on the most infallible system in the world. To be sure I had little to lose; but it was not the less disheartening, so much money around waiting to be won and not a penny to win it with. Nothing was left but a twenty-franc piece which I hugged in an inside pocket; I kept it for the square woman at the hotel, and was too much afraid of her to run the risk of losing it. Yet I felt sure that if I had had another five francs to play with, the tide of fortune would have turned in my favor. As it was, I stood there “dead broke.” While I was gazing wistfully at the table, the *blasé* young Englishman who had looked with so melancholy an eye on the violets, sauntered up to me and suggested that we go out and look for the suicides’ graves. He was, to do him justice, unaware that I had just lost my all; and when made acquainted with the sad fact, expressed much sympathy—though a chance remark let fall indicated a certain contempt for people who were foolish enough to play. He renewed the suggestion about visiting the graves of the suicides, which I thought rather cruel, if not pointed. I said so. But he only smiled his weary smile, and said if one could judge from appearances, no one ever looked less likely to lie there than I.

I thanked him, but did not go. To him life was

one long suicide, existence in any shape or form a bore. Between us there was no bond of sympathy; for, though "broke" I was enjoying every minute; while he went around, begrudging everyone a moment of unweariness. He went alone. Of the crowd one could never tire; so many kinds, so many types, so many faces to study—all sorts and conditions of men, the true Democracy Monte Carlo, as Ouida somewhere remarks. And if there were broken hearts there, victims of the passion for play, people who had ruined themselves at these tables, they concealed their anguish under smiling faces; there was nothing to mar the brilliancy of the scene. People do not as some solemn stayers-at-home suppose, cry out in agony "all is lost;" and then, staggering along under the dazzling lights, pull out a revolver and end their wretched lives by falling on the floor in a heap of dead flesh, to be carried away in silence, a little pool of blood testifying to the incident when all is over and done. Nothing of the kind; it is as cheerful as a church festival; nor are the faces of the losers half so dismal as those of some of the good people who shake their heads and groan over them.

The great thing in life, as a celebrated writer says, "is to do without opium." But the greatest and the meanest, the strongest and the weakest of mankind take their opium still. One takes it in one way, another in another; some things wherein mankind delights are unquestionably wrong; some undoubtedly innocent; in the great "betwixt and between" there are as many opinions as to which is which as there are minds.

Few differ in opinion as to Monte Carlo; its name has become a byword throughout the civilized world. Anywhere else if a man has beggared himself and his family through high play, a finger is pointed at him; he is a person of note—in his own line—for happily the thing is not an every-day occurrence. At Monaco people are pointed out who have ruined themselves over and over again; and if you express surprise, you are told of this one and that one and another until the list becomes wearying. Gambling has been called by English writers the besetting sin of the Latin races; but the most “terrible examples” in everybody’s mouth at the time when I happened to be in Monaco were English. This may be accounted for in several ways. The English have, as a rule, more money than the continental people; and the man who loses a thousand is an object of greater interest than the man who has only a hundred to lose. Then two of the terrible examples were peeresses; and an English peeress is a person of greater importance than her continental sister. There is another reason besides; the English are regarded as a nation of hypocrites; and there is a keener satisfaction in unmasking the hypocrite than in condemning the man who has never professed to be virtuous.

It is certain that we must all play; and it is as certain that we will not all be content to play at tiddlywinks. Something more exciting is necessary, even for the average man. When to draw the line and where, is the question. With some it is a matter

of principle, with others of expediency. Gambling is admittedly, a vice ; but there are many who apply to it the principles of the nursery with regard to theft :

“ It is a sin to steal a pin,
It is a greater to steal a tater,”

—and such would exclaim at hearing their snug little rooms classed with the gilded halls of Monaco. This is a descriptive sketch and not an essay on morality : so we will leave the matter, and glance from the play again to the players.

One must be just to Monaco — or rather to the people there. Very few of those whom we are looking at are imbued with the gambling spirit. The most desperate gamesters in the world are under the roof with you ; but they form a small minority of the dense crowds that throng on the hillside and in at the doors. The merest novice can at once pick out the old *habitué*, whether he be at the tables or enjoying a cigar under the palms outside. The majority of those who are pressing eagerly around the roulette-tables are strangers to the place and to play, come from curiosity and risking a five-franc piece or not according as the impulse of the moment impels. Very few will become professional gamblers ; the professional gambler learns his trade long ere he has seen the palms of Monaco ; he comes thither only for a wider field. Seen elsewhere, the majority of these people will pass as above suspicion. We have seen them before in church ; and, as in church, they are all

wearing their best clothes. They have come hither from curiosity, and Monaco in their lives is but an episode. Many do not play; and some, who do not object to roulette on principle, have a superstitious fear of staking a single coin. Yet they flutter around like moths, showing the intensest interest in the game. It is a gay scene. Those young English girls with papa and mamma beside them, have "heard tell" of Monte Carlo all their lives, and listened with bated breath to a tale of its horrors. Now they see it, and are enjoying it with all their might. It would be a hard moralist indeed who would condemn them to an eventual change of all those frills and furbelows for the leaden cloaks and hoods which, according to Dante, will be, in the next world, the uncomfortable garb of the hypocritical.

Whatever be their latter end, at Monaco they make the most of the passing moment. Beside the tables, there is nothing in the way of innocent or guilty amusement that is not to be found. Patti sings, and the masterpieces of German composers are rendered by a superb orchestra. If your taste be low, you have only to go out of the Casino and down the street; the lowest songs of a decadent age and a shameless people are to be heard for a few pence. Yet, withal, there is nothing original to be heard or seen there; one modern city is exactly like another, as far as its entertainments go; those of Monte Carlo are no worse than you find anywhere else—only there is an appalling amount of bad money ever trying to find its way into your hands and pockets, against the intrusion of which you must persistently guard.

And there are more villains who look the villain at Monte Carlo, perhaps, than anywhere else in the world—more rascals, more rogues, more scoundrels, more cheats and thieves; and they all carry their character in their countenances. I did not suffer, no one offered to rob or murder me; but I encountered men at every turn whose villany was so stamped upon their features that I felt impelled perforce to stop and cry out for handcuffs. Yet even here Monte Carlo is maligned. I read, the other day, a description of the place by a famous, and justly famous, writer; and he described the *croupiers* in the Casino as a class of men whose debasing calling was evident in every look and gesture, as being men of revolting appearance. It is marvellous how people's preconceived opinion of a place can color their actual view of it. One expects it in a flighty woman, but not in a great scholar, such as this man was. The *croupiers*, taking them all in all, are a fine body of men, courteous, dexterous, and trustworthy in the management of the business confided to their charge. They ought to be so, for they are carefully chosen, and long training has taught them to be proficient. As to their calling, any suspicion of double-dealing on the part of any one of them would lead to instant dismissal and disgrace. In fact nothing in connection with the Casino offends—except some of the guests. Even they are, as a body, not so objectionable as the people one meets elsewhere; for the most tiresome of all tourists, the dull man who carries his solid reading under his arm and pesters everybody with questions

about matters in which nobody is interested but himself, passes Monaco by as being unworthy of his presence.

In the morning I went out for a walk up the hill, and encountered a lady whom I shall call Mrs. Cosmos—inasmuch as the universe and its destiny weighed heavily upon her mind. She was an amiable woman, and, as a woman, highly to be esteemed. But she was more than a woman, she was a philosopher; and in the latter capacity a blind guide—for she was going about the world looking for a new religion, and a new prophet to expound the same; and to anyone desirous of sitting (metaphorically) at her feet, there was in prospect a long and weary search and slight hope of success. She sat on the hillside with a book open in her lap, her large eyes gazing wistfully over the tranquil sea. I sat down beside her; and, after a few words on the charming weather that we were having, asked the meaning of the far-away look that I observed in her eyes.

“I am always looking for a new religion,” said Mrs. Cosmos. “I should die happy if I found it. If one could only find something to believe!”

Mrs. Cosmos was the type of a class almost unknown in Canada. This is not the place nor am I the person to venture on so vast and dangerous a subject as the “higher education of women.” But I have met at least two to whom a study of German philosophy had not been an unmixed benefit. Mrs. C. was one of the two.

“Well I am not the prophet,” I remarked somewhat

superfluously ; "I have no new religion to produce, and you have done with the old."

"I have," she said ; "but I do not cease to hope. Will the world never again have a prophet ?"

"I have met many prophets," said I. "If I were looking for another I should not come here."

"I am not so foolish as to come to Monte Carlo in search of a religion," said Mrs. Cosmos. "I came here simply to forget about it."

"You are right, Mrs. Cosmos ; there is no place where religion and prophets are less likely to confront one than here."

She looked down on the Casino with an eye full of disdain. "I cannot stand it," she said ; "I come up here to read, where I am away from them all."

I glanced at the book. It was the memoirs of —, a well-known writer recently deceased—also a philosopher. We talked about him. She had not known him when living, neither had I ; but I had friends who knew him, and was able to supplement the memoirs with a few interesting details not to be found therein. His opinions on religion and science were duly set forth in the book ; but she found them only half satisfactory. "He tells one nothing new," she complained ; "nothing that one did not know before."

"He had nothing new to tell," I suggested ; "none of us have."

"You have not," said Mrs. Cosmos ; "it does not follow that nobody has. The world is waiting for a new prophet ; and one must come, sooner or later."

This, begging their pardon, is the mistake made by female philosophers. They turn their backs on all the old religions and beliefs, and go out, expecting to meet another Athanasius, with a new creed to take the place of the ones discarded, coming up the street.

Then we discussed the intellectual condition of America, of which she had a very low opinion. I spoke of Canada, but forbear to repeat what was said. Mrs. C had been reading about the country; but the only impression the book had left upon her mind was that it was a land wherein people became insane because of the bad cookery. Needless to say, from such a country she expected no prophet.

We parted, she to continue her search after light and truth, I to glory in the life of the mole—to live contentedly on an atom of this miserable little universe, happy to find myself for the time being on that narrow strip of land between mountain and sea that they call the Riviera di Ponente. It was a glorious day on the hills; there was a cool breeze blowing, but the sunlight was strong, and the smell of spring was in the air. I lounged about among the olives, watching the men and women going and coming from their work, old sunbrowned women with handkerchiefs over their heads picking up the olives and throwing them in a heap on a piece of canvas brought for the purpose, lusty youths in ragged clothes but with a cheerful look of southern joy-in-life on their smiling faces, toiling up the steep path to the mountain-top, donkeys with the inevitable woman behind beating them with the inevitable stick, trotting gaily

along—begging children whom one would love to kiss were it not for their dirty mouths—all was in keeping. New religions and new prophets passed out of my mind; old Mother Earth with her old sons and daughters, and her old tale of childhood and youth and age, was soul-sufficing. I found an olive mill in a delightful little valley, the approach to which was all but dangerous, and wherein there was an old crone who told a long story about a daughter and her husband, loss of money and rival mill-owners, that sounded strange after the conversation of the morning. Of the two I think the old woman's life had been the better. As for her religion, she had not to go far to look for it; a dilapidated shrine, a Virgin with a broken nose and a child off of which the wind and rain of many seasons had washed the paint, represented to her the solution of life's mystery.

Monaco and Monte Carlo lay far below bathed in the sunlight; and to the left I could see, looking down, the long stretch of shore, studded with its little towns, its lemon gardens and villas, all lying in dream-like beauty at the edge of the blue Mediterranean. As I wended my way homeward, the sea lay like a sheet of glass, deep purple in the afternoon shadows of the mountain. And the shadows of the olive trees lengthened and spread until the whole hillside was grey; the sun had dropped behind the hills. Then little lights began to gleam here and there along the shore; one after another they started up until a thousand tiny stars twinkled below.

Sounds of music came floating on the night air, melodies of an earthly paradise at whose gates I stood. Then I meet two dismal tourists who were trudging up the mountain, talking to each other. Their theme was the vulgarity and iniquity of the place. They looked around on the enchanting scene, and cursed it in the twang of the west. The curse irritated me. Like other people they had played and lost; and now that they were suffering from the consequences of their own folly, they were repenting. It was natural enough that they should curse the place; but up there, far removed from the environs of the Casino, the vision was too perfect to be thus profaned. It looked a paradise—type of many other places in this world of ours. If you wish to cherish the illusion, it is very often safest to stay upon the hill.